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Doctors' Dilemma

The Doctors by Martin L. Gross (June TRUE) is a remarkable example of down-to-earth, good old-fashioned, get-um-all-stirred-up YELLOW JOURNALISM. Using nearly every device of the experienced propagandist, half-truth, "facts" without foundation, innuendo, quotes out of context and playing upon human weakness to always believe the worst, Mr. Gross has produced a fabrication so gross in its condemnation of the motives and abilities of the American physician as to almost defy a restrained and dignified rebuttal.

The moral and professional stature of American medicine can withstand the libelous implication of Mr. Gross' book, but even intelligent, well educated people are often medically naive. They would rather believe the sensational, irresponsible, circulation-promoting tripe to be found in magazines like TRUE, rather than the medically sound advice of a trained physician. This book will serve only to make the job of treating patients more difficult. Many patients may refuse necessary, intelligent medical treatment on the basis of a fallacious idea gleaned from *The Doctors*.

—Dr. Karl T. Deterding
Pontiac, Ill.

If *The Doctors* was supposed to incite me, a layman, it has—against Martin L. Gross. Anyone writing something as vitriolic as this book usually has an axe to grind. In searching for M.L.G.'s axe, I think I found it on page 127—"the delayed success of writers." My feeling after reading the condensation was that Mr. Gross is just plain envious.

Here's a suggestion for his next book. Explode the myths of management consultants who are gouging doctors to the tune of as much as $400 per day. I wonder why he didn't extrapolate that figure. Better yet, let him stay close to home. Maybe he can explain why Hemingway was paid $30,000 for a 2,000-word description of a bullfight. (By *Sports Illustrated*.) Try extrapolating that out in pay per hour.

The initials M.D. make a man or woman something special in my book. I'm not trying to sell my book so I guess that's unimportant. As far as Mr. Gross's is concerned, I hope it's a flop.

—George A. Comnes
Concord, Calif.

Just a note to comment on your recent article, *The Doctors*. It was at least truthful.

May I ask if it is available in reprint. I have had many patients ask for copies, and all the newsstands in this area are sold out of the June issue.

I would like two or three hundred reprints.

—Dr. G. A. Rambacher, Chiropractor
Gibsonia, Pa.

Just read *The Doctors* in the June issue. It just so happens that I have a radio and TV service shop. I have never encountered a physician who did not expect prompt, efficient service—including house calls.

—W. P. Bliss
Chillicothe, Ill.

Thank you for publishing the thought-provoking book condensation *The Doctors*. It is well written and well documented. It is refreshing to find someone with the courage and ability to remove the cloak of omnipotence and omniscience from the medical profession. The American people should be aware that the medical doctor is a well educated, well paid, highly successful businessman—no more, no less. You have performed a public service.

—Robert G. Thompson, Sr.
Birmingham, Ala.

I have read the article *The Doctors* by Martin L. Gross in your magazine. On the whole many points of valid interest were raised which are certainly worthy of attention. I think the author gave adequate consideration to the fact that many members of the medical profession have given much thought and effort to the solution of some of the problems.

There is one aspect of medical practice which has received little attention in the U.S., and is an example of unnecessary surgery. I am enclosing two medical papers on circumcision of newborn males.

I thought you might perhaps like to forward the papers to Mr. Gross.

—T. D. Swafford, M.D.
Seattle, Washington

Thanks, doc. We did.

Alimony

In your July edition of TRUE I read your article on alimony laws by Max Gunther. I'm a married woman and mother of three children, so I realize what I'm about to say. I agree with this Max Gunther. Our alimony laws should be changed. A woman without children deserves no alimony or those with children either! The woman with children needs child support and help with medical bills—that's enough. Why should the law bleed a man to death, when the woman helped (in some way or other) to make that mess of her marriage! Why should only one suffer? How can the laws be so ignorant of this fact? Our alimony laws are certainly in sad shape and outdated!

—Mrs. L. M.
Chicago, Ill.

There are many women, like myself, who are grateful for equal rights and who feel equal responsibility is necessary in the ac-

[*Continued on page 4*]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

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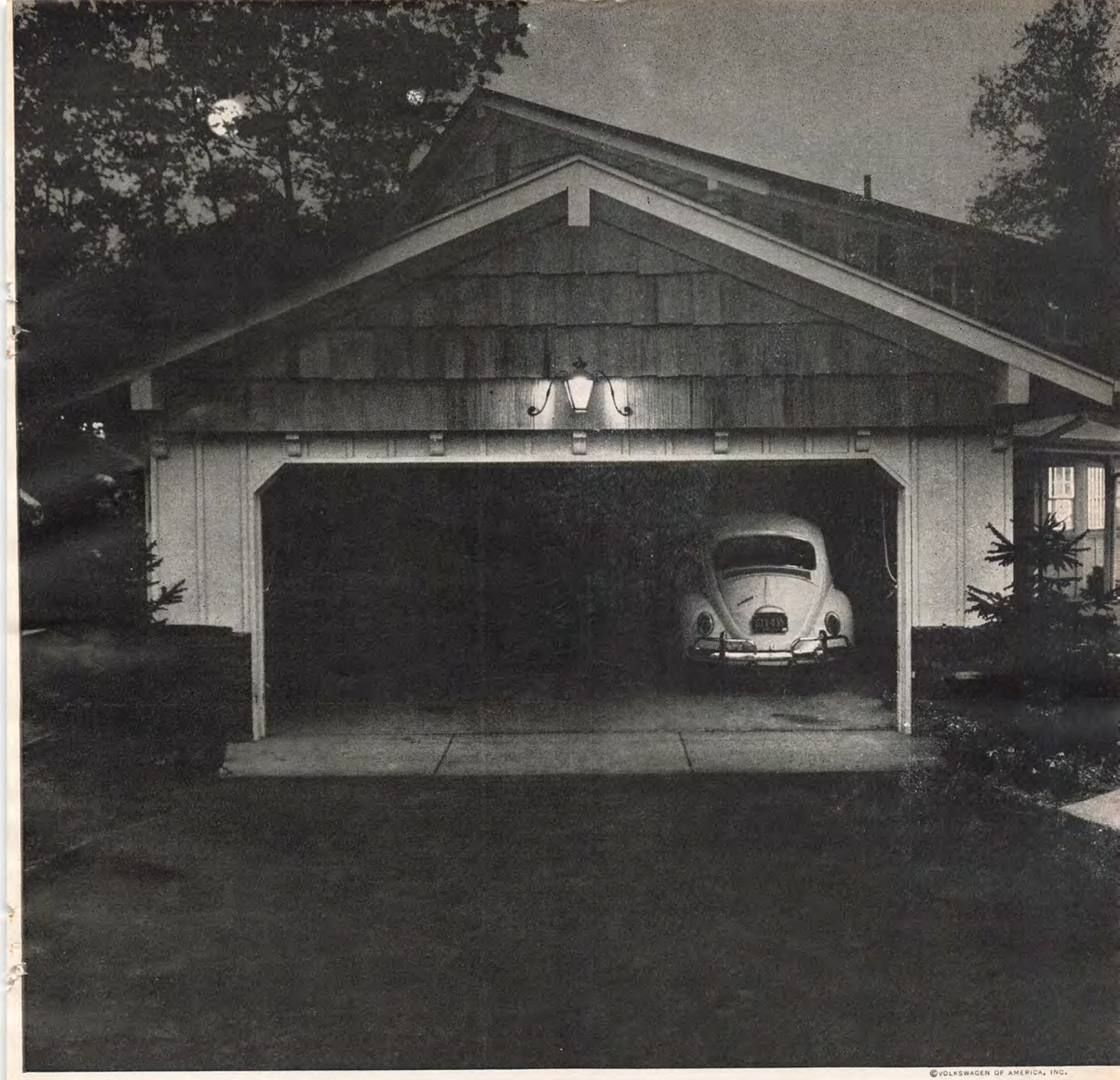
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA



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It does all the work, but on Saturday night which one goes to the party?

Once upon a time there was an ugly little bug. It could go about 29 miles on just one gallon of gas. It could go about 40,000 miles on just one set of tires. And it could park in tiny little crevices no bigger than a bug.

It was just right for taking father to the train or the children to school. Or for taking mother to the grocery store, drugstore, dime store and all the other enchanting places that mothers go when everyone else is working.

The ugly little bug was just like one of the family. But alas, it wasn't beautiful.

So for any important occasion the ugly little bug would be replaced. By a big beautiful chariot, drawn by 300 horses!

Then, after a time, a curious thing happened. The ugly little bug (which was made very sturdily) never got uglier. But the big beautiful chariot didn't exactly get sturdier.

In fact, after a few years it began to tarnish and rust and rattle. Until, lo and behold, the ugly little bug didn't look as ugly as the big beautiful chariot!

And to this very day, the ugly little bug still goes almost everywhere, while the big beautiful chariot goes to pot.

The moral being: if you can afford to have 300 horses standing around doing nothing, more power to you.

[*Continued from page 2*]

ceptance of such rights! Knowing there are so many parasitic females . . . is bad enough, but knowing they are protected, nurtured and cared for by the members of the powerful American Bar Association is absolutely terrifying!

—Mrs. A. G. Holke
Miranda, Calif.

I have just finished Max Gunther's *inadequate* article, *Alimony Jail: An Unjust Dungeon. . . .*

Without waiting to read another line in this issue, I must express my opinion. First—this article should appear in one of the major magazines for *women,* not for men. Clear-thinking, fair-minded women need to have this matter called to their attention in terms even stronger than Mr. Gunther's article.

—Mrs. Jas. A. Cox
New York, N.Y.

I agree with Max Gunther about alimony jails. It's deplorable and a fine example of stupid laws that are still enforced.

—Mrs. Irene MacKinnon
Bouemanville, Ont.

I just finished reading your article on *Alimony Jail* and it makes my blood boil to see women get by with their underhanded tactics. Being a woman, I know how vicious they can be. The only time I think a man should shell out monthly is if there are children involved, or the women are invalids and can't make it on their own. Unfortunately, most divorced men do have to pay—and through the nose.

On the other hand, I've known of a few men who deserved everything a woman could legally do. But they are in the minority.

This letter, from a woman married 12 years to the same man, is probably surprising to the TRUE staff.

—Housewife
San Diego, Calif.

Not surprising. Women are finally getting some sense. Virtually every woman who wrote to us agreed with Max Gunther.

MAGAZINE MEDICINE

Because of your article *The Man Who Grew A New Body* (October '65) I had to write to you.

I have a son who was burned while flying a U-Control model airplane which hit some power lines. His clothes were completely burned off and for seven weeks he was in Intensive Care and not given a chance to live.

He fought to live, and had two skin grafts from dead bodies, as he had no skin of his own to use. Through prayer and the work of some wonderful doctors, William is now out of the hospital and in the Job Corps at Pleasonton, California; seven months after the accident, he is well on the way to recovery. Your magazine was read to him to help encourage him to keep on fighting, and it sure helped him.

—Mrs. M. Ulrich
Sun Valley, Calif.

KNIFE POINT

In your June 1966 issue, on page 50, in an article entitled, *A Knife For Every Pocket,* in upper left-hand corner, you show a picture of what you call "The World's Largest Folding Knife." I wish to take exception to this title.

I have what I believe to be the World's Largest Folding Knife. My knife is of the following dimensions:

Folded, or Closed 13⅝"
Large blade, 10¾"
Small Blade, 6¾"
Handle & 1 blade open, length 24⅜"

The knife in your illustration is only longer because the blades extend from each end of the body. In my knife, the blades extend from the same end. Mine also has a very large corkscrew folding into the handle. My knife has a weight of eight pounds. This is truly "Paul Bunyan's Knife."

—James W. Ferris, M.D.
Davison, Mich.

MILITARY MIX-UP

The man pictured on page 32 of the July issue of TRUE (*A Better Brand of Brainwashing*) is not Air Force Capt. Robert Daughtrey but Lt. Cmdr. Robert Shumaker, a dedicated and deeply respected man of the United States Navy, with whom I served on the Aircraft Carrier *Saratoga* in 1958-1960 in Fighter Squadron 32.

I would appreciate your making this correction in your fine magazine.

—Jack A. Keir
Warren, Ohio

Your July 1966 issue of TRUE contains an article by Malcolm W. Browne, about our Viet Nam "detainees." The officer shown in the photo on page 33, with his arms in a cast, is our son, Capt. Robert N. Daughtrey.

To date we have received two letters from him, the last one dated 27th April. He states he is receiving adequate treatment and that his arms are improving.

—E. R. Daughtrey
Del Rio, Texas

Navy Lt. Cmdr. Robert Shumaker

Air Force Capt. Robert N. Daughtrey

The above pictures correctly identify the two officers referred to. TRUE sincerely regrets the error and extends its apologies to everyone concerned.

SAUCER SIZZLE

John G. Fuller's reporting job on the UFO sightings in New Hampshire, *Incident at Exeter* (August '66), was one of the best-documented accounts of this problem I have ever read. He is to be congratulated for his careful research and his thorough cross-examination of all the witnesses. I was happy to learn from reading his article that the Air Force had finally retracted its ridiculous "explanation" of the Exeter events.

—Ralph Lofting
Rochester, N.Y.

I think you guys are nuts to fall for things like John G. Fuller's silly story on flying saucers. Do you seriously think our Air Force is made up of incompetents and liars? I feel certain that if these so-called UFO's were really interplanetary space ships, the Air Force would tell us so promptly. If the Air Force says these things were "stars and planets in unusual formations" then, undoubtedly, that's what they were. Mr. Fuller is just a troublemaker.

—Terence Crane
Jacksonville, Fla.

Yeah, but he ain't gullible.

"My mother-in-law."

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1966

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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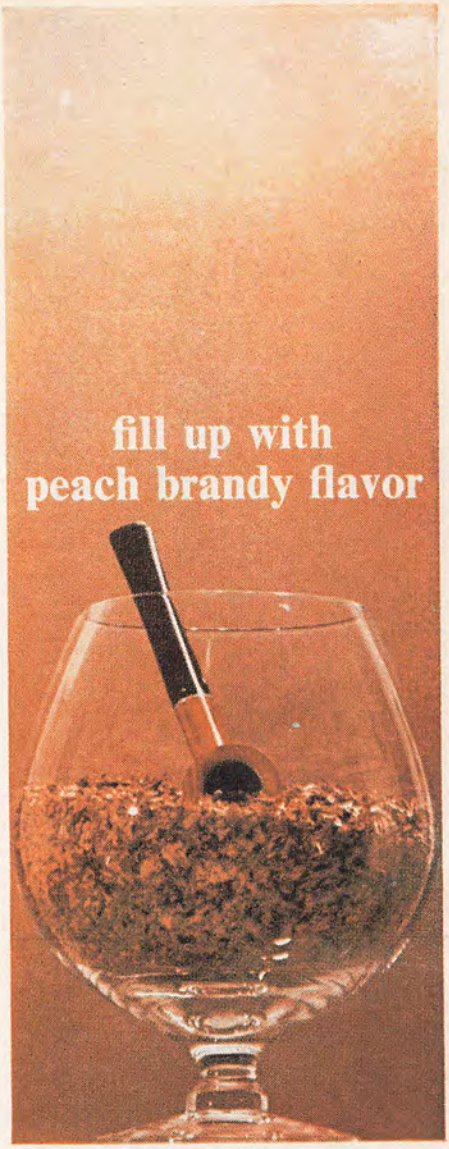

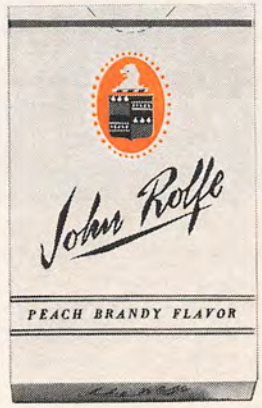

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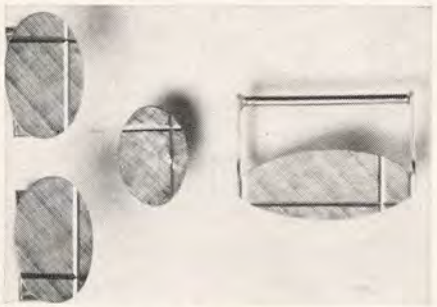

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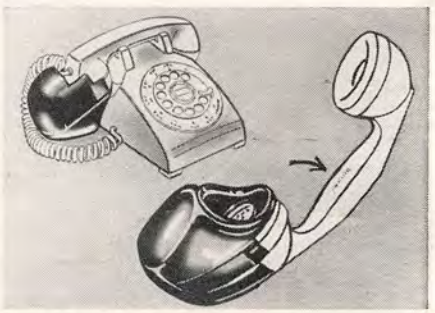

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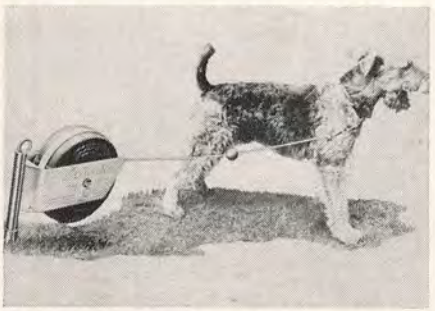

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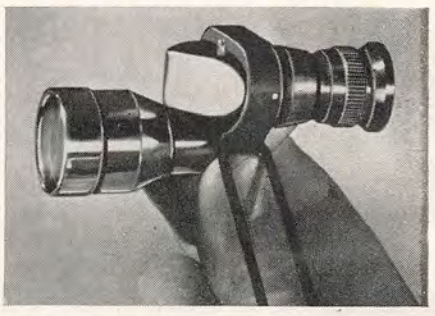
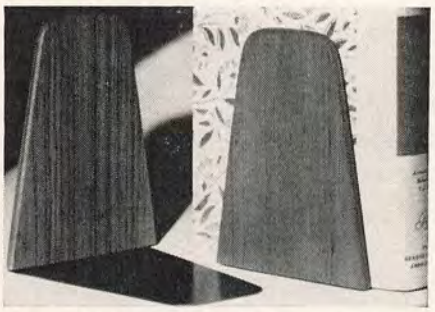


10-POWER MONOCULAR is the latest in a line of fine precision-imported optics. Small enough (only 2¾" long) to fit into pants watch pocket, it is not a toy, but a 10-power glass, whose size and light weight make it ideal for outdoorsmen, snoopers, etc. Coated lens. $17.95. Arms & Weapons, Dept. TR-9, 887 Second Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



TEAK BOOK ENDS. Beautifully simple, genuine teak book ends with sturdy metal bases are the perfect combination of beauty and practicality. They blend well with any decor and add a distinctive touch to book shelves or collections. They're ideal for open-end shelves. $1.29 per pair, 4 for $3.95 + 20¢ pp. ea. pr. Lang's, Dept. T-9, 28 Magee Ave., Stamford, Conn. 06902

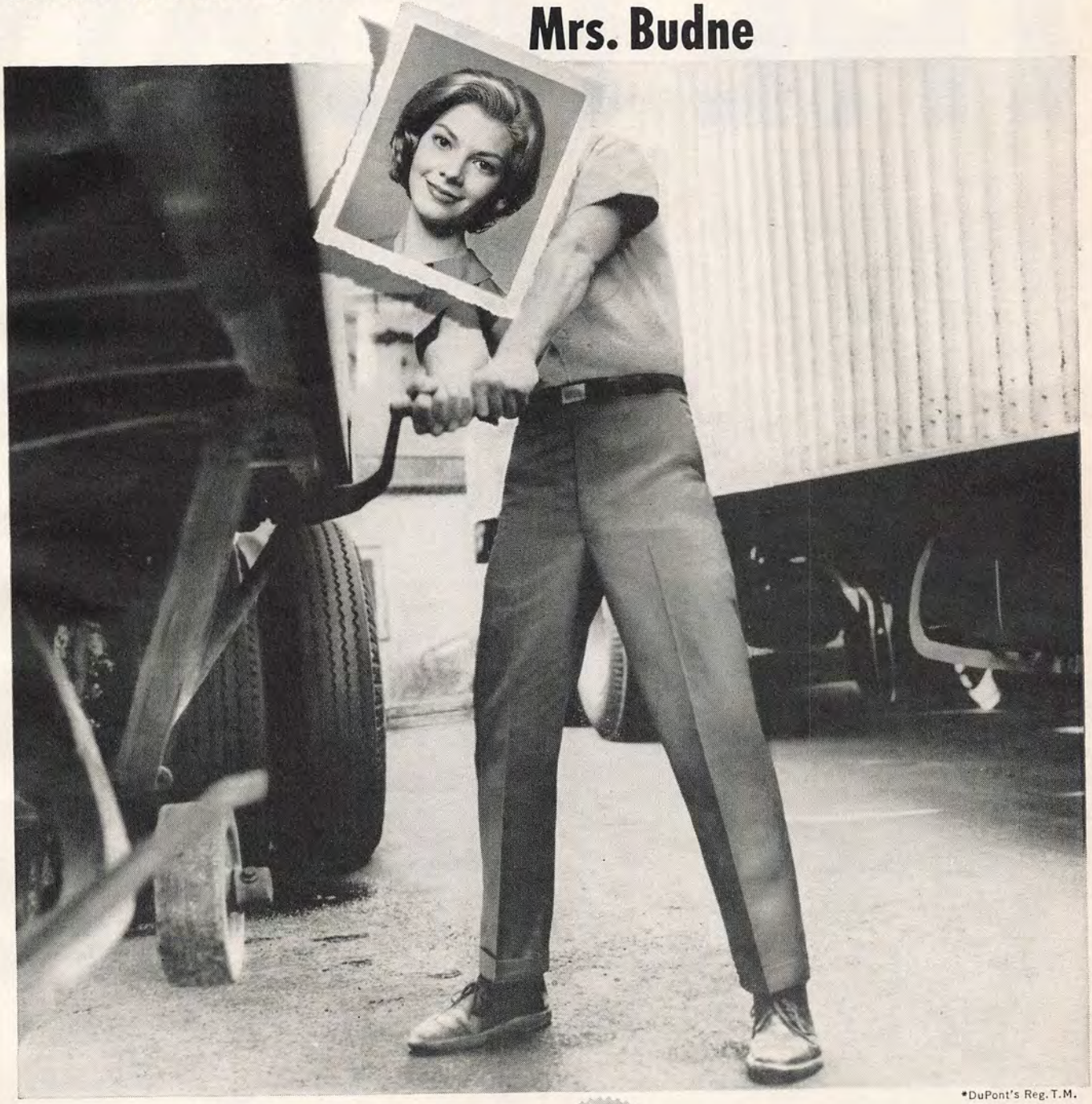
PET MONKEY. Squirrel Monkey makes a great pet and companion. Your whole family will love it. Grows about 12 inches high; eats the same food as you do. Simple to care for and train. Free cage and instructions are included. Live delivery guaranteed. Send check for $18.95, express collect. Order directly from Animal Farm, TR-80, Box 1042, Miami Beach 39, Fla.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 110

What did Lee have in mind when they gave Lee-Prĕst L.T.P.'s of Dacron® and cotton to Mr. Budne?

It's about time somebody thought of her. Lee did when they gave permanent press to L.T.P. pants. No ironing. No touch-ups. And a crease that never quits. For her, they're permanently pressed. For you, they're tougher than ever. Easy care Lee-Prĕst L.T.P.'s. 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton for extra wear power. We make 'em with more muscle, in more sizes and with more stay-on-the-job features than any other workwear. And if you don't think so, we'll take 'em back. No questions asked.

Mrs. Budne



*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

Lee-PRĕST® LTP

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H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City, Mo. 64141. World's Largest Manufacturer of Union-Made Workwear. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

WE CAN'T THE ROAD

FIX UP

But we can give you a tire that takes any road in stride: The Workhorse. The tough-job tire for pickup & delivery work. Strong nylon cord body resists scrapes and bruises.

Pickup and delivery work can be pretty rough going. Over back roads. Construction sites. Cornfields. Railroad crossings. Fallen branches. Sharp rocks. Potholes. Ruts. Curbs.

That's where the Workhorse tire really comes through. The triple-tempered cord carcass shrugs off the bruises, bumps and scrapes.

Up to 25% more mileage.

You can drive the Workhorse hard. Hit the brake. Step on the gas. The Workhorse is built for the stop-and-go grind of pickup and delivery.

In addition to triple-tempered nylon, the Workhorse has Tufsyn, toughest rubber Goodyear ever used in tires. And more of it—in the right places. 20% deeper tread. Thicker undertread, too. Up to 25% *more rubber* between the cord and the road. The Workhorse delivers up to 25% more mileage than tires now used in most pick-up and delivery work.

Light trucks don't always travel light.

That's OK with the Workhorse. It's no Sunday tire. Pile on the tools, appliances, sand and gravel, camping equipment, logs or livestock. The Workhorse has stronger sidewalls for extra load-carrying strength. Helps you haul more. In fewer trips.

What's the price?

No more than an ordinary tire. Prices start at less than $15.00.*

If you drive a pickup, panel, or light delivery truck—get the tough-job tire. The Workhorse, at your Goodyear Dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. Goodyear, Akron, Ohio 44316.

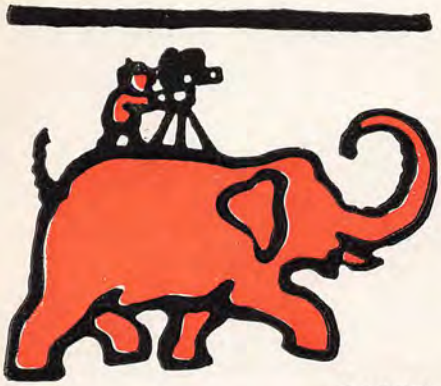
The Workhorse tire gives you a choice of two tread designs: Extra-traction design (shown above) for on *and* off the road. Rib type for on-highway work.

*(Size 6.00 x 16. Rib-type. Plus $2.40 federal excise tax. At all Goodyear Stores. See your local Goodyear Dealer for his "competitive" prices.)

GOODYEAR

Tufsyn, Workhorse—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

TRUEVIEWS: MOVIES BOOKS RECORDS



MOVIES

DUEL AT DIABLO. It's the cavalry versus the Indians again and things haven't changed a bit. The redskins lose another battle, thanks to a last-minute cavalry charge. Between cliches, the story sometimes achieves an interesting degree of realism, but most of the time it's like a bird with a busted wing—not quite flying, not quite grounded. Sidney Poitier and James Garner perform creditably.

KHARTOUM. General Charles Gordon was an English military hero who fought with the Light Brigade, suppressed a rebellion in China and wiped out the slave trade in the Sudan. He was a Christian mystic and fond of brandy. He must have been fascinating but you'd never know it from this movie. Charlton Heston plays Gordon stolidly and Laurence Olivier plays his Arab opponent indifferently. The story of his last stand is dull, but the battle scenes are superb.

LT. ROBIN CRUSOE, U.S.N. Walt Disney's version of a modern-day Robinson Crusoe's adventures would be pretty hard to take if it weren't for the fact that Dick Van Dyke plays Crusoe. He has a talent for physical comedy that hasn't been equaled since the loony days of silent slapstick. Nancy Kwan plays his girl Wednesday; her acting ain't much, but who cares? At the end, Crusoe deserves a psychiatric discharge—he goes back to civilization.

UP TO HIS EARS. Jean-Paul Belmondo stars as one of the richest men in France who is so bored he spends all his time trying to commit suicide. Since he's a bungler, he always fails, so he agrees to let himself be murdered in Hong Kong. Then he meets Ursula Andress and decides he'd rather live (as who wouldn't), and the comedy starts. Silly but fun.

ASSAULT ON A QUEEN. While searching for sunken treasure one day, Frank Sinatra finds a submarine. A German member of the expedition decides that they should raise her, refit her, and—are you ready, gang?—hijack the *Queen Mary*. Frank says he's crazy, and Frank is right, and it should end right there, but it doesn't. They try and fail; so does the picture. Virna Lisi is the girl. She's enough to make you go home and beat your wife.

MODESTY BLAISE. Modesty Blaise is an arch-criminal, played by Monica Vitti, who's hired by the British government to safeguard a shipment of diamonds. Dirk Bogarde is an arch-criminal too, and he's out to steal it. If you have guessed that this is an all-purpose arch-Camp spoof, you're right. Like most spoofs these days, it's not very funny. Too, too arch.

THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED. It should never have been built. In the Depression, a man comes to a southern town to lay off railroad workers. He is hated by everyone but the hotelkeeper's daughter, who falls in love with him. The result is, eventually, tragedy for all concerned—including the audience. Robert Redford and Kate Reid are excellent. Natalie Wood, as the girl, is as vapid as ever.

BOOKS

THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIGHORN by Mari Sandoz. In late June of 1876, the Democratic Party convened in St. Louis to pick a presidential candidate; across the country, in Montana, the general who hoped to be that man disobeyed orders and engaged a superior force of Indians in a fatal battle. This account of Custer's last stand is revealing and bound to be controversial. *Lippincott; $4.50.*

THE KREMLIN LETTER by Noel Behn. This is the kind of book you read at one sitting, because it's impossible to put down. A man is recruited for a secret mission inside Russia —to recover a letter that could, in the wrong hands, cause an international incident. It's interesting and suspenseful throughout, and has an ingenious, brutal ending. *Simon & Schuster; $4.95.*

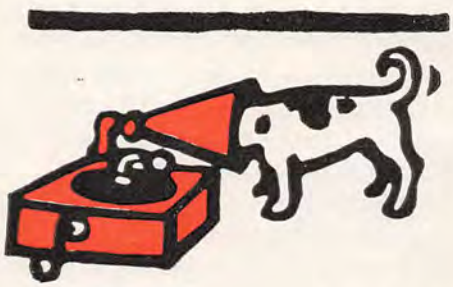
SATURDAY THE RABBI WENT HUNGRY by Harry Kemelman. Last year's surprise "sleeper" of publishing was *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late*, a mystery with a unique detective: Rabbi David Small. Now he's back, using Talmudic logic to catch a murderer and solve other problems. If Erle Stanley Gardner and Harry Golden collaborated on a book, it would be like this one: first-rate. *Crown; $3.95.*

THE MISSION by Hans Habe. In the summer of 1938, FDR convened a conference at Evian, in France, ostensibly to discuss the refugee problem; actually, it was to decide what to do about the Jews attempting to escape Hitler. To Evian came a man, a doctor, with an offer from Hitler: He would permit the Jews to be ransomed for $250 a head. This documentary novel skillfully weaves a thread of drama into the fabric of history, showing the tragic triumph of politics over morality. *Coward-McCann; $6.00.*

SOLDIERS' REVOLT by Hans Hellmut Kirst. Another documentary novel, this one about the attempt on Hitler's life late in the war by a group of aristocratic army officers. It follows the conspirators from the initial planning to the final, inglorious failure. It's an exciting tale, well told, but it succeeds at the expense of certain moral questions, like: Did the officers revolt because Hitler was what he was, or because he was losing a war? *Harper & Row; $5.95.*

THE LIE by Alberto Moravia. A journalist, semiseparated from his wife for 10 years, learns that she is a procuress and begins, haltingly, to investigate; he also conceives a desire for his stepdaughter. He never fully settles either issue, largely because the author, busily playing games with reality, forgets his job: telling a story. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.95.*

THE AMERICAN MALE by Myron Brenton. In this well-written and comprehensive survey of the concept of masculinity in America today, the author lays a solid foundation, and then erects a house of cards upon it. He alleges that there is a "masculinity crisis," the result of the male's inability to change his outmoded standards of behavior. As a result, men are rigid and insecure—he says. *Coward-McCann; $5.95.*



RECORDS

BILLIE HOLIDAY, "THE GOLDEN YEARS" VOL. II. A reissue, on three disks of 48 songs recorded during Billie Holiday's best years, from 1935 to 1942. Most of the tunes are upbeat, but all have that special wry twist that was Miss Holiday's hallmark. Some of them are well-known ("Night and Day," "My Man," "I'll

Get By," "St. Louis Blues") and some have been forgotten, but most are literate, lyrical and swinging. Many topflight musicians are featured and there are several great solos, but above it all is the incomparable voice of a great singer in her prime. *Columbia.*

INTERPLAY. "Derek and Ray," at first glance, might sound like the name for a pimply duo hunched over electric guitars, but don't let it fool you. They're keyboard men; one plays the piano and the other plays the harpsichord, which results in a distinctive, refreshing sound. Backed by a small orchestra, they swing their way through a dozen songs including a couple of original compositions. They radiate cheer. *RCA Victor.*

THE AMERICANIZATION OF OOGA BOOGA. Hugh Maskela is a young jazz trumpeter from South Africa; Ooga Booga is a sly dig at what Hollywood thought was appropriate native dialogue in jungle movies. With his quartet, Maskela has succeeded in blending African songs and modern jazz. It's a heady brew, but good. *MGM.*

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT. When the day comes that songs are written by computers and sung by robots wired for sound, the ageless Frank Sinatra will still be the best singer in the business. Here he presents a mixed bag of old and new songs, unified only by optimism and his considerable talent—and that's enough. *Reprise.*

LOU RAWLS LIVE! Lou Rawls is an excellent blues singer, as versatile as he is accomplished. He can raise his voice to a ragged gospel shout and retain the spirit of the lyric; he can caress a song as if it were an Angora kitten; he can deliver blues with a cutting edge. Here, before an audience, he's even more exciting. *Capitol.*

This appears to be Charles Ives' year; the late composer, one of America's greatest, is being extensively recorded. His SYMPHONY NO. 1 (*RCA Victor*) has just had its first recording, with Morton Gould conducting the Chicago Symphony in a fine performance. More melodious, less avantgarde than most of his work, it's well worth hearing. SYMPHONY NO. 3 (*Columbia*) shows the old master at the top of his spiky, quirky form. Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic do a well-nigh perfect job.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY. The Beatles, England's hirsute extension of the U.S. Mint, are with us again—and in fine fettle. Using a variety of instruments, they rock through "Day Tripper" and "We Can Work It Out," roll out "Yesterday" and provide good humor with "Act Naturally." Seven more. *Capitol.*

Great new taste, rich aroma... pipe tobacco does it.

20 CIGARETTES
PIPE TOBACCO IN A FILTER CIGARETTE
FULL FLAVOR AND AROMA
PIPE TOBACCO DOES IT
HALF AND HALF
America's #1 pipe tobacco cigarette

Enjoy America's best-tasting pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

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REPUBLICAN QUARTERBACK IN SEARCH OF AN OFFENSE

Rep. Gerald R. Ford, Jr., House Republican Floor Leader . . .

WASHINGTON, D.C.

■ Gerald Rudolph Ford, Jr., thinks the President of the United States "got down there on his ranch and had a little too much cactus juice. Otherwise, I don't believe Lyndon Johnson would have shot from the hip."

Cactus juice or no, the verbal hipshot President Johnson fired one sultry summer Sunday in '65 had but one target—Rep. Gerald R. Ford of Michigan's 5th Congressional District, present G.O.P. Minority Leader in the U.S. House of Representatives. Ford, a broad-shouldered, 53-year-old former football star who flashes boyish dimples when he smiles, is a harsh critic of the Chief Executive. His caustic comments against Administration conduct of the Viet Nam war had long bugged Lyndon B. The President struck back through that Sunday morning press conference at the LBJ Ranch.

Broad hints, dropped by White House staffers, left little doubt that Gerry Ford was the faceless Republican charged with leaking "confidential information" from a White House briefing on Viet Nam. Representative Ford himself felt that he'd "been accused of the next thing to treason." After the thunderclap struck, the Republican leader went into seclusion with his top aides. "We didn't know what to do," he recalls. "*I* knew it wasn't true. But all the power and prestige of the Presidency lay behind the accusation." For three days Ford was confused and sore of spirit. Suspected of having leaked what John Q. Public might think of as "war secrets," he knew his future worth to the G.O.P. might roughly be equated to the value of a single Raleigh coupon.

Then Ford got a break. Vacationing at a remote New Hampshire resort, *Newsweek* correspondent Samuel Shaffer had belatedly learned of the President's blast. Sam Shaffer, either very brave or fully paid up on his taxes, flew into the face of ultimate authority. Forthrightly he wrote that he had been present when newsmen quizzed Ford about the Viet Nam briefing, and that Ford had said "*Nothing*, I repeat, *nothing*" to justify the President's "wholly unfair criticism."

Luckily for Ford, Sam Shaffer owns a reputation in official Washington for gilt-edged integrity. When his letter was made public, some newsmen and Congressmen confessed they'd been seriously misled. Columnists and editorials gigged Lyndon Johnson in language usually reserved for Jimmy Hoffa or Red China.

Encouraged, Gerry Ford laid on like Macduff. "I will not be muzzled," he cried. "President Johnson is systematically setting out to destroy the Republican leadership. [His] misuse of power as a total politician is awesome." Ford knew several other verses to the same song. While he barked of "brazen use of the gag

BY LARRY L. KING

. . . was once Michigan's most valuable player and College All-Star.

The other team has the ball in Washington right now, but the man who leads the G.O.P. minority in the House of Representatives still dreams of a big break that might put him in the ball game

rule" and "cowed Democrat Congressmen who don't know whether to clap hands or click heels," the White House was mysteriously silent. (Neither LBJ nor his staffers will discuss *l' affaire* Ford to this day.) G.O.P. loyalists, knowing a New Messiah when they see one, flooded Ford with personal appearance requests—and turned out record crowds to cheer him.

Now several twists of fate and these months later, Gerry Ford actually feels a sort of left-handed gratitude toward President Johnson. "The President's attack was the making of me," he says. "He put me on the front page."

The front page is heaven on earth to all politicians, and preferably where most of them want to go before they die. Gerald R. Ford is no exception to the rule. In his five-room Minority Leader's suite in the U.S. Capitol Building are four well-thumbed scrapbooks fat with clippings recalling his moments of glory. At G.O.P. fund-raising dinners, he plucks at the elbows of local Pooh-bahs to ask the size of the crowd.

Ford is not, however, a Personality Kid. He sometimes seems slightly distant, and in the presence of strangers is only mediocre at small talk. Despite this low-key facade, which makes you doubt he'd pay a nickel to see a good earthquake, Ford is ambitious in the tradition of Sammy Glick. Though an admiring newsman once called him "a combination of Mr. Clean and astronaut John Glenn, Jr.," he also has been called invectives too ugly to be repeated by men who have felt the keen edge of his cutting blade.

But to hear Ford tell it, he doesn't even own a knife. His explanation of his rise in the political jungle is Blandness, Inc. Back in 1948—according to Ford's fumigated version—a civic-minded young lawyer brooded in his Grand Rapids office about the nation's future. Inflation . . . isolationism . . . communism . . . war and taxes. . . . He picked up the phone and called several key Michigan politicians, suggesting that "we find a more attractive Republican for Congress" than incumbent Barney Jonkman. Jonkman, an Old Guard regular who thought that what the country needed was a good five-cent nickel, had proved "attractive" enough to conservative voters in Michigan's 5th District over a nine-year stretch. Following Ford's call, however, the king-makers looked him over again and, presumably, saw no beauty. Imagine Gerald R. Ford's surprise when the qualifications he'd recommended turned out best to fit . . . well . . . (blush) . . . aw, shucks: Gerald R. Ford.

Some Democrats (and Jonkman Republicans) remember it differently. They say Ford ingratiated himself with new political king-makers by helping them

Talking turkey with Texas's Rep. Albert Thomas (upper left), conferring with Rep. Charles Halleck (lower left) whom he replaced as House Floor Leader, Ford is all seriousness. In 1964, he nominated Michigan's Gov. George Romney (upper right) as a favorite son candidate at Republican convention. With Senate Leader Everett M. Dirksen (lower right) Ford opposes Birchites in their Republican party

He'd like to be the Ford in the G.O.P. future

overthrow *old* king-makers known to be Jonkman cronies. There are also rumors that Ford posed as a protegé of popular Michigan Sen. Arthur Vandenberg. Others say Ford's pleas to retire Jonkman, because the "incumbent's isolationist views are embarrassing to Senator Vandenberg as a member of the Foreign Relations Committee," were—however inspired—pure invention. When Ford's memory is prodded he does seem to recall "helping in a reform movement" (and joining "Red Cross drives, booster clubs and all that stuff") two full years *before* he so thoughtfully suggested a more attractive Congressional candidate. Pretty Boy Ford proved thousands of votes more attractive than Barney Jonkman.

Later another seizure of telephonitis made Ford House Minority Leader. He "just telephoned around to a few of the boys" (notably Reps. Mel Laird of Wisconsin, Charles Goodell of New York and Bob Griffin of Michigan) to see what "we Republicans might do to pump a little life into our party following the Goldwater thing." You couldn't guess what happened in a million election years. So let Gerry Ford tell it: "The next thing I know, they're putting *me* up for the leadership." But in the embittered camp of *ex*-Minority Leader Charles Halleck of Indiana, there were angry accusations that Ford partisans "spread stories our man was too old, was a Good-Time Charlie and was to blame for the Goldwater disaster." Halleck himself has growled of being "stabbed in the back."

Such diverse recollections make any attempt to define or profile Gerry Ford equal in frustration with trying to describe the Grand Canyon to a blind man or explain the subtleties of split-T football to visiting Swahilis. He seems the human equivalent of that proverbial accident seen by a dozen witnesses—and reported as many different ways.

Perhaps Ford is misunderstood more frequently than a philandering husband because, like Dwight D. Eisenhower, he has a desire to be well-liked. And, like Ike, Ford has difficulty saying "no" in eyeball confrontations. Ford has half-apologized to Democrat friends after making give-'em-hell speeches: "It's my job to tell good Republicans what they want to hear. Heck, you Democrats do the same thing."

Away from partisan stumps Ford is affable and soft-spoken. He professes "great personal fondness" for President Johnson, Representative Halleck and others with whom he's exchanged bloodlettings.

Only a week before being chopped down by the ruggedly handsome Ford, [*Continued on page* 20]

SEPT.—TRUE—B

I didn't believe Andy when he insisted the new Remington Model 1100 automatic had less "kick" than any other shotgun going.

So we bet on it. He won.

Andy really knew what he was talking about.

He let me try his 12-gauge Remington Model 1100, and I could have sworn I was shooting a 20! All the power is there. But Remington's new system of gas operation handles recoil so efficiently I hardly felt it.

Best of all, I was able to get off faster, more accurate second shots. With less "kick," the 1100 didn't "climb" and throw me off target.

And the balance was so right, it let the 1100 point and swing as if it were part of my arm.

Then Andy really opened my eyes with the inside story of how the 1100 is built to last longer than other automatics. He explained that the receiver is machined from a solid block of ordnance steel. Key parts are beefed up for greater strength. Working surfaces are highly polished to reduce friction. And points of greatest impact get special buffer "cushions". No wonder the 1100 lasts longer!

Same dependability holds true for the outside, too. The custom-checkered American walnut stock is protected by Du Pont RK-W "bowling-pin" finish—toughest ever put on a gun. And the highly polished metal finish is extra rust-resistant.

I have my own Model 1100 now. Holds up to five shots, handles all 2¾-inch loads (even baby magnums) without adjustment. Mine is a 12-gauge, but you can get a 16 or 20, too. All standard chokes and barrels. Plus trap, skeet and magnum models, and the new deer model with rifle sights.

Expensive? Not at all. Prices start at just $154.95*.

Interested? See your Remington dealer or send for the free 1966 Remington catalog. (Address below.)

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited. *Fair Trade retail prices in states having Fair Trade laws. Prices subject to change without notice.

Remington DU PONT

Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Cover the gray hair in the photo and the years go. Cover the dark hair and the years come clumping back.

Young/old/young/old/young/old/young/old—it happens every time you shift your hand. Which goes to prove just one thing. Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger. But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The embarrassment of having to stand in a crowded drugstore and ask, nervously, for a bottle of women's haircoloring "for-uh-your wife."

The embarrassment of having friends (and *un*friends) spot what you did because it looked phoney—and kid you about it—"Hey, fellows, look—Charley dyed his hair."

The embarrassment of having to suffer through a complicated haircoloring routine—plus the fear that it would hurt your hair, and be expensive.

And finally, there was the biggest embarrassment of all—the funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not something a "regular fellow" ought to do.

GREAT DAY® For Men

Well, let's take the last worry first. Because if we can get you over that one, we have a new product that *solves all the other problems.* (It's called "Great Day." From Clairol Research. More about it later.)

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. (*Surprising* when you consider that there hasn't even been a really good men's product on the market until now.) Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair. And most of them have never even set foot on a stage. Except maybe to make a speech.

Already, a lot of very proper bankers, lawyers, brokers, doctors, advertising executives, sales managers, government people, farmers, longshoremen, teachers, truck drivers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

They all have one thing in common: they don't want to look old before their time. (And nothing makes a man look old before his time like gray hair.)

Some men want to look younger for personal reasons, others for professional reasons. (Let's face it, unfair as it may be a premium is put on *youth* in our society. Today, if a middle-aged executive looks too old he may be in a weakened competitive position within his company. And if he has to go out to look for a job, he's in an even worse position.)

You're Fooled Every Day

Dozens of men who pass you on the street every day have taken the premature gray out of their hair. Some you notice. Some you don't.

But to get that *unnoticeable* color most of them have had to spend a small fortune having it done professionally with complicated products that cost $8, $10, even $12 an application. Or else they're using their wives' Clairol hair coloring... which is fine for women but just wasn't designed for a man's haircoloring needs.

Now, finally there's a product designed especially for men—a product that won't embarrass you in any way. Great Day.

GREAT DAY
FROM CLAIROL RESEARCH
A Man's Way to Remedy Gray
Regular Kit for two treatments
GREAT DAY
A Man's Way to Remedy Gray

With Great Day a man can return his graying hair to a soft, rich, natural-looking color in the privacy of his own bathroom, or have it done in any good barber shop. Without any of the worries.

Great Day works like a shampoo. Once every two weeks or so (depending on how fast your hair grows), you pour it on—*straight from the bottle.* (No mixing needed.) Lather it in, let it sit, rinse it off. No complications. Leave it on a few minutes each time, and you color the gray gradually. If you want to take the plunge all at once, just leave it on longer before rinsing.

Nobody Notices

Great Day doesn't change your natural hair color. It only works on the gray. The change is subtle. Amazingly, even though *you're* very conscious of what you've done, experience has shown that most people don't even notice the difference in color. Only the effect. "Say, Charley, you look great. Did you lose weight or something?"

Your Pillow Won't Talk

Great Day goes inside your gray hair shafts. So it can't rub off on your collar, or on the pillow. It contains no peroxide in any form. So it can't make your hair glow with orangey-red highlights. It doesn't harm your hair in any way. (Actually, it leaves your hair in better condition.) It doesn't affect the texture of your hair at all. But just by making it darker, it does make it look somewhat fuller. (Nobody will mind *that* extra benefit.)

Great Day is made by Clairol, the world's leading authority on haircoloring. Remember the Clairol slogan "Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure"™? Well, after years of laboratory work and thousands of tests on gray-haired men, now Clairol can say, "Hair color so natural only his *barber* knows for sure."™ And unless your barber applied it to your hair himself, even *he* won't be absolutely certain.

Muster up your courage a little—and do something about your gray hair.

It's nice to look young.

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[*Continued from page* 16]
Charles Halleck scornfully declined to "enter into a beauty contest" against him. "Charlie just couldn't believe," says a friend, "that a mild-mannered guy like Gerry Ford could bring him down." Charlie learned, though. Only minutes after the G.O.P. caucas had dumped him, the 64-year-old Hoosier barked to his staff, "Don't ever tell me again what a nice goddam guy Gerry Ford is. He beat me, and I'm king of the gut-fighters." Then, as the awful finality of Ford's successful *coup d'etat* reached his brain, the dethroned king added: "Or I *was*."

The Halleck-Ford feud is both a symbol of the schizophrenia in G.O.P. ranks, and a tangible part of the split. Following his surprise victory in January, 1965, the new Minority Leader took command of House troops less than half the Democratic number. He badly needed Halleck's good will—but provoked him by such acts as relieving him of keys to his official, chauffeur-driven limousine while Halleck's pain was less than an hour old.

Wisconsin's Representative Laird, the Goldwater-blessed G.O.P. Platform Chairman in '64 (and, you will recall, "one of the boys" who put Ford up for the leadership) failed to back new leader Ford's first power play. In a move without precedent, G.O.P. rank-and-filers rejected Ford's personal candidates for Republican Whip, the G.O.P. Policy Committee and the Ways and Means Committee. As Ford's stature diminished, Laird claimed the House Floor to make a presumptuous speech defining official G.O.P. policy—an act outside his purview, and widely interpreted as a direct challenge to Ford's leadership. Meanwhile two ideological groups—16 liberal Republicans who lunch as the Wednesday Club and some 30-odd Old Guard flavored Acorn Clubbers—championed distinctly divergent views. Wednesday Clubbers (who curiously meet on Mondays) even issued their own "policy papers" on key issues. Ford's Senate counterpart, foxy old Everett Dirksen of Illinois, made showy solo trips to the White House and returned to proclaim his own adiposed version of Republican policy. "Nobody," a solon mourned into his cocktail in the plush G.O.P. Capitol Hill Club, "*really* speaks for us as a party."

There are those who feel that the party of Lincoln has a Ford in its future. Ford, they say, is stamped neither as a Neanderthal reactionary nor a nut-boy liberal. His position gives him national exposure, the trappings of high office, power to make behind-the-door deals within the party circle. He is the undisputed devil's advocate to Lyndon B. Johnson.

Gerry Ford places no self-imposed restrictions on his potential. "Presuming I *want* to go for the Presidential nomination," he says, "I'm in much better shape than I was for that Vice-Presidential boomlet in 1960." Still, Ford appears the kind of dark horse you wouldn't risk the rent money on. Minus the style and flair of a Kennedy or the personal magnetism of Dwight Eisenhower, he isn't likely to jangle juices in squealing teen-agers or ignite a convention hall. His oratory discourages sleep if it's loud enough, but has won no Dale Carnegie pens. He's offered no dramatic ideas to quicken the pulse or reel the brain. Outnumbered G.O.P. troops in the House leave him little opportunity for instant miracles. Nor can Ford depend on any more "cactus juice" windfalls. Lyndon B. Johnson is too shrewd to advance Ford's cause at this juncture. Indeed, where the President showers flattery too obvious to fool a billy goat on Dirksen, he has no eyes at all for Gerry Ford.

Ford hopes to keynote the G.O.P. campaign in this session of Congress. Basically, the Party line is that the world is going to hell in a Texas Stetson. Ford demands cutbacks in domestic spending (guns over butter), warns against federal attempts "to seize control of state and local governments" (through face-lifting towns and cities); accuses Lyndon Johnson of being "power mad, and running us helter-skelter to the centralized welfare state." He flogs the sore backs of "bureaucratic bunglers in the bureaucratic jungle" in pledging to streamline and modernize the Executive branch. He will stand with Senator Dirksen against repeal of Taft-Hartley's right-to-work section and sees the biggest domestic issue as "renticare"—*i.e.*, a plan to subsidize rent costs for low-income families. ("It's a dole. It's pure socialism.") While warning against "bogging down in a foot war on the mainland of China," Ford calls for "the plastering of North Viet Nam through maximum use of air and sea power."

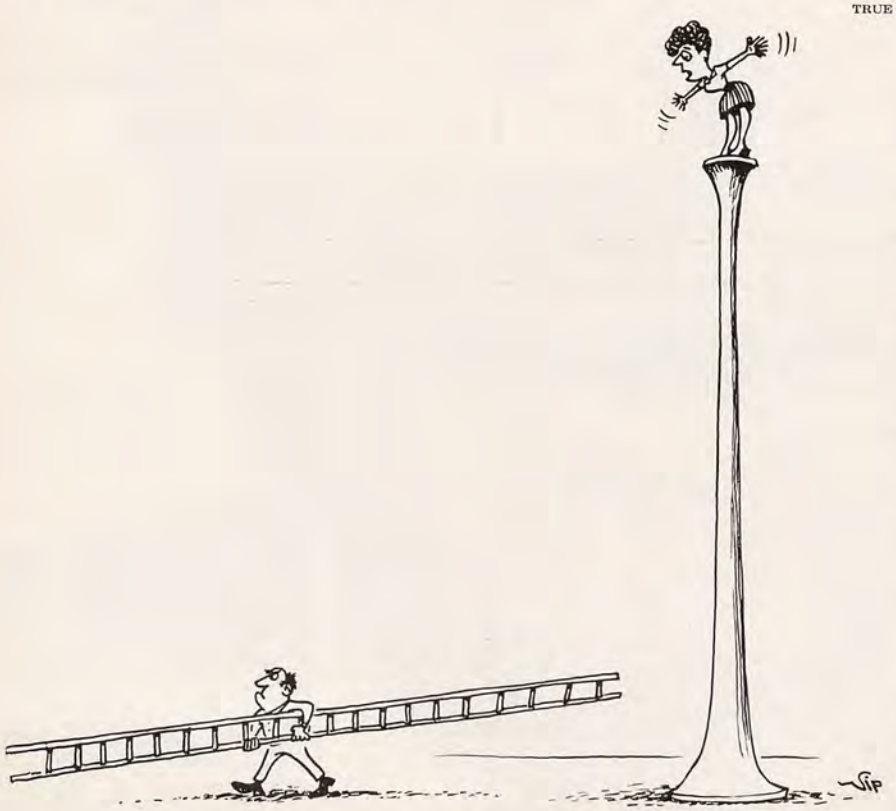
To some, all this sounds like warmed-over Goldwaterism. "I agree with Barry Goldwater 85 to 90 percent of the time," Ford has said. But Ford, who thinks that conservatives "need not be old-fashioned in their approach," fancies that he couches his own conservatism "in modern terms." You get the notion he envisions solutions to the G.O.P.'s complex problems through the use of simple semantic exercises. "If we state our conservatism in responsible language," Ford says, "the American people will buy it."

A noted Washington columnist who sees Ford socially, and likes him, confides: "Gerry plays politics the way he played center on the University of Michigan football team—with his head down." The cloakroom story that Ford once coined a memorable Spoonerism in introducing "my good friend, the Virgin of Governor's Island" is probably Apocryphal. But he has known trying days. At a fund-raising dinner in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, he once tried to draw an analogy between Democrats as the black-hearted Goliath and Republicans as the heroic shepherd boy, David—but so hopelessly snarled the names even his most fervent admirers tittered over the Gospel according to St. Gerry. Then he managed to work a very funny story into his speech. Alas, it had been told by an earlier speaker while Ford, exchanging whispered pleasantries with autograph seekers, had missed it. At this point wags were cracking that Gettysburg had always been a tough town for political addresses.

On television or from distant banquet-hall seats, Ford's sandy hair and light coloring tends to give him a washed-out look. At close range, he registers as more vital and vibrant; seems a decade younger than his 53 years. Like old adversary Lyndon B. Johnson, Ford functions best in small, informal groups. Ford's Michigan colleague, Rep. Bob Griffin, thinks his leader is "absolutely masterful at getting

[*Continued on page* 90]

TRUE



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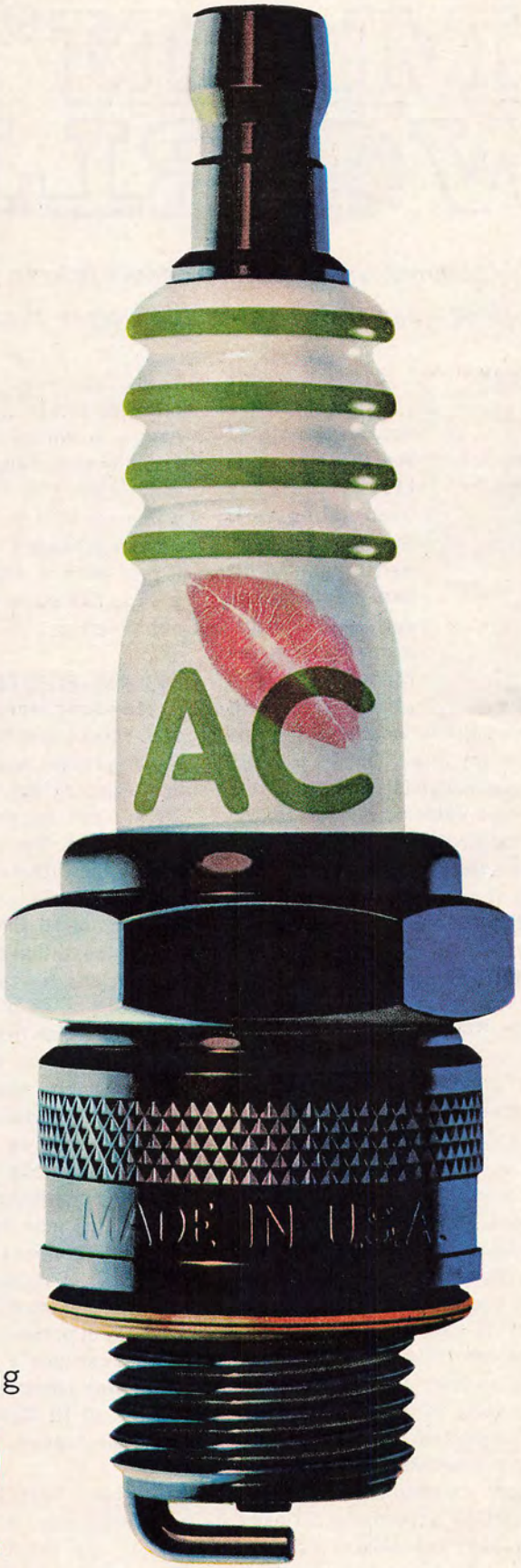

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

SURFQUAKE

Is Lloyd's of London always right? We hope not. Lloydsmen have been acting as if they expect a major earthquake to hit San Francisco any day. The municipal water system recently had to pay a stiff increase in rates for earthquake insurance and was lucky to get any at all. Lloyd's is upset because seismologists working in the Bay area have detected sinister underground movements. We think the ominous tremors result from something else — Berkeley students conforming to nonconformist marches and a plethora of surfboarders along the California coast upsetting the balance of nature.

BIRTH ORDER

Are you a firstborn son or an only son? Then, if you aren't a great success or man of towering achievement, it must be because you aren't trying. According to William D. Altus of the University of California, who has been studying the subject since 1959, firstborn children are hellandgone more able than those born later. He says "the dice are loaded in favor of the firstborn." How come? It may be that parents are more strict with a firstborn child and get tired of riding herd on later ones who are permissively allowed to run all over the lot (it would be interesting to know what proportion of beatniks and acid heads are later-born children). The firstborn are supposed to have more curiosity, better developed conscience and more dependence on adult standards. We'll buy the observation that female influence isn't so hot; the eldest child is a better achiever if he has younger brothers rather than sisters. But one judges scientific studies by the congeniality of findings, and we rise to ask with asperity, is it really true that we who come later in family birth order are inferior achievers? There must be holes a yard wide in Altus's study, but we'll have to hire some firstborn son to point out the errors.

CEILING BUSTERS

They dang near went through the roof at a recent convention in Cincinnati. Not a man present was less than 6 ft. 2 in. in height, all the girls were over 5 ft. 10 in., and no doubt only tall drinks were served. The occasion was the National Convention of the American Affiliation of Tall Clubs. We're told by Ralph Bennett, of Hi Cincinnatians, the convention host, that there are 27 affiliated social clubs for tall people in the U.S. and Canada, all of which have planned activities which help many a tall person to overcome his fear of height. This astonished us, since we're of ordinary stature, and ordinary in other humiliating ways, and we always thought that tall guys naturally had more confidence than us underlings. Next time we meet a super-tall man we won't feel inferior, unless he happens to be Don Kohler of the Chicago Paramount Club, who is 8 ft. 2 in. tall and must dent a lot of ceilings. Anybody of proper height, 18 to 45 years of age, can join a nearby affiliated tall club. Information can be had from Ralph Bennett of Hi Cincinnatians, 3769 St. Lawrence Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STERILITY VACCINE

Spermatozoa, man's miraculous little motors, are peculiar critters. The fertilizing sperm can actually be a cause of infertility in some men and women. Urologists of Baylor University in Houston explain it in terms of immunology, but we don't like their language and will try our own. Seems that exposure to sperm can sometimes create blood substances called antibodies. These can clobber sperm and create sperm immunity—in effect, sterility. Some women with infertility of no discoverable cause have been found to have large amounts of antisperm antibodies in circulation. But how could a man be defertilized, or autoimmunized, by his own sperm? Could happen, urologists explain, if infections or obstructions of the genital tract push substances into the system to make antisperm antibodies. Research in these areas may produce something to supersede the Pill for contraception. Injection of the right antigen (antibody-producer) may neutralize sperm and give long lasting but reversible sterility in both men and women. Like being vaccinated against smallpox.

SAVE OUR STEWARDESSES

We're against women trying to do men's work on silly grounds that Equal Employment Opportunity laws give them a right to try. But there are some jobs of no talent that women can perform more pulchritudinously than men. On a jet plane we'd rather have a well-stacked cupcake (even like the one shown here in Braniff International's "new look") hand us a pillow than a surly lad who barely made the grade at steward's school. Two airline unions are trying to wreck the pretty institution of airline stewardessry. Lunkheads of the Airline Pilots Association and the Transport Workers Union, urging the hiring of stewards, composed this fatuous statement: "We say very seriously that there is not a single duty called upon for a stewardess to perform that cannot be performed by a male." Come, come, fellows, you're pulling our leg.

DRUNK AND ORDERLY

Suppose a drunk weaves along the street bothering nobody except Ella T. Booze of the W.C.T.U. who isn't on the scene. Does the fuzz have a right to pinch him? Not on your shot glass, says Judge John M. Murtagh. He is New York City's chief Criminal Court judge and a

(Continued on page 24)

Grand-Dad is no penny pincher.

It's costlier, the way we make our Bourbon.

Such as using small grains in the mash.

And double-distillation, a dram at a time.

We even cast aside a new, handmade ageing barrel when the char doesn't equal a prescribed 3/22".

By not pinching pennies, we've succeeded in making a Bourbon others have moved heaven and earth to match since 1882.

While this makes our price somewhat hard to take, it's the very thing that makes our Bourbon so easy to swallow.

Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof, bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 22)

powerful man to come to the defense of the peaceful drunk who's not stupid enough to drive a car or annoy others. "If I want to get plastered at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel [he said *if*] and walk home without bothering anyone, why should society waste it's time on me?" Judge Murtagh asked a conference of the National Council on Alcoholism held at a local tavern, the Waldorf-Astoria. Society does waste a lot of cops' and courts' time on harmless drunks, giving our pokeys a high occupancy rate and the constabulary a noble sense of accomplishment. But Judge Murtagh reported that of 1,200 persons arrested for being drunk and disorderly in Manhattan in one month, only one was convicted. Defense lawyers were easily able to prove that their clients were not disorderly, though they may have been drunk, which is not itself a crime. Drunk arrests are becoming a thing of the past in New York City. There's plenty of more urgent business for cops to devote their time to.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Evangelist Bob Harrington, who is all het up about slinky actresses entertaining the troops in Viet Nam, states: "One sexpot can undo the work of 100 chaplains."

JAZZ AT NOON

Chuck's Composite restaurant in Manhattan is no place for a quiet lunch. Not on Mondays, when Jazz at Noon takes over. Quasi-musicians from all over town swarm into the joint dragging their woodwinds behind them. They ham it up in a two-hour jam session with the connivance of the proprietor and the indulgence of patrons. Ten of the lucky amateurs get a free lunch by drawing lots. The rest play their hearts out for the fun of it. The unique thing about the show is not the noise, which can be had as good from any juke box, but the performers. On a recent day the jazz artists included the vice-president of a big ad agency, a famous eye surgeon, an editor of a news weekly and a TV producer, among others. The cats think it's great medicine to sound off without, as they say, hurting anybody. Therapy with every bowl of soup. Any restaurant can copy the idea, though we squirm with responsibility for mentioning it.

HARMLESS POLYGAMY

At what age should polygamy be legal? After 60 nothing but good can come of it, in the opinion of Dr. Victor Kassel, a Salt Lake City geriatrician. Surpluses of widows could share the dwindling man supply and a man of 60 could embrace two or three or half a dozen sexagenarian consorts if he took leave of his senses. One advantage Dr. Kassel foresees is better diet—lonely women would whip up fancier meals if they had someone to cook for. However, he lifted our eyebrows with the remark that "Two or more women working together to keep house lighten the burden for one another." Either Dr. Kassel is conning us or being conned. Put two women to claiming the same kitchen day after day and what do you get? Square meals? No. Catfights. One vital revision would make polygamy after 60 a great success. Make sure that each wife has a roof of her own. Then the shared spouse can keep his peace of mind as Visiting Husband.

SCOUTS BY ANY OTHER NAME

At long last they've taken the pants off British Boy Scouts. Short pants above bare knees and high socks—an outfit handed down from the Boer War. U.S. Scouts dropped their shorts long ago. (Indeed, some of the American Scout uniforms—such as the Explorer Scout dress outfit shown here—are quite natty.) But in one way the British are ahead of us. They're considering dropping Boy from the title altogether. Nobody, especially a boy, wants to be called "boy." Too juvenile for the young and too condescending for the mature. The Boy Scouts are stuck with a hand-me-down name and image that has lost relevance and luster. Time was when a kid could get lost in the woods on the way home from school, and have to rub two sticks together to make a fire to scare off the bears, but time marches on. The only Daniel Boones left are on television. Why go only halfway in dropping Boy from the title? Drop the Scout, too. Corporations keep up with changing times by changing their names. We see ads telling us of the marvelous new meaning of Citgo, Alcan, Uniroyal, Abex and the like. The Boy Scouts could profit from some Madison Avenue name-lifting—maybe Adolescent Tornadoes, Marauders, Ajaxes, Supermen, Ten Feet Tall, just to get the ball rolling. This could enhance the great value of the Boy Scout movement, which is to corral young savages under adult guidance.

FINGERTIP EYES

When we were looking over new models in an auto showroom a salesman told us that the most popular color in the line was white. "Especially in Florida and warm parts of the country," he said. "It's cooler." The outdoor sun was shining hotly and we walked out to the lot to test his theory on a black and a white car that stood side by side. We put our palm on one car and then the other. Sure enough, he was right. The white car was noticeably cooler. The incident came to mind when we read an explanation of how some people allegedly "see" colors through their fingertips. It might be done by "feeling" heat emissions given off by different colors. W. L. Makous of IBM Research Center in Yorktown Heights, New York, points out that practically anybody can distinguish between the black-painted side and the polished metal side of a metal plate in this way. Whether one could practice enough to feel the difference between red and orange with the fingertips is another question. All we know is that white cars are cooler to the touch and may be unpopular in the Arctic Circle.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The lady-in-waiting to Mrs. America is a bitch, Lady Greyhound, a purebred pooch owned by the bus company.

In Detroit, empty pop bottles not returned for refund are estimated to be worth $800,000.

Receipts of the Treasury Department's Conscience Fund, which accepts anonymous contributions from Americans who think they have cheated the government, have fallen to a 25-year low.

Vandal's progress: 300 bronze cigars are in a warehouse ready to replace the one that slobs are expected to knock off the statue of Sir Winston Churchill in Washington. —THE EDITORS

WOMEN ARE
DISCOVERING MEN
WHO ARE
DISCOVERING
BOOTS
Maybe it's the romance of Acme's western styled boots.
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It's the 4th anniversary of the revolution in shot shells.

Remember pre-revolution shells? The paper cases that turned to pulp when wet? Shot so battered in the barrel that it never reached the target?

That's where things stood when the revolutionary red Mark 5 shell came along.

The idea was ridiculously simple. To protect shot against the hard knocks we simply wrapped a collar around it.

Simple or not, it gets lead out like nothing you've ever seen before or since.

The pattern is thick with shot (as much as 10% more).

Shot goes straighter, faster, farther. Hits harder.

Well, by now everybody and his brother's trying to make shells do what the Mark 5 does.

The shot heard round the world most.

We haven't been exactly standing still, either.

Take shell cases.

Most are plastic. Nothing like the compression-formed plastic in our high-brass shells, however. It's safer. Stronger.

So strong, in fact, that a base wad isn't needed.

But we've really got a sleeper in our low-brass. Here is a light load that delivers like a premium load.

At no extra cost.

Nobody's come up with anything yet that can touch it.

And now you know why you spy more red-coated shells lying around.

The woods are full of them.

This season won't be any different, so don't say we didn't warn you.

The redcoats are coming!

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See 'Jeep' vehicles in action on "World Series of Golf," September 10-11, NBC-TV Network.

Go 'Jeep' V-6

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The Flying 'Jeep' Universal
with 4-wheel drive

HOW THE U.S. RECOVERED ITS BIGGEST FUMBLE

No nuclear explosion occurred when our H-bombs fell on Palomares, but the diplomatic fallout was immense. For 80 dramatic days American prestige was at stake while we groped for **la bomba**

BY TAD SZULC

PALOMARES, SPAIN

■ The morning of Monday, January 17, began no differently from most winter mornings for the 800-odd inhabitants of this hopelessly isolated village on the Mediterranean coast of Spain. Mid-January is the start of the winter tomato and bean crop here. It was about 10 years ago that some enterprising people came from Valencia and taught the villagers how to dig wells to defeat the terrible coastal droughts and to raise tomatoes, beans and a little wheat in the irrigated fields. Before the tomatoes, Palomares had been one of those dying villages that one still finds in Spain; the old lead and silver mines in the region closed down a generation ago, and the men had either emigrated or just vegetated. But now things were better and at least the people were making a living.

On this particular morning the Palomares farmers and the field hands were going through the normal routine of checking the village's few tractors, drawing water where required for the cooperative irrigation system and looking after their cows, goats and sheep. The children had already gone to school—boys and girls to separate grammer-school units—and the women were washing clothes, straightening out the modest, whitewashed houses and feeding the scrawny chickens and the brown rabbits which are found in almost every Palomares backyard.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, many of the villagers looked up into the blue sky out of habit. Every morning at that hour for more than five years, four fast moving little dots would appear high above the coast—two of them virtually merging with the two others—and then vanish. The dots were the pairs of American B-52 bombers and KC-135 jet tankers meeting to refuel over Palomares, and the villagers were so used to the planes' punctuality that many would set their watches by them.

This time, however, something suddenly occurred, something that was

American technicians in protective suits comb a contaminated field near Palomares.

Frogman confers with the crew of midget sub Alvin *which finally found the elusive bomb.*

In hours an emergency task force descended on the scene

to plunge the village into the nuclear age and drastically alter the lives of its inhabitants. As a B-52 and its tanker flew over the low mountains northeast of the village, there was a muted explosion, then a flash of fire and, before those who saw it could realize what had happened, flaming debris started raining over Palomares and its fields.

Because of the speed of the aircraft and the prevailing wind, the actual breakup of the big jets following their collision took place directly over the village. A burning wing section and an engine crashed 50 yards from the boys' school, near the tiny Palomares church that stands at the crossroads. Twisted pieces of metal came down in backyards and between the houses that squat close together in the village but stand farther apart on the outskirts.

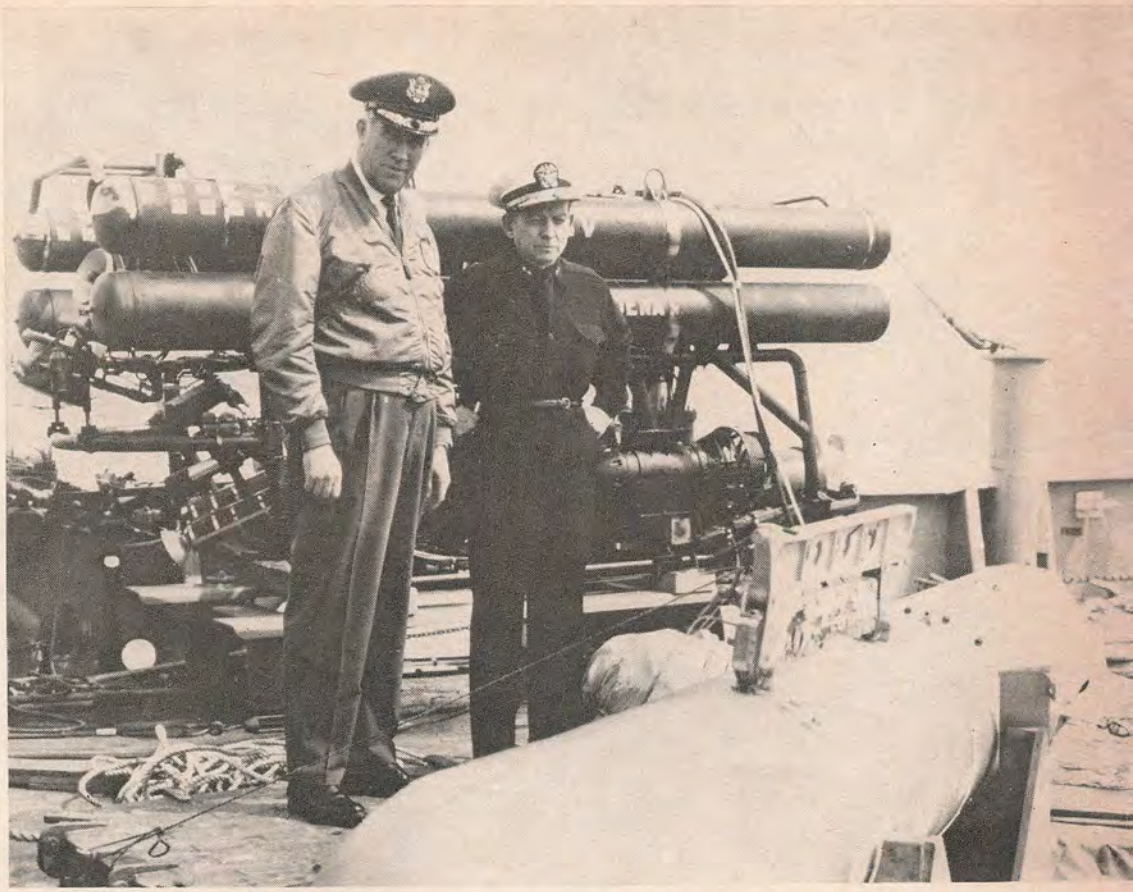
The tail section of the B-52 buried itself in the sand of the dry bed of the Almanzora River east of Palomares, a deserted area, but several engines and the cockpits of both aircraft fell in a semicircular pattern close to farmhouses beyond the west end of the village.

Señora Esperanza Otero, who lives in one of these farmhouses and whose two children were at school, came running out into her yard when she heard the explosion. She saw the smoking debris raining down near the school. "I thought it was the end of the world," she reminisced later. "I didn't know where to go, where to run . . . my thoughts were on the children."

On the other side of the village, 60 yards from the knoll where Eduardo Navarro Portillo, Palomares' principal landowner, has his house, there was the thud of an explosion and acrid smoke rose in the air. The B-52 was carrying four hydrogen bombs and one of them, both its parachutes burned in the collision, had fallen against the side of a terraced hill. Its arming mechanism for a nuclear explosion was unconnected, but the bomb had cracked on impact producing the detonation of its 44-pound TNT trigger charge. An old man who happened to be walking past the hill was thrown to the ground by the explosion's air blast but was not injured except for a powerful dose of fright.

Elsewhere in the village, others had just as narrowly escaped death or injury. Padre Francisco Navarete Serrano, the 25-year-old pastor in the nearby village of Cuevas del Almanzaro who is also in charge of the Palomares church, kept telling his people afterwards, "It was the Hand of God that was spread over you to protect you." And as he was to remark later, church attendance in this religiously casual village went up after the accident, even among the men.

When the first moment of shock passed, people rushed toward the hills west of the village, beyond the Otero home where huge chunks of the aircraft had fallen. There, among pieces of the fuselage and engines, they came upon the horribly smashed and burned bodies of all four KC-135 crewmen. Their



Gen. Delmar Wilson, left, and Adm. William Guest led the land-sea search that ended when CURV *(rear) recovered the bomb (foreground).*

parachutes had not opened after they ejected—having presumably caught fire—and they died even before reaching the dust of the Palomares hills. The watch on the wrist of one of the crewmen had come to a stop at 10:22.

Less than a half mile from the Oteros, near the walled-in cemetery on a hill where the singing of the birds was the only sign of life, another H-bomb split and detonated its TNT charge. A third bomb fell in the river bed without breaking.

Between Palomares and the beach, the villagers found Maj. Ivens Buchanan, the B-52's radar navigator, alive but unconscious under the ejection seat to which he was still strapped. Capt. Charles J. Wendorf, the B-52 commander, was also saved by his parachute. With two other survivors from the B-52, he was picked out of the ocean by fishing boats in the area. Three crewmen from the bomber were killed.

One of the fishing captains, a dashing Catalan named Francisco Simó Orts, made a notation on his map of the spot where he saw another parachute float down and sink immediately. This spot was five miles offshore, and the fact that Captain Simó marked it was to become a vastly important factor in the tense weeks that followed.

Exactly how the earthshaking collision came about is still not fully known. We do know that at 10:22 a.m., January 17, the B-52 Strategic Air Command bomber, with four 20-megaton hydrogen bombs aboard, rammed the underside of the KC-135 jet tanker's right wing. The two aircraft were flying close to each other at 30,500 feet to begin a standard refueling operation. Their speed was about 300 mph.

The B-52, flown by Captain Wendorf, a 30-year-old SAC veteran with 2,109 hours at the controls of the big jet bombers, had left Seymour Johnson Air Force Base in North Carolina along with another B-52 the day before on a routine alert flight toward Soviet borders. It was refueled in the late afternoon of January 16 over Zaragoza, in northern Spain. Now it was on its return flight rendezvousing with the tanker over the Almeria coast to take on fuel for the Atlantic crossing back to Seymour.

To meet Captain Wendorf's plane, the fuel-laden KC-135 had taken off from the joint United States-Spanish Air Force base at Morón, near Seville, in southwestern Spain. Its pilot was Maj. Emil J. Chapla, a much decorated, 43-year-old veteran of the Pacific and European campaigns in World War II.

For both pilots and their crews the operation was as routine as a takeoff or a landing, though it called for flying skill at jet speeds to bring a bomber's nose under a tanker's tail so that a boom could be lowered and kerosene fuel fed into the thirsty giant.

Not far away, at a visual distance, another KC-135 from Morón was simul- [*Continued on page* 105]

REPORT FROM VIET NAM

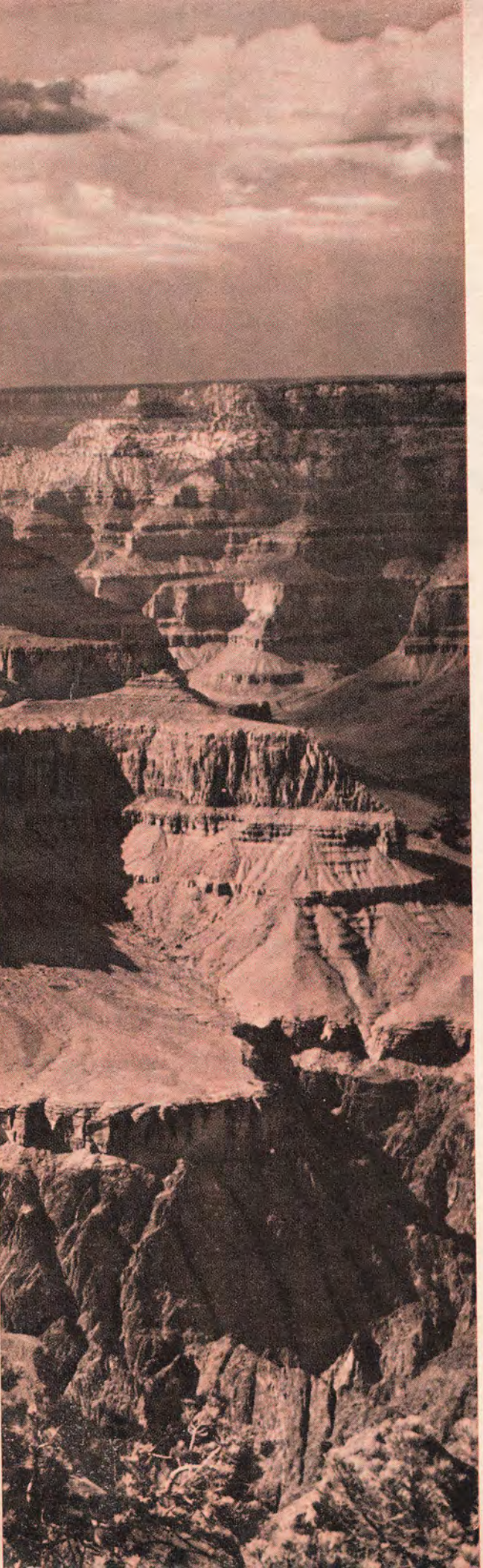
BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Buddhists, Catholics, junta generals and a bewildering assortment of political factions have made Viet Nam into a land of riots within riots. When the demonstrators take to the streets, its

■ No one knows how much tear gas has been sprayed in the major cities of South Viet Nam during the past three years of political turmoil, but the figure has to be in the hundreds of thousands of pounds. Tear gas is the principle police weapon against parading demonstrators who look like they may be trouble and anti-government rioters who assuredly are. Demonstrations and street riots here are as common as the headlines in the States indicate. The schools in Saigon have been closed more than a dozen times because of bloody civil disturbances, water and power frequently go off without warning and all sensible souls try to keep gas masks handy.

It takes at least one big issue—proposed elections, an immolation, alleged temple desecration, political hiring or firing—to get demonstrations and subsequent riots going. There are enough issues real and contrived to keep Bud- [*Continued on page* 102]

Police battle students during recent riot in Saigon.



BY C. P. GILMORE

it's a grand old canyon—and they're all promising to keep it that way (somehow)

So what's the big argument? The government wants to build two big dams across the mighty gorge. Conservationists say they're unnecessary. It's the hottest fight in the West since cattlemen vs. sodbusters

GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

■ "The erection of Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon Dams would be a tragedy, a desecration, an act of vandalism," says Francois Leydet, well-known nature writer and authority on the Grand Canyon.

"If these dams are built," says David Brower, executive director of the Sierra Club, one of the country's most powerful conservation organizations, "they will convert a living river into a dead reservoir. They will flood out wildlife, drown invaluable archaeological and geological sites, inundate campsites. Dam-builders' roads and power transmission lines would disfigure the majesty of the canyon."

Statements such as these raise hackles all over Arizona. "I am deeply disturbed by the wave of unfounded, inaccurate, and what we believe to be irresponsible propa- [*Continued on page* 95]

BY GENE CAESAR
ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON GLASER

THE WEIRD REIGN OF EMPRESS FLORENCE

Warren Harding's wife thought she was the offstage power who controlled the President and ruled the nation. But her grandiose dream was a puppet's illusion, a tool for corrupt politicians

■ *With Lurleen Wallace's nomination for governor of Alabama, the role of women in politics is once more a center of attention. Women are accepted as Representatives and even Senators these days, but if elected, Mrs. Wallace would be only the third woman governor in U.S. history—and the first in two generations*

So far as the Presidency goes, more than one First Lady has laid heavy hands on the highest office in the land. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson seized the administration's tiller in the last 18 months of her husband's term, when the President was disabled by strokes. But the most disastrous female interference in the affairs of the nation occurred in the ill-fated administration of Warren G. Harding.

It was the late summer of 1920—the year of the first national election to be held after the granting of female suffrage—and a man and his wife were posing for photographers on the front porch of a modest home in Marion, Ohio. He was a big handsome fellow of 55, with a warm grin set in dark-complexioned features beneath curly gray hair. He was a candidate for the nation's highest office, but she was the one who was giving the orders.

"I want people all over the country to see these pictures so that they will know we are just folks like themselves."

From a distance, this homely little lady of 60 might have been anybody's grandmother. But at close range, there was something strange and unnerving about the cold flash of her smile and the grim squareness of her jaw. Early the following March, she listened to her husband deliver an inaugural address she had insisted on rewriting, then marched triumphantly into the White House with him.

"Well, Warren," a secretary overheard her boasting, "I've got you the Presidency. Now what are you going to do with it?"

Warren could only gasp, "God help me!" His wife wasn't listening for the new Chief Executive's answer anyway. She had some ideas of her own as to what might be done with the Presidency.

"Our earnest little suffragettes who strived so long and hard for the mere right to vote," she once commented, "might do well to recall that in the latter half of the 16th century all Europe was *governed* by women. . . . In some instances, it is true they ruled through men. But none the less, *they* ruled!

"America needs to be taught a lesson. This is the Age of Woman!"

This was Florence Kling Harding, and she was "just folks" like Lady Macbeth was a Scots gentlewoman. For more than two unlamented years, this shrill-voiced little lady considered herself the country's chief executive in every sense but a strictly titular one. Her grandiose illusions were cultivated by an unscrupulous group of politicians who followed the maxim "give a woman an inch and she thinks she's a ruler" in order to milk the nation's treasury. Although the lesson that lies in her bizarre, twisted story is hardly the one she intended teaching, it is a lesson America would do well to remember.

Even as a loud but unattractive girl being raised by a widower father, Florence was forever attempting to flout male authority. Banker Amos Kling was the richest man in Marion and he gave his daughter every conceivable luxury. He also tried to instill some ladylike behavior in her, but she grew steadily more defiant, delighting in shocking him. Florence finally ran off, when she had just turned 19 in 1879, with an alcoholic loafer named Henry DeWolfe.

She intended to make a hard-working family man out of Henry. Although he had no hesitation about the family part, impregnating her almost immediately, he vanished forever from her [*Continued on page* 80]

■ The rude shock of exploding gunpowder has not disturbed many of the spectacularly decorated guns on these and the following pages. Their ornately carved and inlaid ivory makes most of them works of art—intended for display and admiration. Four hundred years separate the earliest and latest—16th to 20th century—but they have in common a tradition of skilled craftsmanship in ivory carving and inlay on fine guns that is disappearing.

Elk horn, hippopotamus and elephant ivory and the horn of the narwhal—all prized, all scarce—were and are gunmakers' choices. But the supply of ivory is dwindling and ivory guns are rarer. Those shown, many of them literally priceless, are from museums or private collections.

The Le Page pistols, for example, now in a famous private collection, were made to be a bribe from the French government to Abd El Kadir, Emir of Algeria, who was in the way of French plans for a North African empire. But it took Le Page, gunmaker to the French king, too long to create the elaborate and costly ivory and gold pistols that El Kadir was disposed of by exile. Le Page, however, fell in love with his own handiwork and petitioned the French government to let him buy back his

Beauty But No Bang

A. Fruitwood aged 50 years was inlaid with 10,000 pieces of ivory in 1576 to make big Saxon ball butts, or dags.

B. Ivory-stocked Dutch presentation guns were made 100 years apart by same gun-making family. Flintlock is signed and dated, "Graef-1725."

C. Ivory tigers are inlaid on the heavy butts of these Nuremberg wheel-lock pistols, made about 1600.

D. Colt single-action Frontier .45 with specially carved ivory grip once belonged to famous trick shooter Andy Palmer.

E. Ivory inlaid matchlock petronel, made in Munich in 1585, was probably designed to be fired by a man in armor.

F. Dutch gun, about 1565, is elaborately carved with more than 90 Biblical scenes in brown and white ivory veneer.

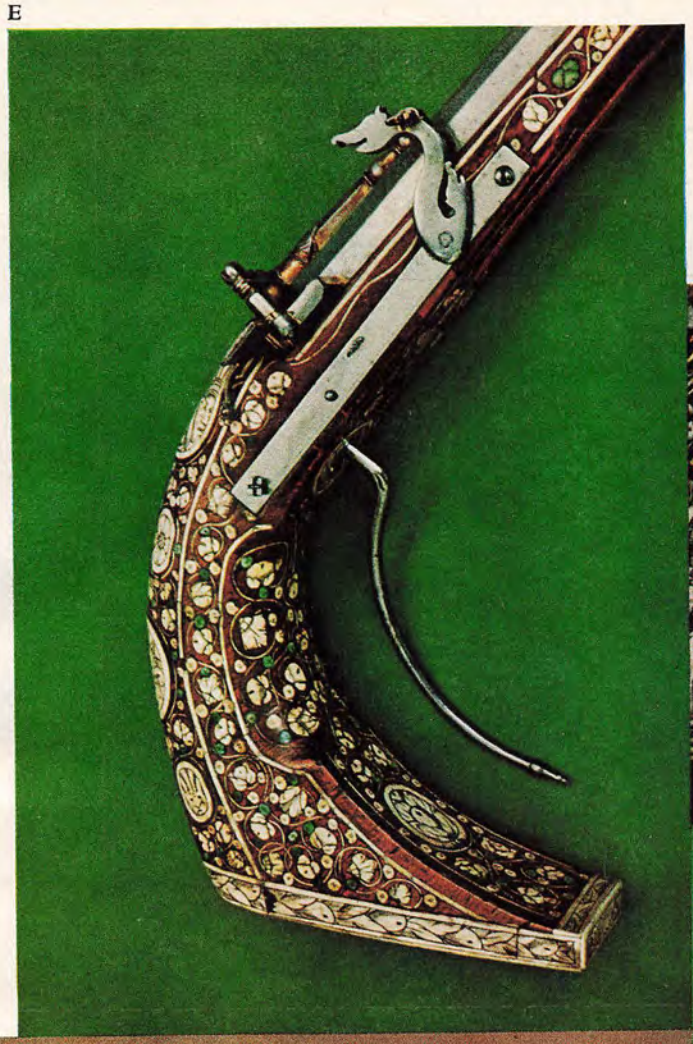
G. Le Page presentation pistols made in 1840's for Emir of Algeria were never given to him. Unique ivory and gold inlay took years to finish.

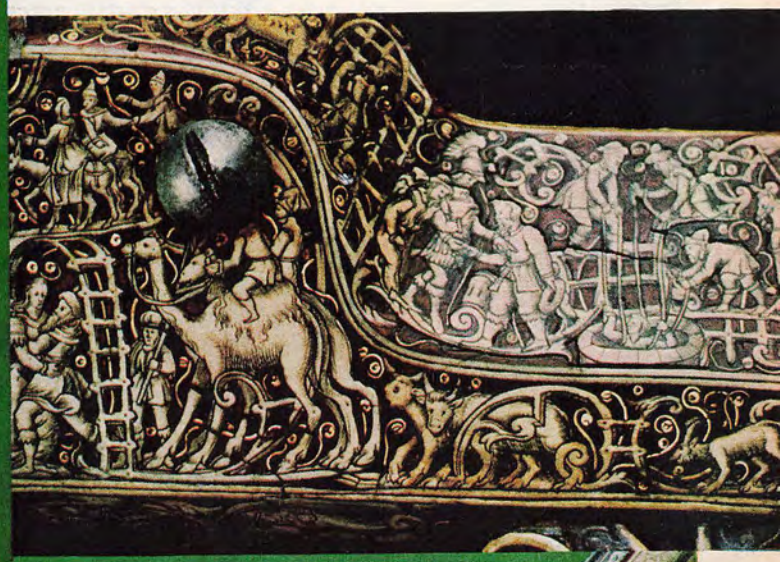
H. Miniature inlaid matchlock petronel was probably made in France, in late 1500's, as a present for a fledgling prince.

E

BY MERRILL K. LINDSAY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE PENDLETON

F





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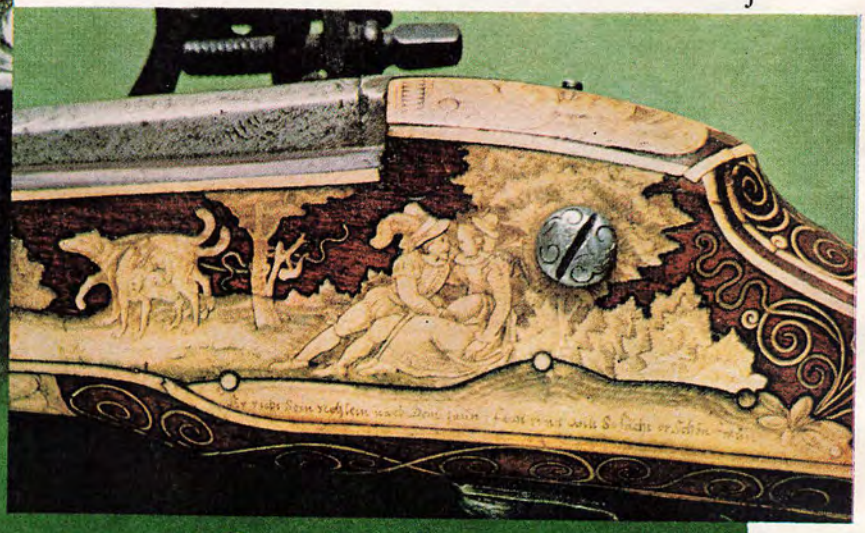


K

L

Beauty But No Bang

pistols. They remained in the Le Page family until recently —works of art, never fired. Nor were the fully ivory-stocked presentation guns made by the Graef family of the Netherlands. Graef ivory gun stocks were sometimes portraits of the owners. The two vivid heads at left, now in the New York Metropolitan Museum, were made by this family 100 years apart. Both guns are mechanically perfect but intended to be seen, not heard.

Some handsomely inlaid guns are designed for shooting, of course. The 20th-century Colt .45, for example, with extra-thick, custom-carved ivory grips has a specially honed action for target and trick shooting. And the 16th-century Saxon dags were shot by cavalrymen, the Ritters, who fired in unison sweeping by on horseback.

Today you can order a pair of ivory stocks or grips from a custom gunmaker. But for a handsome collector's piece, you'd have to look for a master ivory carver and inlayer at work. They turn up in surprising places—Hong Kong or Nantucket, for example. It is even possible to still find antique ivory-decorated guns—if you do, you may have found a small fortune. For example, the guns here that can be priced range from $300 to $12,000.

I. Smith & Wesson .44 caliber rimfire with ivory carving of Mexican eagle and snake is reputed to have been Pancho Villa's.

J. Romantic scene is detailed in ivory on this fine 17th-century German wheel-lock "Schuetzen"—hunting rifle.

K. Sterling silver nailheads stud elegant ivory grips of mid-19th-century English pepperbox signed by Collins of London.

L. Flint pistols with carved ivory portrait butts and carved wooden stocks were made by Maucher in 1690.

M, N, O, P. Accessories for finely made ivory guns are equally ornate. These powder flasks from Italian, Swiss, Austrian Alps were made in 16th century. Elephant ivory, elk horn, bone are carved with elaborate mythological scenes and animal life.

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

My job was to move a herd of 2,000 animals through the wilderness of Tanganyika. Ahead were thieves, drought, fire and the risk of a bloody war

BY MICHAEL LEAF
AS TOLD TO DENNIS HOLMAN

■ The Masai elders were there in the village, tall, solemn men wrapped in multicolored blankets. The warriors were there with painted shields and long-bladed spears, wearing lion-mane headdresses and clonking pig-iron bells on their ankles. The women were there, bare breasted, loaded with beads, arms and legs circled with copper wire. Naked children darted about the stalls from which the cattle were being driven.

The dust stirred up by a myriad hooves hung in the air like the tension. The cattle—2,000 head—had just been sold, and it was up to me to drive them through 200 miles of wilderness. I knew that if a single cow was lost, the government ban on cattle from this epidemic area would be enforced, and the Masai, my blood brothers, would fight.

The Masai live by their cattle. Their long-horned Zebu represent wealth, food and a man's pride. If this herd did not get through to the packing plant at Arusha, and thus open the way for further cattle sales, the Masai would take to raiding other tribes and eventually be at war with the government of what was then Tanganyika. I could not let this happen to my brothers.

Ndangoya, the old chief, came up to me. He was about 70, with the aquiline nose, thin lips and slant eyes of the Nilo-Hamitic peoples. Down the left side of his face, from temple to jaw, he carried a raised purple scar, the work of a lion's claw. He raised his small ceremonial spear in salutation.

"*Bwana,* may the gods guide your footsteps."

"It is promised, then?" I asked. "Your warriors will not do rash things?"

"Have no fear, *bwana.* They obey. They will not draw blood."

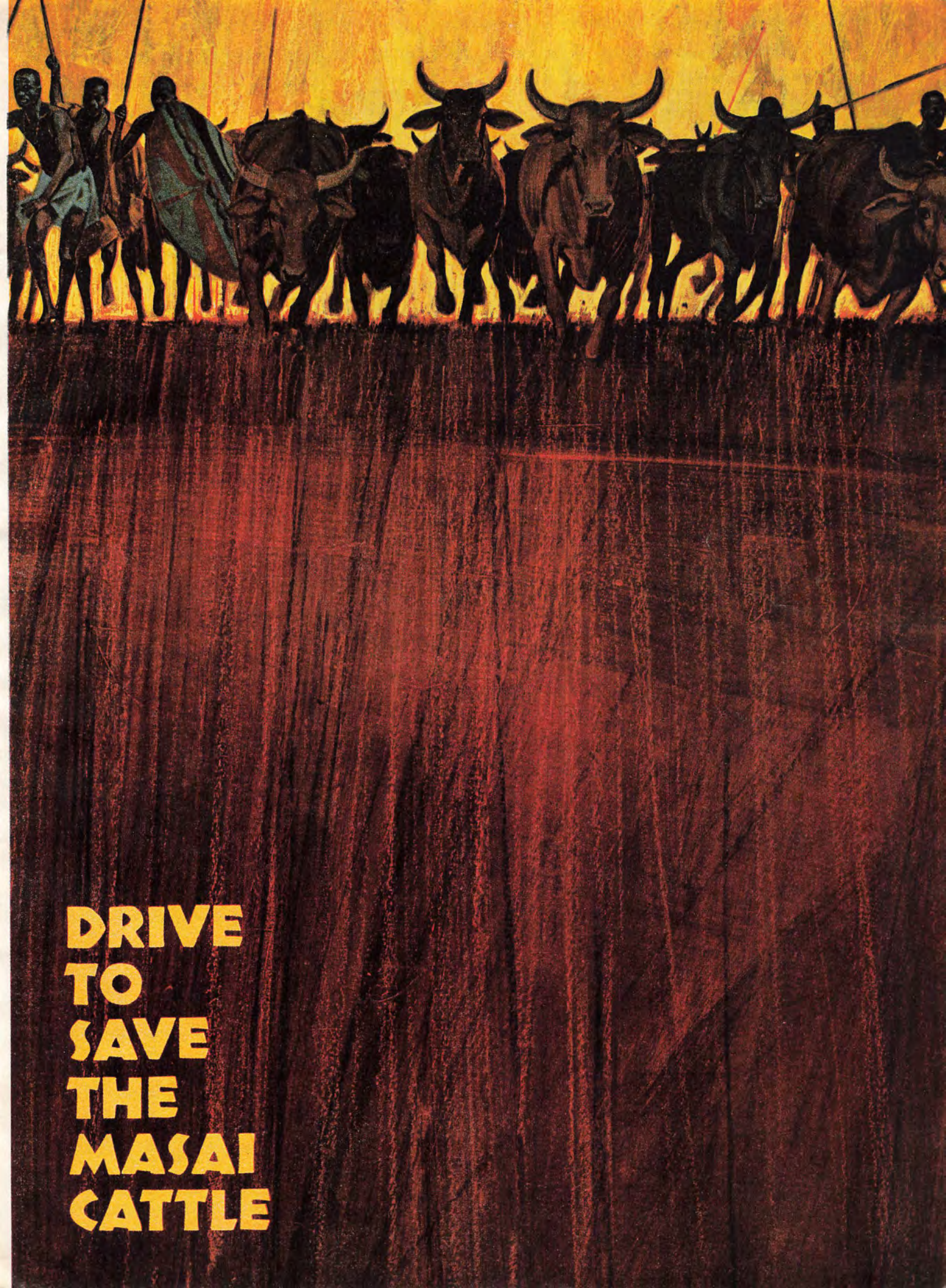
"Remember that if *ilmek* [strangers'] blood flows, Masai blood will flow also. Neither side wins a war. Both sides lose."

He bared blackened teeth with a smile that knotted up the scar.

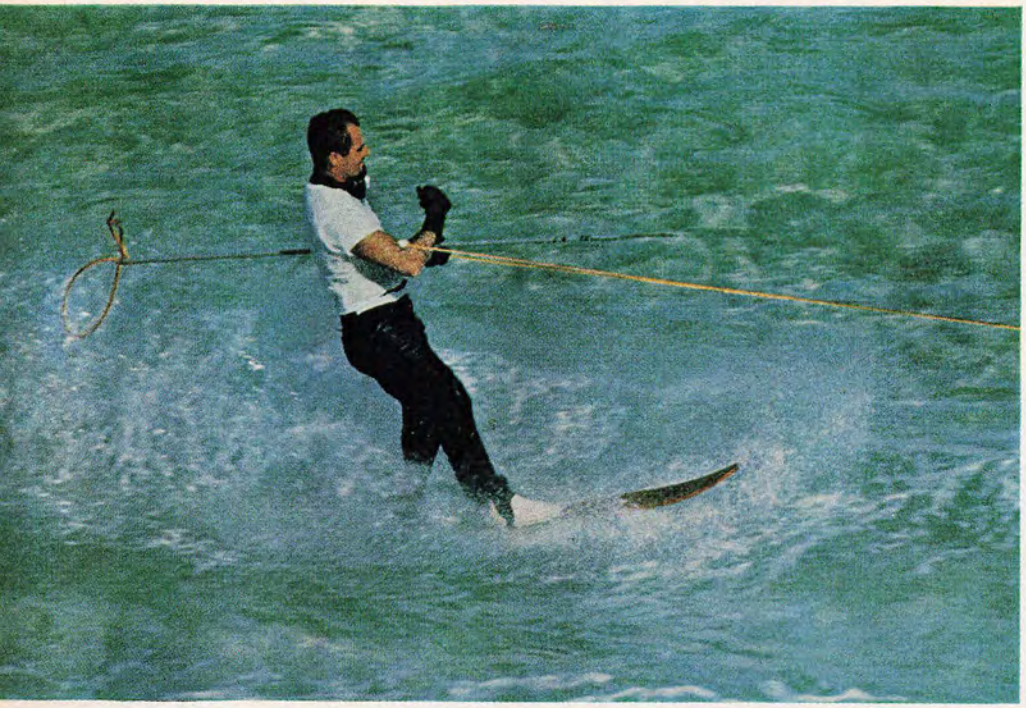
Mohamud, the head drover, came up. He pointed to the sun. "It is late, *bwana.* We should leave."

"Start the drive."

I followed him past the food stalls and the women selling gourds to the field where the cattle stood, chewing their cuds. Mohamud was the African counterpart of the American trail boss of the 19th century. A grizzled Somali, he wore high mosquito boots, with old army puttees covering his [*Continued on page* 86]

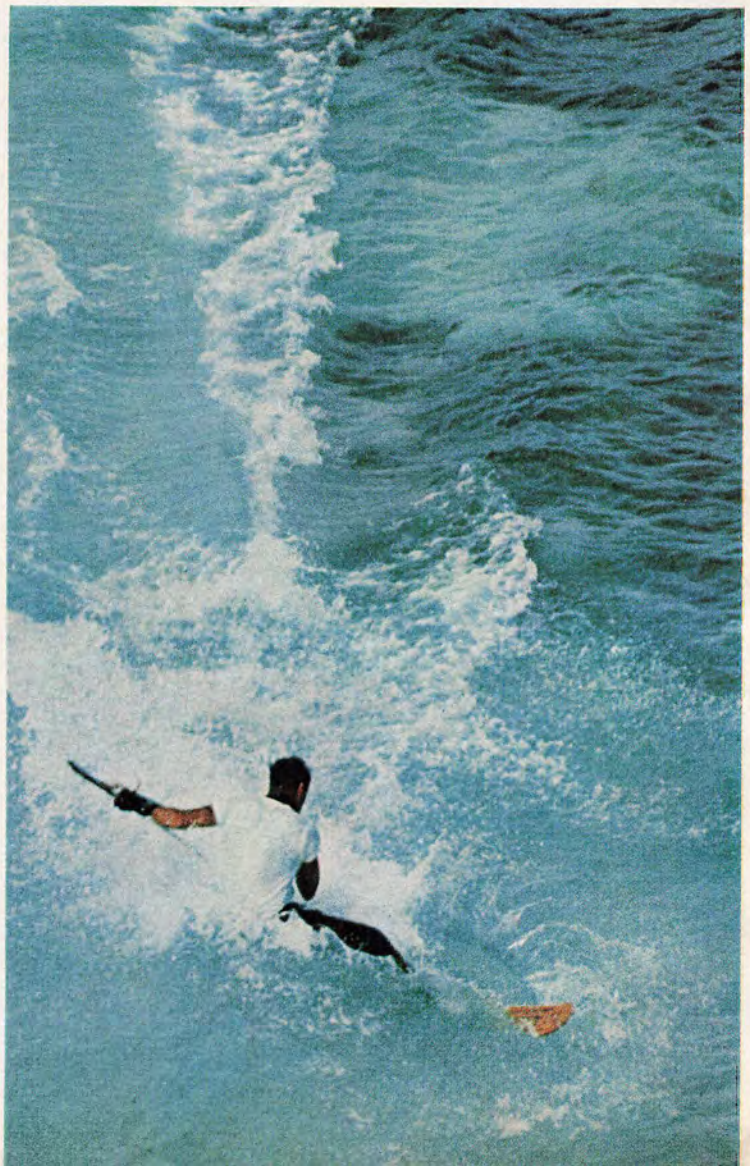

DRIVE
TO
SAVE
THE
MASAI
CATTLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LYNN PELHAM



klein skims over shallow water, going about 25-miles-per-hour and keeping his eyes peeled for shark fins. The loop on the end of his 10-foot harpoon is an elastic strip for propelling the shaft.

when a shark is sighted, the boat tries to run parallel so that the harpooner can draw close to his prey. Here Klein has dropped his towline and plunges his steel into the shadowy man-eater's back.

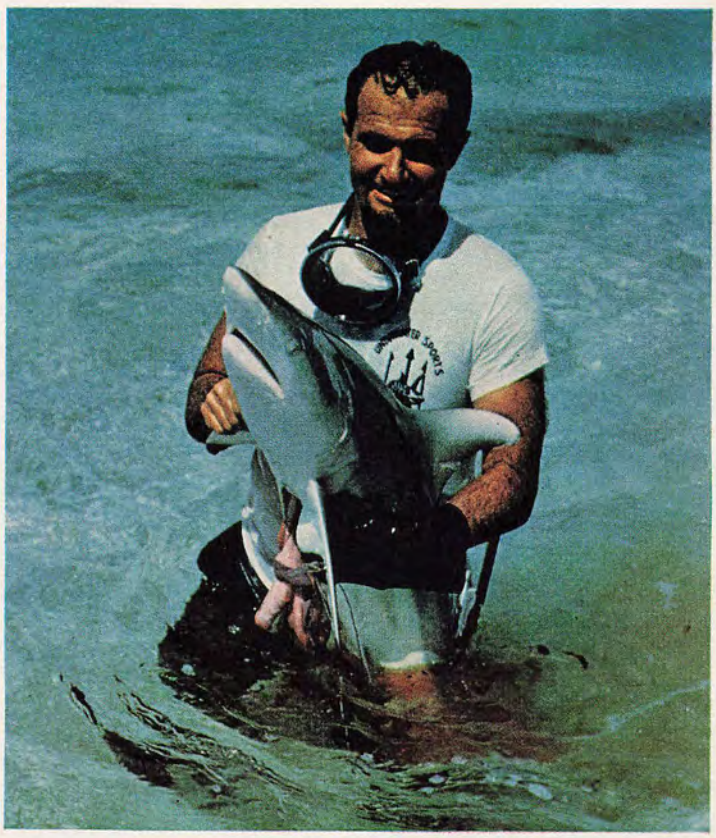


ski hunt for sharks

Most water skiers would rather not see any sharks, much less attack one. But Jordan Klein of Miami enjoys nothing better than harpooning the feared man-eaters from water skis. "It's dangerous, but it's fun," says Klein. "I suppose one of the thrills is knowing how damn dangerous it is." Hunting sharks is his

the shark is still alive and dangerous as Klein closes in to finish the job. The trick now is to keep the harpoon between himself and the shark. Wounded sharks often strike at anything nearby.

shark killer displays his prize. He has to be wary of other sharks being attracted by the blood, but boat's motor noise usually scares them off. Hunting ground is a half-mile off Islamorada in Florida Keys.



hobby, but Klein is never very far from water. He's a technical adviser on aquatic TV shows and movies and also manufactures underwater equipment. (He designed and built some of the underwater gadgetry used in *Thunderball.)* In addition to the 55 sharks he has harpooned from water skis, he has killed several hundred others by more mundane methods, like spearfishing. Klein, who is 41 and has never been hurt while hunting on skis, makes it look so easy that now his wife wants to try. Klein says no to this. A man has to put his foot down some place, even in shark-infested waters.

His name was Henry Morgan, but this was not the Spanish Main. Who could have known

"I am the Pirate Morgan"

BY WALTER WAGNER

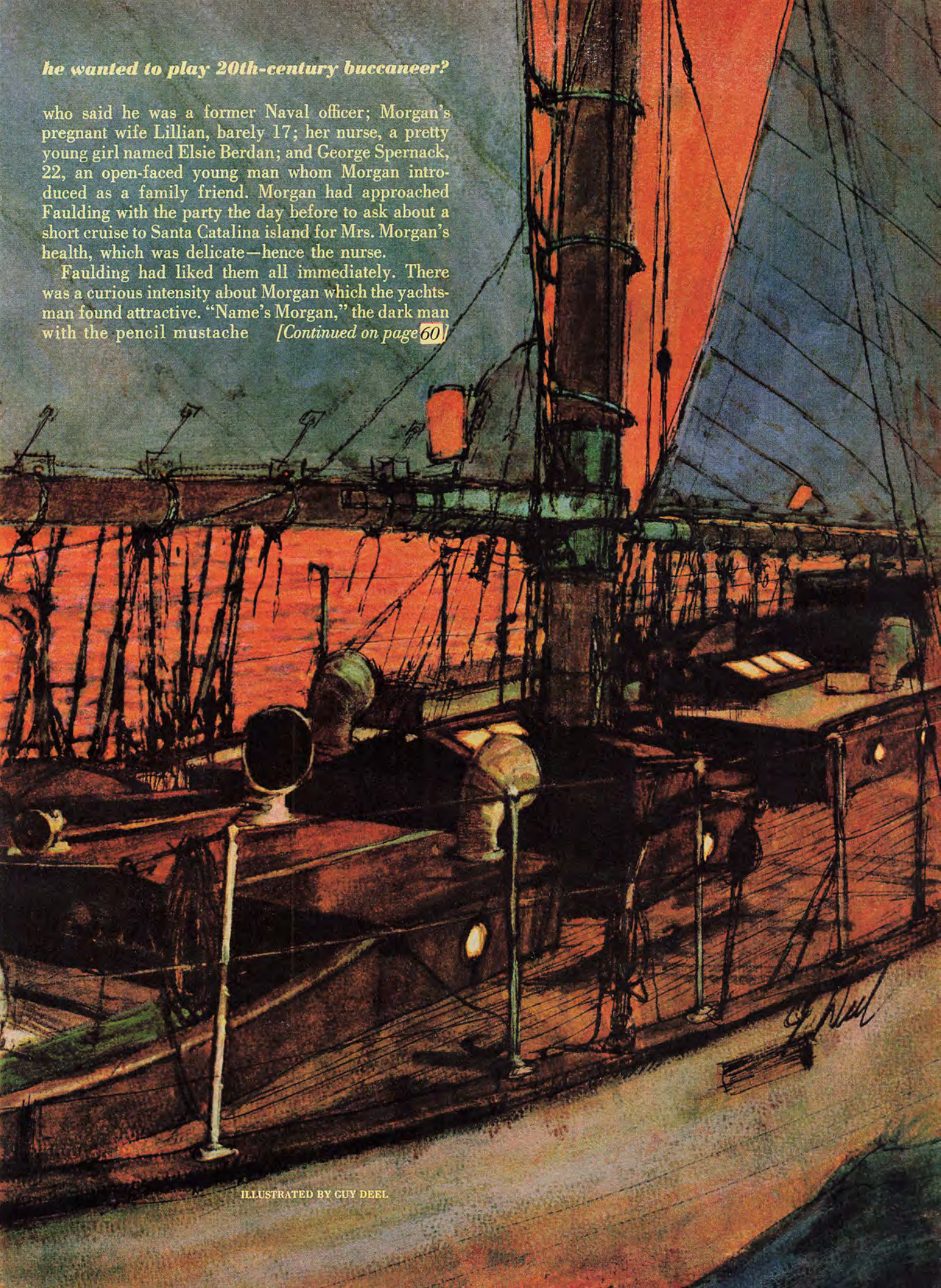
■ The schoooner *Aafje*, a 52-footer, slender and graceful in the flooding winter sunshine, lay at berth in Wilmington, California, on December 20, 1937, awaiting a charter party. With a drink in his hand, her owner, Dwight Faulding, lounged contentedly in her cockpit. He was 48, physically strong and wealthy. He owned a hotel in Santa Barbara and lived aboard his boat. He had a constant smile that grew from a genuine liking for people. In fact, he rarely met anyone he disliked—and for this convivial trait he would pay dearly.

He saw his passengers approaching. There were four: Jack Morgan, 44, a hard-muscled, swarthy man

he wanted to play 20th-century buccaneer?

who said he was a former Naval officer; Morgan's pregnant wife Lillian, barely 17; her nurse, a pretty young girl named Elsie Berdan; and George Spernack, 22, an open-faced young man whom Morgan introduced as a family friend. Morgan had approached Faulding with the party the day before to ask about a short cruise to Santa Catalina island for Mrs. Morgan's health, which was delicate—hence the nurse.

Faulding had liked them all immediately. There was a curious intensity about Morgan which the yachtsman found attractive. "Name's Morgan," the dark man with the pencil mustache *[Continued on page 60]*



ILLUSTRATED BY GUY DEEL

40
89

Gale Sayers, Dick Butkus and Rudy Bukich lead the bruisingest bunch of football players George Halas has ever assembled. On the field the Chicago Bears are tough enough to beat anybody. Off the field they may have some problems

LOOK OUT FOR PAPA'S BEARS!

George Halas, left, worries through a tense game with assistant Sid Luckman.

BY ROBERT DALEY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

■ Last February 2 was the 71st birthday of George Halas, founder, owner and still the coach of the Chicago Bears. A Chicago disk jockey that day suggested over radio station WGN that all his listeners show their affection for Papa Bear by sending him not one birthday present, but "71 of something." Almost instantly the phones in the Bears' West Madison Street offices started ringing and the congratulatory telegrams and messages started pouring in. Then, within an hour, so did the presents, in lots of 71. There were 71 Polish sausages, 71 hot tamales, 71 bagels, 71 cupcakes and 71 certificates for free hamburgers which Halas later distributed among his grandchildren. There were 71 bottles of beer, 71 bottles of Coke, 71 restaurant-size cans of fruit juice and 71 glasses. The cases were soon stacked as high as the ceiling. From donors remembering the aches and pains a man of Halas' age is subject to came 71 boxes of Band-Aids, 71 boxes of toothache remedies and 71 bottles of aspirin. Some of this stuff was from commercial houses and could be written off, but much was from poorer folk who simply love Halas and the Bears. There were 71 boxes of detergent, 71 eggs, 71 boxes of salt and ketchup and mustard. And there were 71 red roses for Mrs. Halas.

By nightfall, Halas could barely get out the door of his office. He had stopped answering the phone and going out to meet all the dozens of cab drivers and other citizens who came in off the street all day to shake his hand. But he was pleased, because he is an emotional man, and there were tears of gratitude in his eyes. He looked around at all the cases and baskets, ordered them distributed to charities, and took the red roses home to his wife Min.

All of which proves that (1) Halas and the Bears are loved in Chicago to approximately the same degree that they are hated and feared elsewhere—hated and feared because even the worst Bear teams always gave their opponents an unmerciful physical drubbing. And (2) that George Halas is now 71 years old.

Remember both points during any realistic appraisal of the 1966 Bears who may be the most powerful, and most feared, Bear team ever.

They could win every game for they have a lot going for them, including most of the 1965 team which won nine of its last 11 games, mostly by top-heavy scores. They also have the Bear image and mystique, meaning principally all that deep-rooted physical fear which the Bears inspire in other teams, but meaning also those fanatical Bear home crowds which tend to intimidate officials and opposing players. They have Rudy Bukich, who last year became one of the best quarterbacks in the league. They have Gale Sayers, the leading scorer in 1965, the best halfback in the league and possibly the best who ever ran with a football. They have Dick Butkus, sometimes described as an exceedingly mobile slab of concrete and usually described as the best middle linebacker in the league. Lastly, they have George Halas, and all the drive and desire and meticulous detail work and imagination and devotion and unscrupulousness with which he has molded his Bears since 1920.

Of course, no one seriously expects the Bears to win *every* game. As Halas says, the competition is too tough. Besides, the Bears have much going against them, too: More, that is, than just the Packers, Colts and other powerful teams. [*Continued on page* 99]

Halfback Gale Sayers demonstrates running style that made him 1965's top scorer.

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

My Search For Amelia Earhart

After six years of detective work, a dogged reporter reveals strange new answers to the still nagging questions about a famous flier's disappearance. Now one mystery remains: why won't Washington talk?

BY FRED GOERNER

"Dave, did you see this thing about Amelia Earhart in the San Mateo *Times?*" It started that simply.

Dave McElhatton now does the 6 to 10:00 a.m. *McElhatton in the Morning* program for KCBS Radio in San Francisco. In 1960, however, he and I were working together on an afternoon show of topical news and interviews. The article told of a San Mateo, California, woman, Mrs. Josephine Blanco Akiyama, who had related a weird yarn about having seen two American fliers, a man and woman, on Saipan Island in the Marianas in 1937. The descriptions given by Mrs. Akiyama fit Amelia Earhart and her navigator, Captain Frederick Noonan, who had been lost under mysterious conditions in the Pacific during their around-the-world flight the same year.

I recall that we were both highly skeptical of Mrs. Akiyama's revelations. Over the years there had been many stories which purportedly gave answers to the Earhart disappearance, but none of them had withstood investigation. In

Condensed from the book *The Search for Amelia Earhart* by Fred Goerner.
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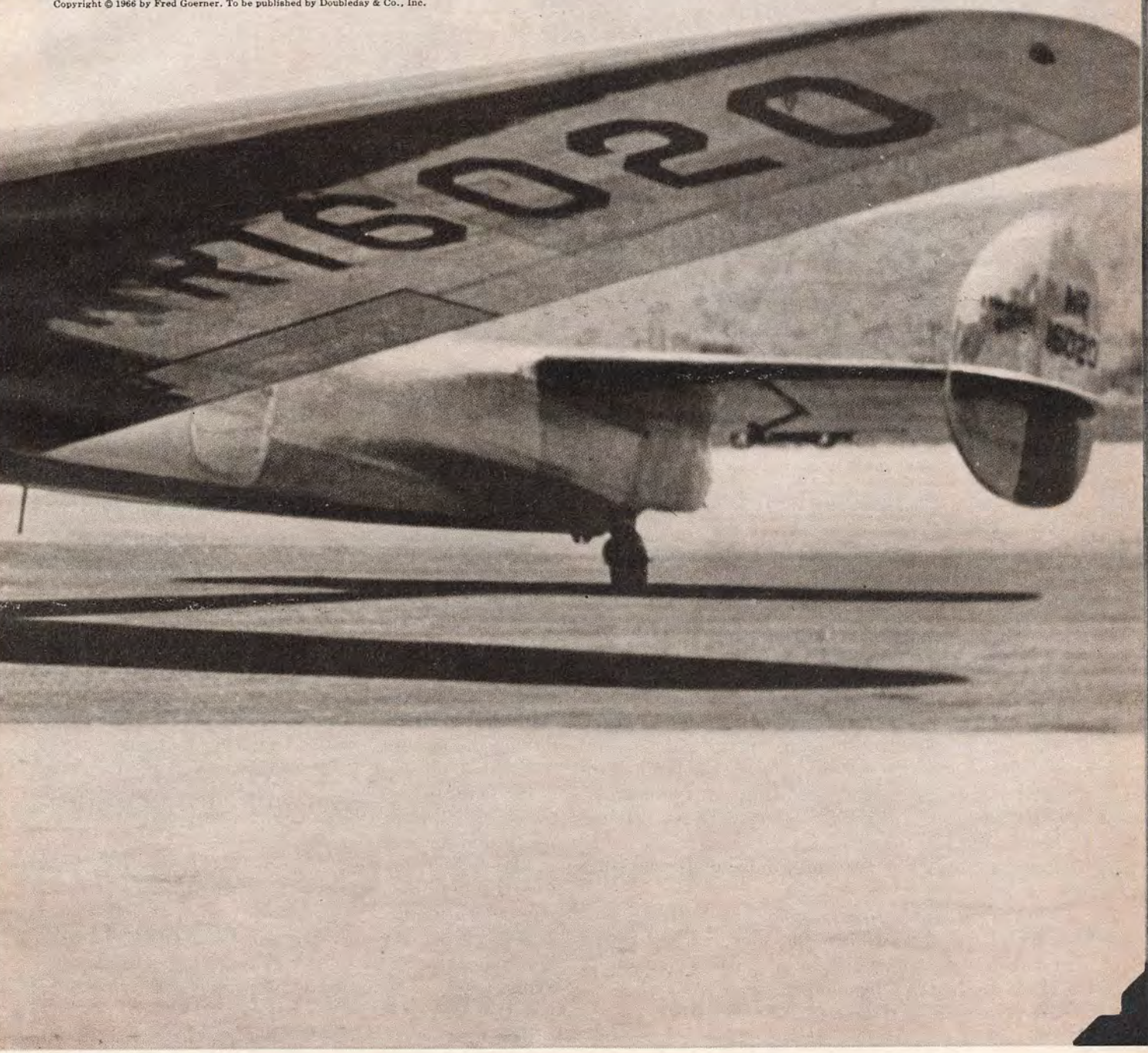


As witnesses were tracked down, a grim and plausible story began to emerge

Japanese briefly held Amelia in this cell in Garapan, Saigon, in 1937, said a local farmer.

Thomas Devine shows author Goerner (r.) and Fathers San Augustin and Conover (smoking pipe) where he saw "fliers' graves" in 1945.

any case, Mrs. Akiyama qualified as an interesting person to interview.

Josephine and her husband Maximo had come to the United States from Saipan in 1957. They were quiet and reserved people. Finally Mrs. Akiyama told her story.

One day in 1937 she had been riding her bicycle down the beach road on Saipan taking lunch to her brother-in-law Jose Matsumoto, who worked for the Japanese at their secret seaplane base at Tanapag Harbor on the western shore of the island. As she neared the gate to the facility, she saw a large, two-motored plane fly overhead and disappear in the vicinity of the harbor. A little while later, when she reached the beach area, she found a large group of people gathered around two white persons. Someone told her that one was a woman.

"They were both thin and looked very tired," said Mrs. Akiyama. "The woman had short-cut hair like a man and she was dressed like a man. The man, I think I remember, had his head hurt some way."

"Why are you sure it was 1937?" I asked.

"Because that was the year I graduated from Japanese school," Mrs. Akiyama answered. "I was 11 years old that year."

"Why are you sure they were American fliers?"

"That's what the people said and later the Japanese guards said it."

The guards, according to Mrs. Akiyama, had taken the pair away, and later there was rumor they had been executed by the Japanese. Her memory of the plane was hazy. She could remember seeing it in the water by the shoreline, but she could not recall if it was damaged or what happened to it after that day.

When I questioned Mrs. Akiyama about the long delay in telling her story, she replied she had revealed the information in 1945 to a U.S. Navy dentist on Saipan whom she served as an assistant.

"His name was Dr. Casimir Sheft," she said. "He went back to the United States after the war, so he must be here now."

What Mrs. Akiyama had said sounded like truth, but even if it were true, there could be a thousand other explanations of "the two white people" on Saipan before the war.

The next day I found a Casimir Sheft, D.D.S., in

Key piece of puzzle. WWII Marines, Everett Henson (l.) and Billy Burks, were ordered to dig up bones they were told were Earhart's remains.

Monsignor Calvo and Father Bendowske (r.) were among Saipan priests who helped author on quest and validated witnesses like the couple on left.

practice in Passaic, New Jersey. A phone conversation with Sheft gave almost exactly the same story Mrs. Akiyama had told.

"Did you file a report?"

"No. I thought that military intelligence surely had the information. It never occurred to me they didn't, but I guess now they didn't."

Sheft felt that Josephine had told the truth.

"After all," he said, "she couldn't have had any reason for inventing such a story back in 1945."

A study of a map of the South Pacific made me doubt that Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan could have flown their plane to Saipan. At the time of the disappearance, they were on the second to last leg of the around-the-world flight. They were bound for Howland Island, a distance of 2556 miles, mostly east and slightly north of Lae. To hit Saipan—with Howland Island as intended destination—would have represented a navigational error of between 90 and 100 degrees, as Saipan lies 1500 miles almost due north of Lae, New Guinea. Frederick Noonan had been a navigator of international reputation. Such an error seemed unthinkable, until I talked with two friends, airline pilots who have made record long-distance flights in private planes over the Pacific. I asked them if Noonan could have made such a mistake.

"Possible, if not probable," was the consensus.

I learned that Paul Mantz, who owned an air service at Orange County Airport in Santa Ana, California, had been a technical adviser for Amelia's final flight. I flew down to get his opinion.

In aviation, you name it, and Mantz had piloted it, from biplane to jet, in every part of the world. Motion pictures had provided the greater part of his living over the years. Tragically, Mantz was killed during the filming of a motion picture in 1965.

"Sure it's possible," he said. "I've thought for a long time that Amelia and Fred must have been off course during that flight."

"But could they have gotten as far off course as Saipan?" I persisted.

"Yes. It is possible. With the extra gas tanks I put aboard her plane, she had a range of well over 4000 miles. She could have flown a good part of the way toward Howland and still would have had enough fuel to make Saipan." [*Continued on page* 113]

HE PUT TARZAN IN A TUX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID ZINNG

Producer Sy Weintraub and TV Tarzan Ron Ely relax on set in Brazil. Bare feet prove Tarzan hasn't changed completely.

BY ARTHUR WHITMAN

A new producer and a new Ape Man have combined to meet the challenge of the James Bond era in the wackiest chapters yet of an imperishable series

■ In the Spring of 1964, Mike Henry, then a linebacker for the Los Angeles Rams, visited the Beverly Hills offices of Banner Productions, a company that amounted at the time to little more than an energetic film producer named Sy Weintraub and an assistant or two. Though the population of the office was small, visitors did not find the little band working in an atmosphere of deprivation. Far from it. The air was hushed and cooled, the carpeting plush, the walls hung with paintings. Banner's antique telephones did not ring but went *tinkle-tinkle.*

These ducal indulgences were paid for by Banner's one significant business asset at the time: the right to make Tarzan movies. Weintraub had acquired these rights in 1958, and now, four pictures and an estimated $10,000,000 later, Mike Henry was waiting in the office hoping to enlist as the next celluloid Ape Man.

Had he known what was to follow, he might have turned and run. For that matter, so might Weintraub. But at the time, Henry's ambition appeared just and splendid. He was then 29, stood over six-feet-three and filled out his clothes with 200 muscular, well-distributed pounds. His hair was dark and wavy, his teeth straight, white and apparently his own.

These superb physical assets, plus the fact that Henry had appeared in a few walk-ons at the Warner Brothers' television factory, had caused Robert Day to invite Mike to Banner's offices. Day, an Englishman who directs the Tarzan flicks for Weintraub, was in town for conferences on the next one—a picture destined to be called *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold.*

But at the time of Henry's visit, the picture was in danger of bogging down completely for lack of a star. Weintraub wanted a Tarzan he could count on not just for movies but for a weekly series of one-hour TV adventures he was then planning and which will debut on NBC this September 16. However, Jock Mahoney, an actor-stuntman who played Tarzan in Weintraub's two latest pictures, had been unable to come to long-range terms with Banner. As a result, the producer had been quietly checking the qualifications of replacement Ape Men for months.

Henry was the 412th man auditioned for the job, and it is because of this, perhaps, that his interview consisted only of a question or two and lasted a scant 10 minutes. When the football player left, Day said: "He's got a quality, hasn't he?"

Henry had just been ordained. In the autumn he signed a seven-year contract to play Tarzan and by early 1965 he was in Mexico shooting *Valley of Gold.* The new Ape Man found Mexico tolerable, on the whole. Even when he was working his jungle beat, it was possible to get back to an air-conditioned hotel most nights. Weintraub, supervising the company on location and checking rushes when they became available, was ecstatic. "Mike is far and away the best Tarzan there ever was," he told anyone who asked.

But now matters took a startling turn. From Mexico, Henry moved to the Brazilian wilds to shoot *Tarzan and the Big River* and a third movie tentatively titled, *Tarzan and the Jungle Boy.* He already had come to view some of his larger animal pals with marked distrust—"they can scare hell out of you," he once confessed. Suddenly in Brazil even Cheetah, the faithful chimpanzee, turned traitor. Filming a scene in which they were supposed to nuzzle affectionately, the chimp sank its teeth into Henry's cheek, instead. It took 20 stitches and 10 days of convalescence to get Tarzan's face back into kissing order.

Back on the set, with heavy makeup to cover the unhealed scars, Mike worked for a few days, then came down with an ear infection. Doggedly he finished *River* and last winter went into production on *Jungle Boy,* only to be stricken with a virus infection of the stomach. This condition, with never-ending complications, lowered his white corpuscle count, caused him to lose 20 pounds and left the new Tarzan exhausted.

By this time Weintraub had his TV deal set. He raced down to Brazil to arrange for shooting episodes as soon as *Jungle Boy* was in the can. Instead he encountered rebellion. Faced with the possibility of up to six more months in Brazil, Henry said, "I quit." Weintraub, who had sold Mike as the television lead, blanched under his tan and tried manfully to talk him into staying on. Hopeless.

With no option but to find a replacement *fast,* the producer phoned Los Angeles and ordered his aides to round up, "any actor who is six-feet-two or over and has sound teeth." While the dragnet was out, Weintraub made the 18-hour flight back to California to make a new selection. Two days later, in time to start shooting the TV series on schedule, he was flying down to Rio again in company of a young Texas actor named Ron Ely. Ely's teeth are not only as sound as Henry's, but he stands a full inch taller, has muscles just as gorgeous and professes to [*Continued on page* 76]

PAUPER'S HUNT WITH A PRINCELY PAYOFF

BY ED PARK

Ram the author killed carried 35½ inches of horn, a husky three-quarter-curl trophy.

They headed for Alaska in an old Volkswagen, squeezing every dime. And for just under $300—with the help of backpacks and strong legs—they returned loaded with game meat and priceless memories

■ "Twelve per ounce," I said as I laid the twelfth tea bag on the postage scale.

"Twelve . . . tea . . . equals . . . one ounce," Dale repeated slowly as he wrote this on our master weight list.

"Now let's see about the cocoa," I continued, spooning out the amounts of chocolate and powdered milk needed to make one cup. As the pointer settled I exclaimed, "A whole ounce and a half!"

"Per cup?" Dale asked before writing this down.

"Yep."

"Looks like we drink a lot of tea this trip, doesn't it?"

"I guess," I said. "We can take 18 tea bags for the same weight as one cup of cocoa. *And,* we can get three or so cups from each bag, so tea is better by about 54 to one."

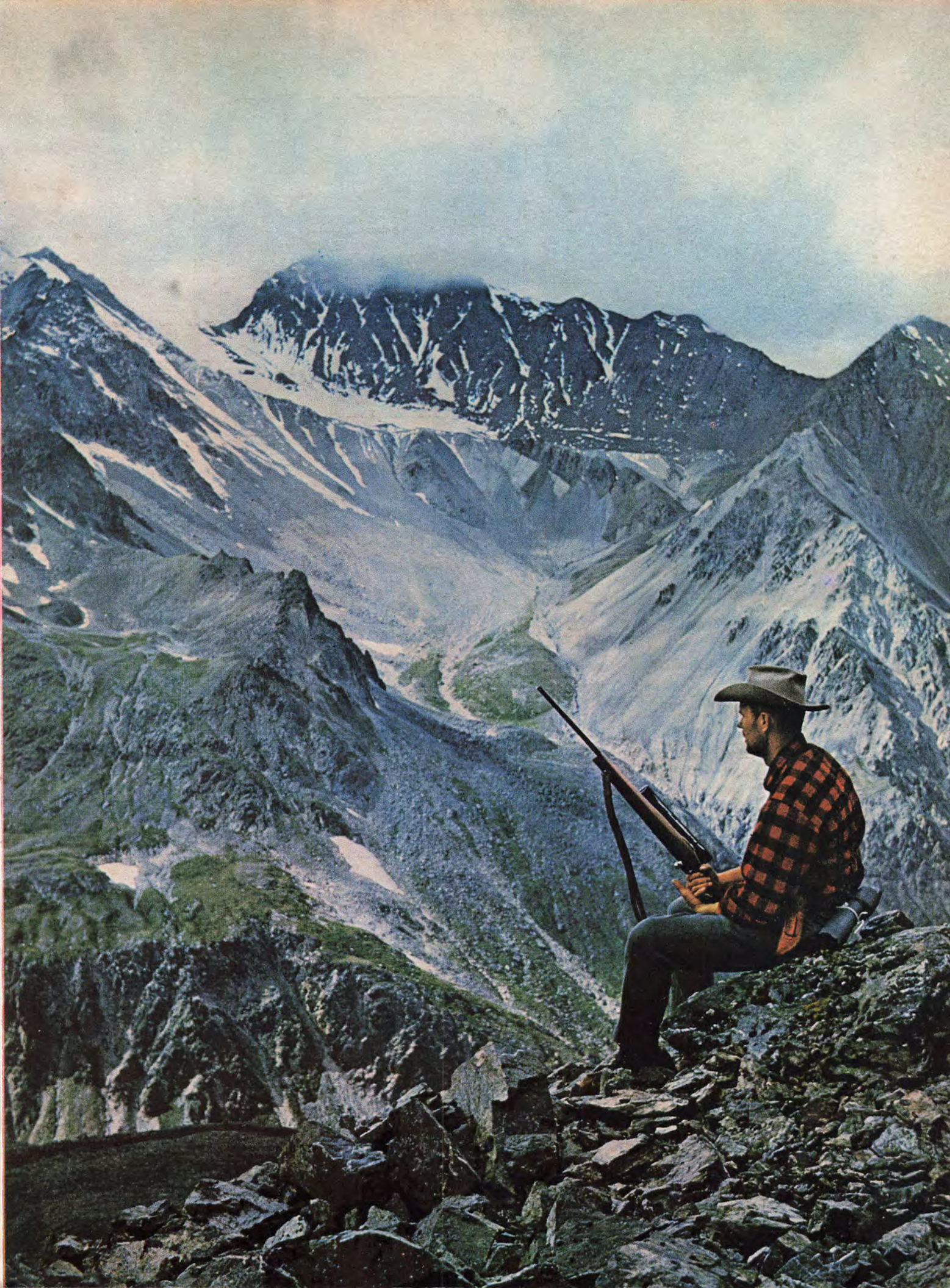
We both paused to scan our food lists, then Dale asked, "See any other place we can cut an ounce or two?"

"Not offhand. We've agreed to take the puddings, rice dishes and oatmeal out of their boxes, and the outer wrappings off the candy. That'll save us a few ounces."

It's amazing how many items taken on normal hunting trips can be dispensed with. Of course, the trip we were planning was no normal affair, and we were defying many "experts" who said we couldn't do it.

Dale Standley, my hunting partner of many trips, lives in Redmond, Oregon. I live in nearby Bend. While sitting in front of the fireplace at Dale's home one winter evening, we got to talking about hunting—

Park's partner, Dale Standley, watches the high slopes of Chugach Mountains for sign of sheep.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Park and Standley had rough going. Reading clockwise, hunters cross Matanuska River on cable car to get into sheep country. On high slopes Dale drinks from mountain spring. When stream blocked trail, hunters stripped to wade white water. Broiled sheep ribs supplemented tight food supply.

To keep our backpacks light for rugged climbing, we weighed everything—down to the last tea bag

as usual. The discussion got around to trophy animals. Soon we'd set a goal for ourselves—to go to Alaska and bag a trophy Dall ram apiece, considered by many to be one of the top game animals in North America.

The rest of our goal was quite unusual: we intended to take the entire hunt on a limited budget of no more than $200 each, for *all* costs. That meant no guides, and *walking* into the mountains. After all, I'd taken a poor man's hunt to Alaska before (for moose and caribou) with another friend and it had cost us only $192.37 each, so why couldn't we do the same on sheep?

On the previous hunt I'd driven my small Volkswagen sedan, and so far I haven't found a better rig to take on such a trip. It's economical and dependable—two factors that are mighty important when you run into gas as high as 68¢ per gallon along a highway where repairs might be hundreds of miles away.

Since we planned to take everything in on our [*Continued on page* 70]

Dale packs his Dall sheep into camp. The full-curl trophy measured 36 inches.

I AM THE PIRATE MORGAN

[*Continued from page 47*]

had said, "just like the pirate," and Faulding had responded with a grin, "A pleasure, I've never met a pirate before." If there had been a flicker in Morgan's eyes, Faulding had not seen it. He was familiar with the story of the pirate Morgan, of course—that desperado of three centuries ago who terrorized the Spanish Main, then accepted the king's commission to become Sir Henry Morgan and governor of Jamaica.

The trip and the company sounded like fun and Faulding had accepted the charter. He didn't really need the $60, but the *Aafje* was expensive to maintain. Anyway he would bring along Gertrude Turner, a handsome divorcée he planned to marry soon, and her son Bobby, eight, and his own mate, Robert Horne.

Now, as Faulding and Horne readied for sea, Morgan's group went below. The motor was warming up and Faulding was finishing his drink when Morgan bounded onto deck, a taut figure in a boat-neck shirt.

"How soon do we get under way?" he asked.

Faulding saluted with mock formality. "Any time you say, Captain Morgan, sir," he declared. A curious thing happened to Morgan's face. It drew in on itself, darkening, the eyes compressed to slits. But Faulding was riding the momentum of his joke. "And, Captain, if you have any good pirate tales, little Bobby would love to hear them." Now rage, startlingly plain, fell over Morgan's face, and without another word he went down the hatch. Mrs. Turner shivered and drew Bobby to her.

"Sensitive fellow," Faulding muttered in dismay. "I was only kidding."

"He wasn't," she said. "He hasn't a kidding bone in his body."

Faulding's mate, Robert Horne, 27, a quiet man with a tough core, came aft to squat. "That Morgan's trouble," he asserted. "I feel it."

"I do, too," said Mrs. Turner. "Maybe we should forget the cruise."

Faulding only grinned.

Soon the *Aafje* was seaward bound. She passed the San Pedro breakwater and met the long Pacific swells, a sturdy boat that could sail the world if properly rigged. But now she was geared just for the two-day run to Catalina. Even her radio was out, but with clear weather she wouldn't need it.

The bright afternoon bore on, but the Morgans did not appear nor did the nurse, Elsie Berdan, who was immediately seasick. George Spernack, seemingly a pleasant youngster, soon came on deck to help Horne with the sails. Faulding began to worry that his joke would spoil the cruise. Then, as afternoon was fading into dusk, Morgan came up, wearing a lightweight jacket and looking calm.

"Evening, Mr. Morgan," Faulding said carefully. "Sorry if I offended you—sometimes my sense of humor runs away."

Morgan's reply was crisp. He stated formally, "Captain Faulding, I am relieving you of command."

Faulding stared at him. He said, "I believe you must be drunk. You'd better go below and sleep it off."

His passenger persisted. "I am the pirate Morgan. I am a direct descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, and I order you to confine yourself to your quarters."

"I don't know what kind of a joke—"

Faulding never finished. Morgan's hand went under his jacket and came out with a .45 automatic. He fired instantly, and the slug knocked Faulding from the wheel. It spun and the *Aafje* fell off and broached in the long swells. The shot and the heavy rolling brought the others running to the cockpit. In the confusion, Faulding, hit in the shoulder, crawled forward in the shadow of the deckhouse, his blood staining the scrubbed deck. Morgan regained his balance, leveled his pistol at the group and roared, "Anyone goes for me, I'll kill him."

Faulding slid into the forward hatch, found his .38 revolver and inched painfully aft along the cabin passage to the main cabin, from which he could see Morgan on deck through the companionway hatch. Dizzy from the pain in his shoulder, he aimed, squeezed off a shot—and missed. Morgan ducked low and the others threw themselves down. He fired once into the cabin, then Faulding, shooting as he came, started up to the cockpit. As Faulding appeared in the hatchway, Morgan leaped up and fired three times. The heavy slugs tore out Faulding's chest and snapped him backward to the cabin deck below.

"You monster!" Gertrude Turner screamed, and launched herself at Morgan. He slapped her with the pistol and she fell in a flutter of silk. Her boy Bobby began to cry, but no one else made a sound. In the deepening dusk a glittery haze seemed to blur Morgan's eyes.

"What in God's name do you want?" Horne finally whispered.

"I've dreamed of this for years," Morgan said. "I was born and bred to be a pirate, and now I've got a ship and I've got a crew. We'll set course for the Galapagos Islands. There's gold buried there. We'll capture other ships and their crews will join us—or else. A real pirate kingdom, that's what we'll have—and I'll be king of it all."

Horne calculated swiftly. "The Galapagos are around 3,000 miles from here, and we're provisioned for only two days with fuel for a trip to Catalina. The sails are rotten; they won't hold in a blow. How can you make it?"

Morgan hesitated. A nervous giggle bubbled out, and he shifted his hand on the pistol. "We'll do just what Sir Henry Morgan would have done. We'll storm a fishing village on the Mexican coast—sack it, burn it. We'll take what we need."

The truth had been apparent, from Morgan's first swelling of rage. Now they accepted it. They were in the hands of a madman.

Morgan had probably been insane for years. Born in Nicaragua and brought to California as a child, he acquired the name Morgan long before he knew the story that went with it. He worked as seaman, stevedore, bellboy, field hand, houseboy, dishwasher, janitor—and he wasn't much good at any of his jobs. In his teens he was sent to a reformatory for a liquor store holdup, and in 1931 he drew six years at San Quentin for attempted rape. He filled the long gray prison days by studying the career of Sir Henry Morgan. The romantic, murderous history of the pirate became an obsession. He fancied himself both a spiritual and a lineal descendant, and there came a time when he actually saw himself as the old master of the Spanish Main.

TRUE

"First, let me give you the good news. You have a wife and two children—that part is correct."

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He began to dream of a new pirate kingdom of his own. There would be gold and liquor and wild fruit and roast hog, and beautiful women for every man. The Galapagos Islands, off Ecuador in the Pacific, would be an ideal base for the pillage of passing ships.

Morgan could find no flaw in his reasoning and he began serious planning. He would need a consort—a young woman to bear his children and kingly heirs. He would need someone familiar with medicine, and a loyal lieutenant, preferably with a knowledge of navigation. And he would need a boat.

The pirate-to-be was released from San Quentin in early 1937. In New Orleans he met a pretty, impressionable high-school junior named Lillian Casanova. Morgan's dark good looks and his talk of an island paradise (though he was ambiguous about details) fascinated her. She married him and immediately became pregnant. They moved to Los Angeles, where Morgan met George Spernack. When he learned the boy was studying navigation, Morgan saw him instantly as the loyal lieutenant. For the medical person it was simplest to hire a nurse—ostensibly to care for the pregnant Lillian. Pure chance brought him to Faulding and the *Aafje*. No one—not the nurse nor Spernack nor his wife—knew his real plans. Together they learned what he had in mind, as Faulding lay dead in the main cabin.

With Morgan at the wheel and the others penned below, the *Aafje* cruised south under a huge moon. Morgan was ecstatic. All his life he had seen himself in dimensions which the world had never recognized. Now he was the captain—the king—and his word was law.

Huddled in the forward cabin, Horne, Spernack and Mrs. Turner considered their situation. There was no question of the madness of Morgan's dream. But the greatest danger would come when Morgan realized it was impossible.

Mrs. Morgan had stayed in the main cabin. Now, looking queasy and green, she went on deck. "Jack," she said, "you've got to do something about that body. I can't stand looking at it."

Morgan had forgotten Faulding. With a bellow he called out Horne and Spernack. "Get that damned stiff on deck."

The two carried Faulding's body up into the cockpit, where Morgan gestured with his head. "Over the side," he ordered. Horne had been deeply attached to Faulding. He knew that his friend, for all his love of sailing, had dreaded a watery end. "Faulding never wanted to be buried at sea," he said.

"I just gave an order," Morgan shouted, whipping the pistol from his belt. Still the men paused. "At least we could say a prayer," Spernack suggested. Morgan was furious. "Another minute and you'll both go over with him," he shrilled. He kicked Horne in the thigh and punched Spernack's face. His loyal lieutenant had become a traitor. The men lifted the body and swung it over the rail. The small splash was lost in the boat's running noise. Horne shuddered. Spernack felt nauseated. They looked at Morgan. It was the first time they had seen him smiling.

During the next three days, the boat settled into a kind of crazy routine. Food was running low and when heavy winds ripped the sails, the engine was started, despite the limited supply of fuel. Morgan put everyone but himself on half-rations. He was everywhere about the boat, driving the others, watching, snarling, taunting. He forced them all to work at patching the sails, and he slept only in catnaps while his wife held the automatic.

Once Gertrude Turner and Horne approached the terrified girl, a pregnant child caught in a murderous adventure. She raised the pistol. "Don't come any closer," she warned.

"Please give us the gun," Mrs. Turner whispered. "We won't harm your husband. We'll tie him up and go ashore, and you can untie him. Can't you see that all this is hopeless?"

"Oh, I know, I know," Lillian Morgan moaned. "But I can't—he would kill me, too."

On the third morning, a navy patrol plane circled them. Morgan brought out a rifle and a shotgun from the gear he'd carried aboard. "If the bastard lands, we'll fight," he said. Horne wondered desperately how he could signal the pilot

COMING . . .

In the midst of a national controversy on automobile safety

DETROIT SHOWS OFF ITS 1967 MODELS

All eyes are turned to see what's new in the new cars

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

—but Morgan was alert. When the plane dipped its wings, Morgan waved with jaunty ease and it turned away. "I would have killed him," Morgan said. "If they take me back they'll hang me, and I don't intend to hang."

The gusty wind ripped out their sails again, and they continued on the engine. Morgan was at the wheel when Mrs. Turner slipped beside him, pressing herself comfortably against him. She was a striking woman, and he enjoyed the sensation. She began to plead for all of them to be set ashore, and he grinned, enjoying his power. Then she pointed out that eventually her family or Faulding's would start a sea search. With a snarl, Morgan cuffed her away—the thought was too close to reality. But she had aroused him, and he decided to taste the spoils of piracy.

He prodded the young nurse, Elsie Berdan, who had kept quietly aside, to his cabin and ordered her to strip. Summoning her courage, she cried, "I won't." He snatched at her dress and ripped out its shoulder. "You can't refuse the captain," he said.

But Elsie was ready for mutiny. "I'd rather die." In a fury Morgan knocked her down and stormed out, his passions complicated by the worry that as he dallied below, his captives might be plotting above.

They were not. They were six people who felt totally alone, on a vessel far out in the Pacific with a madman in charge. The thought dogged Horne, as he spelled Morgan at the wheel late that day. If anything was to be done before vanished food and fuel shattered the dream and a maniacal explosion destroyed them all, it was up to Horne. He saw the explosion nearing in Morgan himself—exhausted from constant vigilance, given to ever wilder rages.

Morgan came on deck and wandered astern to check the trailing fishing lines for a possible catch. He found them tangled—Horne had failed to tend them at a change of course. Morgan blew up. He lunged, and Horne saw the big pistol come up to whip across his face. Instinctively he threw up his hands; the wheel spun over and the boat wallowed in the swell. Morgan grabbed for balance and the gun clattered to the deck.

For the first time since he had killed Faulding, Morgan was unarmed. Horne stepped in close and hit hard. Morgan staggered, but lurched back. Both fought with desperation, for each knew his life hung on the outcome. They fell, punching and biting, Horne thrusting them away from the pistol, Morgan clawing toward it. Then both rolled to their feet swinging. Horne smashed a knee at Morgan's groin, rammed a thumb at Morgan's eyes. But Morgan knew the tricks from San Quentin. With a massive right to the head he knocked Horne flat on his back and leaped at him. Horne's hands, sprawled out from his fall, caught up a foot-long oaken marlinspike which had been used for splicing a broken line. He slammed the heavy end across Morgan's head and the madman fell over him, limp.

Horne had taken a terrible beating. He struggled slowly to his feet, blood seeping from his face, his eyes closing. Below deck all had been quiet as the fearful captives awaited the end of a battle that must decide their own fates. Now Spernack appeared in the main cabin hatchway. He stared at Morgan, his face white and drawn. "Is he dead?" he asked.

"I don't know," Horne said, "and I'm not waiting to find out. He goes over the side—right now."

Spernack nodded. Together they heaved Morgan's heavy body onto the rail and let go.

The *Aafje* ran out of fuel the next morning. It was the day before Christmas. Her sails were in shreds and she drifted three more days before a search plane found her and a Coast Guard cutter towed her in. To meet the legalities, Horne and Spernack were accused of murder, but a grand jury ruled they had killed in self-defense.

Faulding's body was recovered on a beach; Morgan's was never found. Its loss pointed up his failure—at his insane try at piracy as at everything else. He had dreamed of Sir Henry Morgan, but the old buccaneer would have scorned him. For Sir Henry had died as a good pirate should—in bed. **Walter Wagner**

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GRANA

MOD MOVES FROM FAD TO FASHION

FROM CARNABY STREET, LONDON, TO MAIN STREET, U.S.A., THERE'S A BRASH, BRIGHT, BOLD NEW LOOK IN MEN'S WEAR

■ In the world of men's fashions, the British aren't coming; brother, they've arrived! Never before has English design had more influence on American men's wear than right now—from the way out Carnaby Street Mod look (Mod for modern of course) to the smart, subtle styling of sophisticated suits and jackets. To prove the point, TRUE took the clothes shown here—every item bearing a U.S. label—to London to be photographed. Our British cousins didn't raise an eyebrow. The styles are as truly English as steak and kidney pie.

Today, American manufacturers are up to their elbows in paisley and polka dots trying to meet the tremendous demand for clothes with a British beat. McGregor-Doniger, Inc., one of the world's largest manufacturers of men's and boys' fashions, already credits its new British-inspired Brolly Male sports line with 20 percent of its total sales. Last

(Continued on next page)

The place is Carnaby Street. The mood is Mod: American style. The clothes, beginning with chap at far left, are: Angola leather vest from Village Squire, N.Y., $25. Flowered shirt with white cuffs and collar, by Puritan, $6, and silk tie by Prince Igor, $5. Wool and nylon checked slacks with over-plaid design, by Hickok, $16.95. Sneakers are by Red Ball, $8.50. Fellow in center wears a Soho ensemble—slacks, vest and cap in corduroy—by Leon de Paris, $35. Polka-dot shirt is by Puritan, $6, and printed tie by Hut Neckwear, $4. Shoes are Town Squires by Freeman, $15.95. At immediate right, more Mod is seen in a Helmsman suede jacket by Cresco, $60. Shirt is by Puritan, $6. Wool slacks, $16.95, and two-inch belt, $5, are both by Hickok. Knox's Modlour cap is by Hat Corporation of America, $5.95, and Town Squires shoes are by Freeman, $15.95.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

MOD MOVES

(Continued from preceding page)

year when the young British Mod pioneer, John Stephen, opened his first U.S. Carnaby Street men's department in Dayton's of Minneapolis, the shop sold out within a week. Even stores such as Broadstreet's and Weber and Heilbroner, which traditionally follow more conservative lines, are whistling British tunes while stocking modified Mod fashions in all of their locations. Allied Stores, the nation's second largest department-store chain, also jumped on the British bandwagon and this month will open Carnaby shops at 12 outlets, including Boston, Syracuse, Seattle, San Antonio, Dallas, Houston and Miami.

Carnaby Street, of course, is where the big British boom in men's wear all began. Located in London's famed and offbeat Soho

(Continued on next page)

At Magdalin College in Oxford: scholar, far left, wears a split cowhide fleece-lined jacket by Silton-California, $50. Godfrey slacks by Hickok, $16.95. Shirt is by Puritan, $6, ascot by Dumont, $3.50, and Chukka boots by Jarman, $13.95. Center student wears double-breasted sports jacket by Worsted-Tex, $55, printed houndstooth corduroy shirt by Mr. Witt, $8.95, and printed tie by J. J. Prince, $10. Carnaby model Tads slacks are by H. R. Kaminsky, $12, and shoes by Jarman, $13.95. Student at right wears wool jacket by John Alexander of New Haven, $85. Thomas Begg's Deerstalker cap is by the Hat Corp. of America, $7.95, checked trousers by Jaymar-Ruby, $18.85, sweater by N.Y. Knitting Mills, $17, and Dingo boots by Acme, $12.95. Cap on gal, by Knox, $6.95.

Top left, at London's popular Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese Tavern: three-piece, three-button herringbone suit by Botany 500, $85. Longhorn shirt by Creighton, $8, and printed tie by Hut Neckwear, $4. Top, at Piccadilly Circus: double-breasted all-wool coat by I. C. Coats, $150. Left, on Fleet Street: double-breasted chalk-stripe suit by Worsted-Tex, $85, and single-breasted chalk-stripe suit by Fashion Park, $120. Modleby shirts are by Manhattan, $6, tie and handkerchief combinations are by Dumont, $5, and bowlers are by Thomas Begg, $20. Right, at London Bridge: Mod-inspired formal dinner jacket, trousers and flowered-pattern belt, $100, and blue dress shirt, $10.95, all by After Six.

MOD MOVES

(Continued from preceding page)

district, the street is lined with dozens of small shops, most of them owned by Stephen, which several years ago rocked the fashion world by featuring extreme and oddball plumage for men. Today these styles include flowered print shirts with ruffles and high collars, skin-tight, boldly-patterned trousers worn off the hips like gun belts, four-inch-wide neckties with fluorescent, coin-sized polka dots, and everything else from epaulets to pink vinyl vests. "Mod" definitely means modern, and, needless to say, "Pop" for popular, as well.

PAUPER'S HUNT WITH A PRINCELY PAYOFF

[*Continued from page* 58]

backs, the careful weighing went on, and the list of gear finally began to take shape.

We made an exact menu, packaging each meal in a plastic bag. To show our optimism, four dinners were labeled "Off the land."

Extra clothes came under careful study. We experimented and found we could easily go a week in one pair of socks if they got washed occasionally. The decision was one extra pair only. We took only one pair of pants each—wool whipcords, double-stitched by our wives with nylon thread to help prevent possible split seams. No spare T-shirts or shorts. One wool shirt, one wool sweater and a light nylon windbreaker each, topped off with a hat and raincoat.

All winter as we were working up the list of things to take, we were writing letters, asking for information. We started with the Alaska Department of Fish & Game, and the general information we asked for was, "Where can we hike in to trophy sheep?"

The answers were courteous, yet in general discouraging. Most didn't think we could do it. As one fellow put it, "You'll be hiking in for days to an area, then have some plane land up ahead of you. A man on foot after sheep just can't compete."

But we kept at it, and found a few friendly words of advice here and there. One top Alaskan guide, Don DeHart of Gakona, told us of an area in the western Chugach Mountains that "is too rough for either airplanes or ordinary hunters. There are big rams in there, but they'd be mighty tough to get at."

Right then we decided we'd beter get in top shape. This is work for an "old man" of 35 like myself (Dale is a more youthful 28). We both took up a program of running, calisthenics and carrying heavily loaded packboards.

Finally the big day arrived—August of last year. Since time was short—only three weeks' total time—we planned to drive straight through, both ways. I'd removed all the car seats except the driver's and made a comfortable bed on the passenger side. I took the first driving shift so Dale could get some sleep, but excitement kept us both fully awake that first night as we headed north across Oregon, Washington and into Canada.

My VW normally gets over 30 miles per gallon and when pushed hard, I can squeeze 34 or 35 out of it. This we did, rolling along at an even pace, keeping a steady foot on the pedal. We hit the cheap gas stations. Later on, up the Alaska Highway where stations aren't plentiful, we took what we could get, but winced at that 68¢ per gallon we had to pay once.

After about two and a half days and a long dusty grind up the Alaska Highway through some mighty beautiful country, we pulled into the U.S. Customs station at Tok, Alaska. After checking through customs, we went over to Probert's store and bought our licenses and sheep tags. This little act really hurt the old pocketbook—nonresident licenses are $10, sheep tags, $50. Out of our total budget of $400 we laid out $120 right there.

That evening we pulled in to the King Mountain Lodge on the banks of the Matanuska River near the mouth of the Chickaloon River. There we inquired about a cable car we'd heard could take us across the Matanuska.

"Sure I know about it," lodge owner Jack Betts replied. "I own it. I'll take you across, man and pack, for $3 each."

Dale and I gulped; that'd be another $6 we hadn't planned on.

The next morning we were up, getting our packs carefully packed and weighed. Dale started out with 48 pounds and I had 53. Betts required us to sign a liability release before using the cable car, and commented, "The $3 is in advance. That's grizzly country over there and you just might not come out!"

From the grin we could tell this was his private joke.

We left my VW parked at the lodge. Soon Dale and I were alone on the south side of the river. Nothing to stop us now but the difficult terrain ahead. It was the fourth full day of our trip and we had 17 days to get into hunting country, do our hunting, get out and drive home.

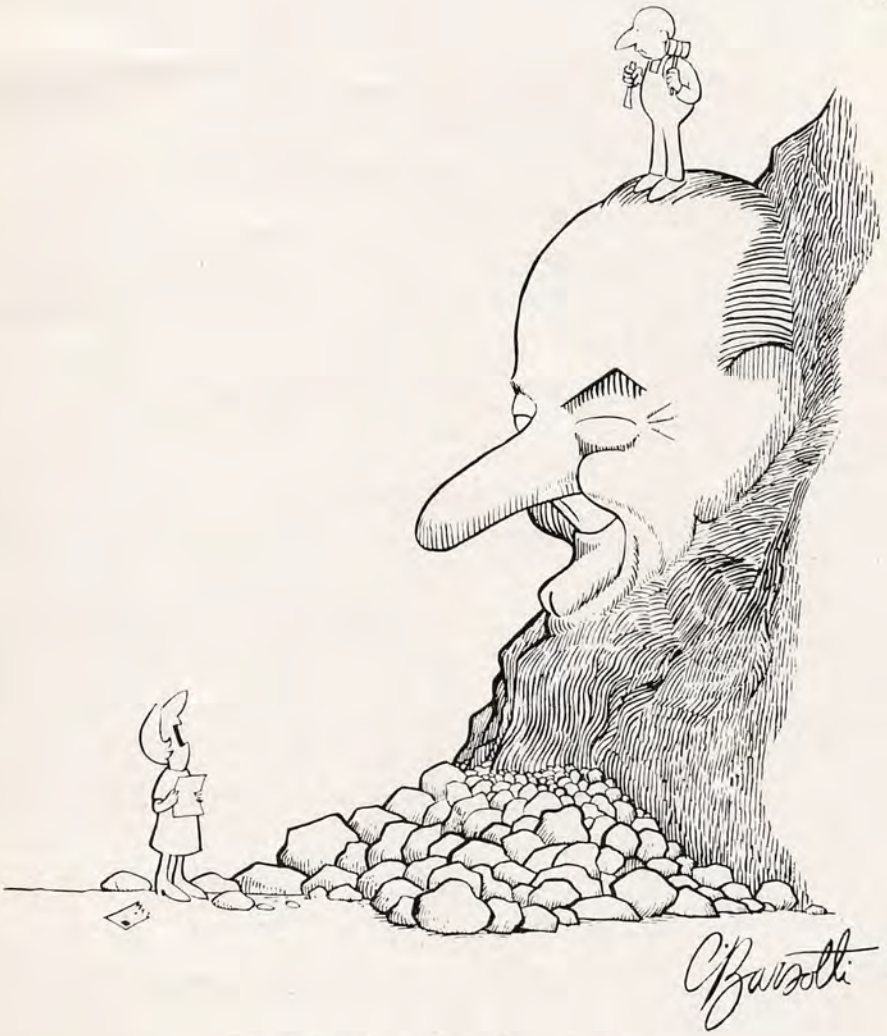
"One real great thing about it," Dale smiled. "Over here we can't spend any more money, unless I can hire you to carry some of this load."

The weather had been heavily overcast all morning, but as yet there had been no rain. We headed off upriver, along a well-used moose trail through the spruce and birch, toward the mouth of Carbon Creek, maybe a mile upstream. This is the stream we had selected as our hunting grounds, and all we had to do was work our way up Carbon to its head at the glacier, then hunt the peaks around there.

I say "all," but the trip to the headwaters took four long, grueling days. It started to rain early in the afternoon that first day, and rained a good share of the next nine. The stream bed couldn't be followed for long stretches because frequent cliffs pinched Carbon Creek into a raging cascade. Then we had to fight alders, willows and devil's club to go up and around the cliff areas.

Camp the first night was made well after dark because we couldn't find a reasonably level spot. And the rain continued. Finally exhaustion and discouragement caught up with us and we just camped. The slopes and the rain didn't matter. All we wanted was a quick bite and some sleep. But even in our misery I can recall that wonderful sputtering

TRUE



"It's still 'No' on that ambassadorship!"

hiss of a Primus stove under a big pot of bubbling chili.

By morning the continuous rains had got much equipment wet, and we soon learned what was waterproof and what wasn't.

But we were stubborn, so kept slogging on. Once we stripped to the waist to cross Carbon Creek when cliffs forced us to, and the frigid water, slippery rocks and heavy packs just about doomed the hunt right there. Both Dale and I came within whispers of going in when the cold numbed our legs and the crotch-deep current nearly swept us downstream.

But despite the rain, rough country and the brush, we eventually worked our way higher and higher into the mountains. The map soon became useless, as we were in a blank white area marked "unsurveyed." Here the altitude had thinned the vegetation and we were soon above timberline, with only grassy slopes and a few patches of alders and willows along the creek. New-fallen snow decorated the peaks nearby—and this in the middle of August. We had other compensations too, for nearly constantly we had looks at huge bull moose—as many as three at a time—and many black bears. On the fourth day we decided to make our permanent base camp in the last patch of alders upstream. We'd hunt out from there. The trip in had taken longer than planned, so we had only 13 days left to do everything and get home.

The next afternoon we took a short scouting hike up the stream to get an idea of the country. A few small bands of ewes and lambs were seen, one small black bear was feeding on berries high on a slope, and we found fresh wolverine tracks in the sand along the stream. By evening the rain had eased to a steady mist, but we had no hopes of it clearing.

But by morning the rain had stopped, and the sun even shone for a few minutes at a time. This meant a day in camp—trying to get stuff as dry as possible. A strong cold wind was blowing, and this, combined with the lack of rain, made a good drying situation. We quickly spread everything out on the low ground birches. Drying our equipment took time from hunting, but it had to be done.

In the afternoon we decided to scout out the main side canyon across the creek from camp.

That day we saw many sheep, including a few rams in the barely legal class (a legal ram must have a three-quarter curl of horn, seen from the side). But we were looking for rams with full curls. Late in the afternoon it began raining again, and by the time we arrived back at camp it was a regular downpour. It began to look as if the weather, not the rough terrain, was going to beat us if anything did. Normally dangerous country becomes extremely treacherous in heavy rains, as everything becomes slippery, dirt areas soak up, weaken and give way, and slides become common.

It poured all night, thoroughly soaking everything not fully protected. By morning the drenching rain began to ease up, but was replaced by equally annoying fog.

But our luck finally changed a bit toward noon when the fog and clouds

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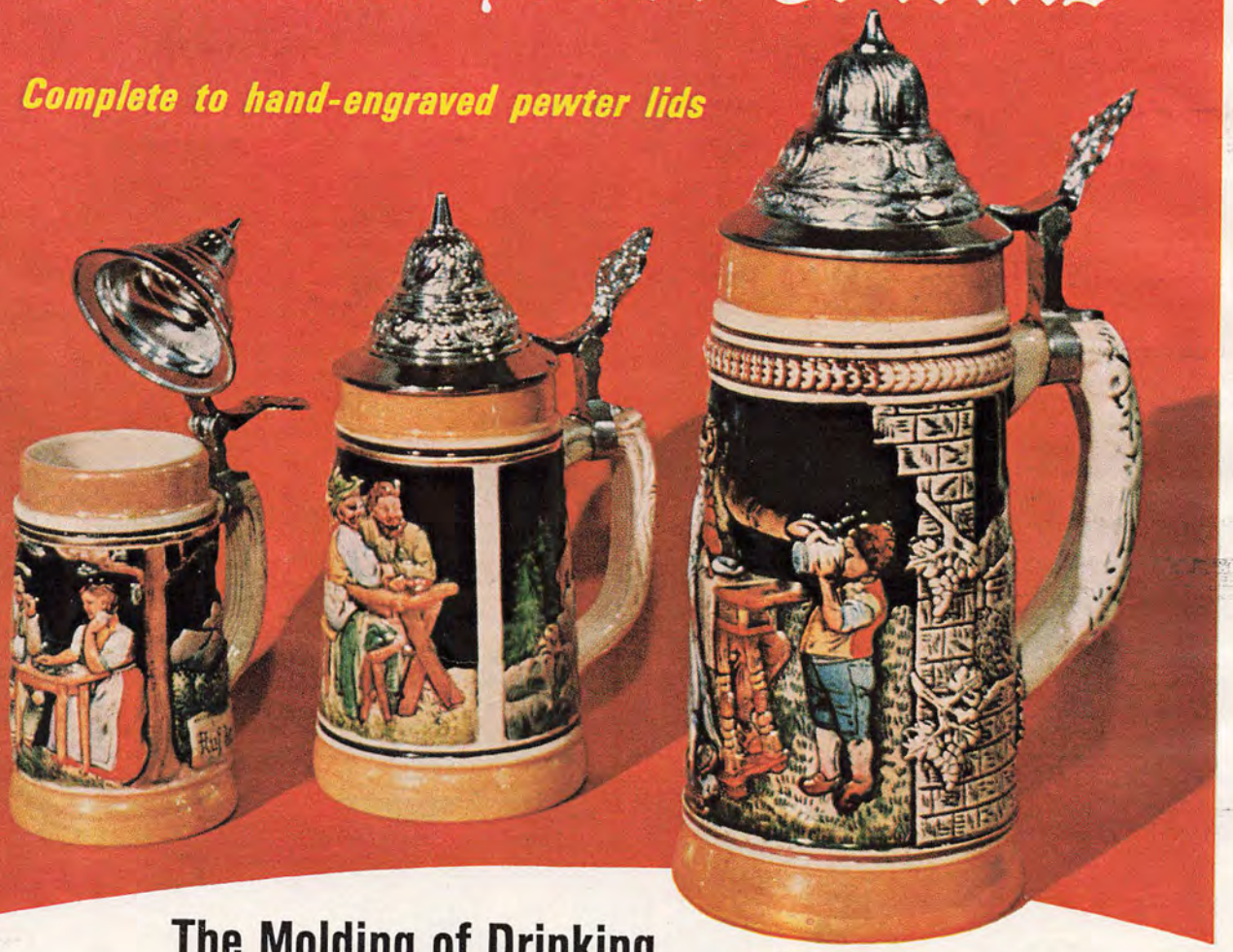

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broke away for short periods. We decided to check out another side canyon and saw plenty of ewes, a couple of small rams, but nothing to make a trophy hunter smile. There were several steep ridges we wanted to investigate but didn't dare in that weather. By evening we were soaked again.

It rained hard all that night and our only dry spots—the sleeping bags—finally got quite wet. Even a good tent can only take so much, and ours was beginning to leak.

But shortly after we got up, the rain finally stopped. This was the day to go to the head of the stream and climb a rough moraine near the main glacier. But it was a fruitless effort.

As we topped the main ridge to descend to camp in the evening, we spotted two rams way across the main Carbon Creek canyon, near the peak of a rugged mountain. The spotting scope told us one was a pretty good ram, not quite as large as we wanted, but worthwhile. Well! We'd check him out the next day if our weather held at all.

It rained again. But we were up and gone early, circling the mountain the big ram was on. It was still there, grazing contentedly just down the east face less than 100 yards!

I stayed back to let Dale stalk it alone. He should have a pretty easy time of it, for he'd be approaching the ram from above, and that's how it's supposed to be done.

A half hour later Dale came back with the report, "Too small."

He'd stalked to within 100 yards and found it to be a legal ram, but not quite a full curl. It was still a little too early in the hunt to take one that size. We'd keep watching this ram and if nothing larger showed up before the end of the trip, we'd come back and nail it.

"Ol' Last Chance, we'll call him," Dale smiled. . . .

The tenth day was our first without rain. It also produced a colossal goof on my part, a near tragic one on Dale's and a satisfactory ending.

We had dismissed the steep rock slide immediately east of camp as impassable, but we were rapidly learning that no ridge is unclimbable until you have actually gone up there and found it so. From a distance, an accessible route might not be visible. So we tried that east face, hoping again to get over into the upper reaches of Coal Creek.

As we neared the top, Dale decided to take a branch to the right while I stayed on the main chute to the left. We'd meet at the top and work together along the ridge, maybe pull a pincer maneuver on any big rams that were holed up there. We continued our separate ways, though I'm aware now how foolish it is to separate while climbing. As it turned out, I didn't see Dale again until I returned to camp that afternoon, and came near to never seeing him again.

I finally scrambled to the knife-edge ridge top only a couple feet wide. Just below the crest I removed my pack and hat, slipped a round into the chamber of my rifle and slowly eased my head over the top. The main ridge ran in ragged jumbles of rock to my right and left,

"Earnings are down sharply, the unions boys are putting on the squeeze and the Little League team we sponsor has dropped into last place."

but ahead was a gentle slope for maybe 150 yards, spotted with scanty vegetation.

An ideal place for an old ram, I thought.

About 20 yards down the slope was one large rock and I decided to ease over to it and just sit awhile. As I started to sit, I caught a flash of motion and a hint of amber and white maybe 60 yards below me. Ram!

At that same instant I heard the clattering of rocks as some large animal bounded away to my left. I rushed to the edge of a cliff just in time to see two rams bust across a shale slope and head downhill—straight away from me. I flopped prone and put the scope on them.

One was much smaller than the other. The larger? I don't know! Hard to estimate one running straight away. I hesitated. The ram was big, but how big? Around a point of rock they ran, hidden then for many seconds. When they finally came into view again, still at a full gallop, they gave me more of a side view and I could see that the big fellow was a mighty fine ram. But my inexperience at judging horns and consequent hesitation had put too much distance between us. I didn't dare try a running shot and just watched them go.

For long minutes I just lay there, mentally booting myself in the rear. Would I ever get another crack at a ram that good?

Later I hunted out all accessible ridges in the vicinity, found nothing more, so decided to return to camp. I spent quite a bit of time looking for Dale, but decided he'd met a dead end and had to turn back.

What I didn't know then was that Dale had spent a couple of harrowing hours pinned to the face of a cliff, out of hearing to the south. He'd worked up another chute all right, then run into steeper rock faces. But he thought he could make it by crossing this one face onto another chute. He started across. Hand-and footholds were okay till he ran out of them. But there were a couple ahead. The foothold was nearer so he reached for it. It was good and solid, so by pushing off with his trailing foot, giving a bit more push with the lead foot, he could reach the handhold. It wouldn't actually be a jump, but he would have to leave the ledge on which his trailing foot rested.

He pushed off and easily grabbed the new handhold, but it crumbled in his grasp. Dale was now holding on with one hand and a foot. There was no place to grip ahead with the free hand, and he could not see the dangling foot to return it to the small ledge. He was facing ahead, so the trailing foot was not visible. Trapped.

For possibly a half hour Dale remained there, unable to move. The unseen foot reached and searched, trying to find some solid crack or small ledge. He tried to hold himself out enough to see back beteen the rock and his body. He tried to find a way of going ahead. He tried everything.

Finally he found he could inch his secure hand slowly back along the tiny ledge far enough so he could get his other hand up there also. Then he could crane his neck far enough over his shoulder to see where to return to. Again it would require a small hop, but this time he knew the landing spot would hold and he rapidly returned to the safety of the shale slide.

"I'm done rock climbing," Dale vowed when we talked about it in camp that afternoon. "I had a lot of time to think up there on that face and my sheep hunting is over unless one comes down—"

Just then Dale happened to glance up and spot a sheep on the rolling grass slopes across the creek. The binoculars showed it to be a good ram, and the scope showed it had a full curl!

It was late in the afternoon, but if we hurried and the ram didn't spook or move out, maybe we could—— We grabbed our gear and took off, dashed across our makeshift bridge, through a patch of alders and up the first slopes. Almost from camp, the ram was out of sight so we could travel quickly without fear of being seen.

We panted up the ridge, then scrambled up the last shale slope, pausing just below the top to remove our packs and hats. We took time to catch our breaths, then I waited as Dale eased the last few feet to the very crest. Carefully he raised his head to look over, paused a few seconds, then slowly lowered himself. The grin told me the ram was there. Eyes agleam, Dale said, "A beautiful full curl, and he's grazing undisturbed! About 400 yards out."

I crept to the crest and took a look. The magnificent Dall ram had no idea we were anywhere around. We watched for quite some time as it grazed on the scanty alpine vegetation.

We calmly discussed the best route for the stalk. No time to rush things now, not after months of planning and the days of backbreaking work put into the hunt so far. Another few minutes wouldn't matter now, though evening was upon us so we couldn't waste time either.

Dale's ram was grazing in a meandering route toward us and uphill to our left and should soon wander out of sight behind a low ridge about 300 yards in front of us. With care and luck, Dale could slip over the ridge we were on, then have pretty smooth stalking to that low ridge. He'd be in easy range then.

Once the route was mapped out, Dale was anxious to have at it. But we waited; the ram and its route of travel were calling the plays. Suddenly the ram started walking slowly uphill in plain view. It looked as if it might be done feeding for awhile, and if so Dale would have to try a long-range shot. But then the ram resumed feeding and eventually worked out of sight in the shallow draw.

That's when Dale became all action. I stayed on the main ridge to give any help I could with hand signals and Dale headed on the double for the rock outcropping we hoped would be his rest for busting the ram.

As Dale neared the rocks, the ram came into view again, walking alertly up the ridge. Had the old boy detected us somehow? The wind was still in our favor, but the ram knew something was wrong and stopped to stare in my direction. I froze.

Now I couldn't give Dale any help as he reached the rocks and turned to look in my direction. I just hoped he'd interpret my lack of help as meaning I was being watched.

He did and immediately became extra cautious as he eased up into position. Through my binoculars I could see both Dale and the ram, and I knew that as soon as my friend showed himself, the ram's fantastic eyesight would pick him out. I wished I could signal Dale to stay hidden until the ram relaxed again, but there was no way I could.

As Dale very slowly peered around the edge of the rock, that ram's head snapped over, boring right in on the spot where Dale appeared. Immediately the ram turned and started walking rapidly and stiff-legged up the steep ridge. I recognized that walk as being preparatory to breaking into a run for the safety of high ground.

But Dale saw it too. He'd slid his rifle around the rocks and was holding on the ram.

"Shoot, Dale, shoot!" I pleaded silently.

Then through the binocs I saw the ram crumple and roll gently a few yards down the grassy slope. As the sound of Dale's shot blasted the hills and echoed and bounced off canyon walls for miles around, the ram stopped rolling—and all was again still in that vast mountain wilderness.

For a few seconds neither Dale nor I moved. Dale was ready for that second shot if necessary, but none was needed. Eventually he scrambled around the point of rock he'd shot from and I took off on a run toward them.

COMING . . .

Tormented star of the
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THE FOOTBALL HERO THEY LOVE TO HATE

John Brodie scores on the
field but not with his fans

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Dale had already checked to be sure the ram was dead when I arrived, and for several minutes we laughed and whooped it up like a couple of kids.

"We did it, Dale, we did it!" I repeated over and over. "They said we couldn't, but we sure did!"

After the whooping and hollering, we got busy dressing the big ram. One horn, the right one, was "broomed" short—a ram will rub off the tip of a horn if it obscures its vision—but the good one measured just over 36 inches. It wouldn't make the record book, but it was certainly better than many hunters get, and would make a great trophy hanging on Dale's den wall. We finished the job, propped the carcass up on some rocks to cool during the night, and returned to camp about dark. Spirits were high that evening, and the fact that we were finally drying out helped too. We had a big meal of some very delicious fried sheep liver—the first of several "off the land" meals.

Dawn found our ram untouched, so we spent the morning skinning and packing the meat to camp. The loads were heavy, and we learned later that those massive horns weighed 14 pounds by themselves. The day was foggy at times, and partly cloudy, but our luck held again and we went a second day without rain. In the afternoon, I scouted out another small canyon, being careful to not get myself in a jam since I was alone, while Dale finished skinning his ram's head, cutting those heavy horns off the skull and boning out the meat, which would save a lot of weight for the pack out. An added treat was a side of ribs broiled over alder coals.

I had found nothing new on my scouting trip, but was careful to check to be sure Ol' Last Chance was around. The ram was still within 100 yards of where it had been for four days. Since the following day had to be our last, I decided to go get this sheep then if nothing better was found.

Nothing better did show up, so on the thirteenth morning Dale and I took off from camp to get Ol' Last Chance. I figured it would be an uneventful assassination, strictly routine. But such thoughts just exposed my igorance.

The first thing we discovered was that Ol' Last Chance was gone!

"He's probably up in those crags somewhere. We'll find him," Dale reassured me.

So we started up. About two hours out of camp we paused to rest and look around. Absentmindedly I glanced down toward camp with the glasses.

"Hey, Dale," I muttered. "There's a black bear near camp carrying off something white in his mouth!"

"Hell," Dale cried as he took a look. "That's my sheep cape!"

We quickly agreed to split up again, Dale returning to camp on the run to try to rescue his sheep head.

As it turned out, Dale never could find his cape though the bear did return to camp later on. Dale ran the critter off with a shot at its heels.

I continued on up the side creek, struggling up the steep slopes onto the west ridge of my ram's mountain. For maybe 45 minutes I pussyfooted around, peeking carefully around rocks, over ridges and into canyons.

Finally I spotted Ol' Last Chance grazing on a small steep slope maybe 200 yards from where it'd been so dependably the last few days. The ram was nearly straight below and facing me, but only about 75 yards away.

I had time to look the deal over, and figured if I could take the ram through the spine at the shoulders, it'd crumple and not tumble down the mountain. Presently, excited now, I squeezed off a shot. At the blast Ol' Last Chance crumpled on the spot as planned, but then slowly rolled over. The ram didn't stop with that first slow roll, and the next roll was a bit faster. Within seconds my trophy had disappeared over a cliff in a clattering of rocks and billowing of dust.

I stood in amazement as for many long minutes the clattering continued, until it finally died away and the mountains once again became still. I just stood there, not knowing whether to curse or cry.

Finally I tried to get down that awesome east face of the mountain but each of many attempts was thwarted by cliffs. I couldn't even see my sheep to know how far down it had gone. After complete frustration in that direction, I de-

cided my only hope was to go back over the top, along that west ridge, down it, around the south side of the mountain, clear down to Carbon Creek, then try to pick a way up that that east face—hoping the ram had fallen far enough for me to reach it from below. I'd got nearly down to Carbon Creek when I met Dale coming to meet me.

"I heard you shoot. Did you get him?"

I explained, and together we descended and tried to find a way up the mountain again. Hours later I struggled around a point high on the east face of the mountain and found my ram jammed up in a rock crevasse. As I pulled on the ram's horn to free it, the carcass came loose all at once and began a new rush down the mountain. The ram quickly picked up speed, carrying rocks of all sizes with it in a full-fledged avalanche.

On down the mountain it went as I stood in openmouthed horror at the thought of what this was doing to meat, hide and horns. We scrambled down, found what looked like a huge white sack of jelly with horns attached, and figured that the ram tumbled perhaps 1,500 feet down the mountain.

But the horns suffered only a few minor dents. The left horn was broomed, but the right one was a nice heavy 35½ inches. After some photos we salvaged what meat we could, decided the cape was pretty far gone even for a top-notch taxidermist, took the horns and headed for camp.

That night was our last in the mountains, and everything considered, I really hated to leave. There is something very satisfying about backpacking into country where you don't see another person, where game is nearly constantly visible and where you can match wits with animals as spectacular as the white Dall ram.

The following day was undoubtedly the roughest of the entire trip. We got up well before dawn, packed and headed down, hoping to get out in one day.

Eleven hours later we staggered to the shores of the Matanuska River at the cable, fired shots as the prearranged signal and waited for Jack Betts to come get us. At the lodge we weighed our packs again; Dale's tipped the scales at 76 pounds—mine at an even 80. In top shape by now, the packs hadn't seemed that heavy.

We cut up our sheep the next day—or rather Dale's, as there wasn't too much of mine to worry about—had it frozen in Palmer, got some dry ice in Anchorage and packed everything in the car again. We'd brought along some extra sleeping bags for insulation, and the meat made the trip home without trouble, with only one addition of dry ice at Dawson Creek, British Columbia.

At home I triumphantly added up the total costs of the trip: $113.12 for gas and oil changes, $120 for our two licenses and sheep tags, $44.38 total for food and $19.48 for odds and ends such as cable-car fees and dry ice. Our total came to just $296.98, which is just $148.49 apiece. It would take some real doing to find a way of bagging a couple of trophy Dall rams any cheaper, and the trip was one of the richest adventures of our lives.

—Ed Park

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KODAK INSTAMATIC M6 Movie Camera

HE PUT TARZAN IN A TUX

[*Continued from page* 55]

be really ape about all wild animals.

Henry returned to Los Angeles last February, and spent the better part of three months recuperating from his Tarzan ordeal. Having dropped out of entertainment's biggest bonanza, he brought suit against Weintraub for $800,000, charging that the producer forced him to work in intolerable conditions. Through with football and busy trying to make his way as an actor, Mike says he doesn't think that the Tarzan part has really hurt his career. But even his most pleasant memory of the experience is a wry one. While finishing out his last grid season before going to Mexico to don the loincloth, he had a slight rift with his roommate, another linebacker named Cliff Livingston. Livingston, who had always been called "Cliff" by his Rams' teammates, found his name changed to Jane. He didn't like it.

Renaming poor Livingston may have been amusing, but it reflected a deep ignorance about the important things of life. Jane hasn't been around Tarzan for years. Nor will she appear in the TV series. The girl interest in *Valley of Gold,* released this year, is Sophia, a tasty dish from "the streets of Rome." She starts as the companion of the heavy and ends up by swinging off into the sunset with Tarzan, who is something of a swinger in the movies these days himself. At home and well dressed in urban environments as well as in his usual rural milieu, he drives cars, fires machine guns, works radio transmitters and even has a drink with friends. *Tarzan?* Yes, Tarzan. "We decided to go Bond-ish," said Weintraub some time ago. "What the hell."

The heavy has been changed to match. Neither greedy elephant poacher nor power-mad pygmy king, he is an international criminal named August Vinaro. Like others in the cosmopolitan crime dodge, Vinaro never travels without a beautiful woman, a tank, a case full of tricky explosives and a bodyguard—in this case a chap called Mister Train. Train's brains would embarrass a retarded hamster, but he can kill a man with the jab of one finger and he splits shoulder-high boulders with a single karate chop.

Developments like these may seem strange to former Tarzan buffs who bade farewell to the Ape Man when they stopped going to the movies every Saturday afternoon. The fact is that the changes are well in the spirit of the jungle toff's historic mission to make bales of money for his keepers. To keep the money machine producing, Weintraub and his predecessors have wrung an endless series of alterations in his character. These, in turn, have kept Tarzan evergreen for so long that he stands in fiction's highest treetop today, unchallengeably the most durable pop literature creation in American history.

As his biography first unfolded in *All-Story Magazine* for October, 1912, the lad was born in 1888, a few months after his parents, John and Alice Clayton, the Lord and Lady Greystoke, were marooned on a wild African coast. The Greystokes forgot to name their son, and when they both died within a few days of his first birthday, the tyke was adopted by Kala, a lady ape. She named the young lord Tarzan, which means White Skin in ape talk, and taught him most of the jungle lore he knows.

Lord Greystoke, accustomed to traveling in the grand manner, had included a considerable library in his kit. Somehow it came ashore with him, survived mildew and termites, and was available to young White Skin, who used it to teach himself to read and write (though not speak) English. When he was about 10, Tarzan realized that Kala and her friends were hairier than he was. He looked them up in an appropriate volume, learned what they were and what he was, and added "of the Apes" to his name, also, presumably, in ape talk.

On his 13th birthday, Tarzan killed a male who had been tormenting Kala, put his foot on the bully's neck and cut loose for the first time with the awesome "cry of the bull ape" that has been ringing through the dollar-bill jungles ever since. With a start like this, it was only a question of time before Tarzan became boss primate. But just as he was consolidating his position in the tribe, he fell in love with a visiting professor's daughter named Jane Porter, learned to speak English and French, and followed Jane back to America. Given the opportunity there to reclaim his birthright, he renounced it and returned to Africa for the fun-filled life of a top ape.

This pleasant fable was created by Edgar Rice Burroughs, a western drifter who was born in 1875 and never wrote more than an occasional letter of resignation until 1912, when he found himself a railroad policeman in Utah. Alerted one night to look for a lost child, he turned over in his mind the idea of a child *really* being lost—say in darkest Africa. The notion took hold of him. So, as he explained later in life, did two others: "making some money," and "playing with the idea of a contest between heredity and environment."

All his notions proved sound. With Tarzan soon published in book form and followed by 25 sequels, Burroughs produced more words on heredity and environment than Gregor Mendel multiplied by Charles Darwin. The notion about money was equally prophetic. The first book sold three million copies and most of the rest did as well, yielding the author, before he died in 1950, royalties that have been estimated at $10,000,000. About as much more came in from translations, comic strips, comic books, Tarzan products and, more recently, paperbacks.

But if print was a gold rush, the keys to the mint were made of celluloid. From 1918, when Elmo Lincoln first donned a fur strongman suit and Apache-style wig in a Louisiana swamp for *Tarzan of the Apes,* until 1964, the last year for which complete figures have been totaled, Tarzan movies have drawn 2,001,000,000 paid admissions. To watch their hero beat up on ivory poachers, berserk witch doctors and, more recently, members of the international crime set, fans have paid more than $500,000,000—in dollars, cruizeros, drachmas, francs, marks, pesos, piasters, ticals, won, yen, zlotys and every other known currency but the wild boar skulls New Guinea primitives are said to swap for fat wives.

Rubles and yuan are not included in the total, but this doesn't mean that the USSR and the Chinese People's Republic have been denying their masses Tarzan. It's just that Russia and Red China have worked out a way to provide the Ape Man opiate without paying tribute to Weintraub and the other Hollywood

TRUE

"Fifty cents a shot. He's working his way through obedience school."

imperialists. They borrow the movies from proletarian film distributors in Poland and Hong Kong, make copy prints and show them widely.

To date, 12 American movie companies, including one organized by Burroughs in 1935, have grabbed a piece of the action by bringing forth 41 Tarzans and serials (counting the two in Banner's vaults, waiting release). To this total may be added *Toofani Tarzan*, an unauthorized film showing in India since the late 1950's, and an unknown number of others improvised by exhibitors elsewhere in Asia. These entrepreneurs snip footage from regular Tarzan flicks that come their way, splice the pieces together, and use the action-packed results to ward off the evil spirits of box-office doldrums.

In one of the conglomerate epics, said to be typical, the camera moves in early for a close shot of Tarzan in a loincloth, standing on a limb. The actor is Herman Brix, an ex-Olympics shot-putter who did a Tarzan movie in 1935, and is now better known as Bruce Bennett, character actor. The next thing visible is an extreme long shot of somebody—maybe Buster Crabbe, an Olympics' swimming champ who put on a leopard skin to make one Tarzan series in 1933. He is swinging through the trees and yelling. Suddenly his voice goes falsetto. A terrible accident? No. By the time the hero comes in for a landing close to camera, he is not Tarzan, but Tarzan's son, Boy, as impersonated by Johnny Sheffield, who played the role from 1938 through the mid-'40's. The rest of the film follows the same haphazard pattern, sometimes in color, sometimes in black and white. The shorter of these features are said to be padded out with clips of production numbers from old Ruby Keeler and Betty Grable musicals.

Mike Henry was the 14th film Tarzan, Ron Ely is the 15th, and both wear the loincloth as if born to it. Ely, in fact, is expected to become TV's big male sex symbol of the year. But the loincloth was invented originally to exploit the beefcake appeal of the best-remembered Tarzan of them all: Johnny Weissmuller.

One of the great competitive swimmers of all time, Weissmuller in 1932 was cast in MGM's *Tarzan the Ape Man*, a slight variation of the Elmo Lincoln title, and the first Tarzan with sound. As long as the films had been silent, action talked. With sound, however, came the need to establish an acceptably rounded character. The line that did it, "Me Tarzan, you Jane," was to become to a generation of moviegoers what "To be or not to be" is to tragedy.

Curiously, though, the words were not spoken on the screen in quite that way. They emerged piecemeal as part of a treetop English lesson, with Tarzan awkwardly learning the difference between "me" and "you" and then, as the great light dawned, pointing to his teacher and saying, "Jane?" and to himself and grunting, "Tarzan." The whole business was the result of Weissmuller's clowning and playwright Noel Coward's ear for the improbably perfect dialogue situation.

"We made the movie in the woods around Toluca Lake, north of Hollywood," recalls Maureen O'Sullivan, one of MGM's top contract players who was cast as Jane to bolster the inexperienced Weissmuller, and is now equally well-known as a Broadway actress and the mother of Mia Farrow. "The day we shot the scene where I teach Tarzan to talk, Johnny and I were up in a tree waiting for lines to be smoothed out by Woody Van Dyke, the director, and Ivor Novello, who wrote the dialogue. Noel Coward happened to be on the set, visiting Ivor. Suddenly, Johnny, who was a delightful nut, gave me a little shove and said, '*You* Jane?'

"He was making fun of the fact that I was afraid of heights, which made the line perfectly good English, not pidgin talk. I grabbed the tree trunk for dear life and yelled back, '*You*, Tarzan?,' which also made sense, referring to the fact that Johnny had no acting experience.

"The exchange struck Mister Coward so funny he began dancing with glee. He called Woody and Ivor over and made us repeat it. On the next take, the lines were expanded and became a part of the movie."

The four-word romance might not be the greatest love story ever told, but it did keep Jane in her tree house. As played by Maureen and her successors, she remained faithful for 19 additional movies produced through 1954. In that time Jane became as familiar as her mate with Cheetah the Chimp, Tantor the Elephant and other denizens of the pre-Weintraub jungle. She also became the

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first woman in history to raise the same son twice: first in 1920, for *The Son of Tarzan,* and again in 1939 with *Tarzan Finds a Son.*

The son was introduced a second time around because of MGM's penchant for blending kitchen-tested ingredients to get a thoroughly lucrative movie mix. On a family togetherness kick initiated by the success of the Andy Hardy films, the studio decided to bless White Skin Weissmuller with an heir. The boy was delivered in an airplane crash instead of in the usual way because the producers felt they could never get anyone to believe that Tarzan had married Jane, despite the fact that a wedding had taken place for all to see between P. Dempsey Tabler and Karla Schramm, Tarzan and Jane Number Three, before the first birth of Boy in 1920.

Tarzan and his little family swung and grunted their way toward Sy Weintraub's loving arms through a long series of mostly low-budget adventures for MGM and, later, Sol Lesser, who bought the movie rights for RKO in 1943. Weissmuller gave up the role in 1947, after having earned two million dollars and a warm spot in the heart of everyone now over 30. He did a turn in a few "Jungle Jim" pictures, then drifted into debt-haunted oblivion. The succession passed to Lex Barker, who played White Skin for seven years, and now stars in German-made Westerns. Gordon Scott took over in 1955 and remained through the first two Weintraub films. Jock Mahoney got the part in 1962, after having been a combination stuntman and villain in two previous pictures.

Another ex-villain who nearly got the role was a Scots actor named Sean Connery. He played a heavy in Weintraub's second movie, *Tarzan the Magnificent,* and was offered the lead in the next one by the producer. "I'd love to do it," said Connery, "but there's a joker. I'm under option to make some kind of detective movie in England. If the producers decide to go ahead, I'll have to beg out." As all James Bondniks know, they decided to go ahead.

Meantime, of course, the keys to the mint had passed to Weintraub, whose own saga is as remarkable in its way as the one Burroughs dreamed up. After a New York childhood described by a friend as "not desperately poor," Weintraub spent World War II in one of the Army's shows-for-the-boys units, then entered the University of Missouri to study journalism. Graduated in 1947, he worked briefly at newspaper and publicity jobs, then decided he liked show biz better than either.

He came back East, sweated up some money from relatives and friends, and started a company called Flamingo Films. His plan was to make movies for television, but with a capital of only $1,500 things don't always go as planned. The thing most likely to go, in fact, is the capital itself.

Weintraub watched most of his own evaporate, then got an idea. "There were hundreds of TV stations around the country, all screaming for a product—something to telecast—and not getting it," he says. "Meanwhile, here were the movie studios with thousands of pictures in the can, collecting dust. Suppose I could get the rights to them for TV?"

With nothing to lose but a chance to go on welfare, Tarzan's future daddy began approaching the studios. After months of beating his head against walls of indifference, he managed to get options on a few films. "These were not just some of the worst movies ever made," he recalls fondly, "but even the prints were bad and needed cutting to get rid of burned-out footage."

The choppy prints distressed the filmmakers, but Weintraub had another insight that everyone has since gained: television doesn't mind cuts to make time for commercials. "Besides, I was only buying options," he says. "If I bombed, all I lost was a few dollars." He didn't bomb, and all he made was several millions, as Flamingo developed into Motion Pictures For Television, Inc., one of the first and most successful TV syndicators in the country.

In 1958 Weintraub learned that Lesser, then ruler of the Tarzan movie domain, wanted to retire. Lesser was bored to death with the series. Besides, TV income from old Tarzan movies, which had rocketed in the early '50's, had begun to slide. He felt he was giving up very little. Weintraub, closer to the zoysia roots, felt differently. He agreed to buy out Lesser's TV and movie rights for $3,000,000, a sum that by this time put his resources under so little strain he was able to finance his own productions under the Banner label, a very rare procedure for independent producers.

Weintraub completed his first movie, *Tarzan's Greatest Adventure,* in 1959, made a distribution deal with MGM, and earned back what he had paid Lesser in two years. He won't discuss how much he's earned from the series to date, but it is known that *Tarzan Goes to India,* his third film, earned MGM's distribution division over $1,000,000 in 1963 alone. Since MGM didn't invest in the picture, its share was doubtless smaller than Weintraub's.

"As far as I could see, the main thing wrong with Tarzan when I took over the property was that the movies and the TV reruns were eating each other alive," says Weintraub, by way of explaining the changes he wrought. Tarzan fans in Asia may have been maniacally loyal, but Americans were staying away in droves from theaters offering the same old Tarzan. Interest in the television reruns was diminished, in turn, by the lack of any first-class, first-run Tarzans at the movies.

"Also, the movies had no topical impact," adds Weintraub, who can spot a changing current at least as well as Greystoke's earlier Hollywood guardians. "With television reporting wars and space flights, everyone is reality oriented. Adventures in Never-Never Land aren't exciting anymore, they're quaint, and that's what Tarzan had become."

To orient his new ward to reality and make him Top Ape again, Weintraub decided to junk most of the old formula. Jane was deserted at once. Maybe she's dead. Maybe she's collecting jungle ali-

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"He's at that inquisitive stage!"

mony of bananas and coconuts somewhere. No one talks about her. Gone, too, is Boy. The empathy with apes and other fauna is still suggested, of course—a trait that figured large in Mike Henry's defection, but makes Ron Ely so happy he has to be restrained from wrestling lions himself. "All we don't want now is for Ron to get mauled," says Weintraub, adding with total sincerity, "He is far and away the *best* Tarzan that ever was."

White Skin still sensibly prefers deeds to words, but Pidgin Ape is no longer his language of choice. He talks English sentences, makes goo-goo eyes and wisecracks at ladies who cross his path, and may even soon be singing. Mike Henry took voice lessons and Ely will probably start soon, too. "It's for promotional tours," says Weintraub. "You don't want your star to get up before an audience and not be able to do anything."

Right from the first, Weintraub also made his Tarzan a member of the jet set. With no wife to worry about any more, there was no need to limit him to commuting on the 8 o'clock vine. Have loincloth, will travel. Send him a message, and he's off anywhere. All the films are made on location now, and the plots are usually vaguely news pegged.

Good for box office as it might be, reality orientation can sometimes be hard on the nerves. The 1960 filming of *Tarzan The Magnificent* in Kenya, for example, was held up by a strike of Kikuyu extras and set laborers who refused to work because Weintraub wouldn't grant them their freedom from England.

Another nerve-wracker took place in Thailand, at the Shrine of the Sleeping Bhudda in Potburi, while shooting *Tarzan's Three Challenges*, in 1963. After months of negotiations with government and religious leaders to get permission to work at the Shrine, the cast and company, which included 200 monks, a squadron of Thai cavalry, 2100 extras with straw bosses and 11 surly elephants with mahouts, arrived on the appointed day only to find police and infantry barring them from the hillside temple. A cabinet minister, who had come out the previous evening to supervise matters, decided to visit a few of the local fleshpots. On the morning of the shooting, the minister woke up to find himself so thoroughly rolled he didn't even have a pair of pants to his name. Barricaded in a hotel room, he sent forth word that he had received an omen that the temple should not be filmed. He managed to rid himself of his fears eventually, but not before Weintraub made an offering of three pairs of pants with shirts to match.

Reality orientation may not be Weintraub's last contribution to White Skin's character. Just as he made Tarzan into a kind of Jungle Jim Bond for the feature films, he has given him a half-twist back for television. Ely's first hour-long adventure is spent rushing about the jungle getting blood donors needed to save the life of a sick orphan boy named Jai. (The boy will be Tarzan's ward throughout the series; he was delivered, naturally, in a plane crash.) The segment, like most of the others, has no real heavy—no nutty witch doctors, no depraved Vinaro, only a screwball lady photographer and a misguided young poacher who won't come around to the blood bank because he's being hounded by an equally misguided territorial cop.

With no ferocious antagonists to keep him on his toes, Tarzan, stripped as he is to his loincloth, nevertheless emerges as a sort of harassed camp counselor, urging the Golden Rule on people and conserving even such expendable creatures as poisonous snakes.

The change, of course, is for audience-building purposes. No fights over the TV set—the whole family can stare together. There's Jai and Cheetah for the kiddies, beefcake for Mom, a pretty girl for Dad and honest scenic values for all. NBC has scheduled the show opposite ABC's new Green Hornet series, which promises a battle of Camp versus Campcraft.

That accounts for Tarzan Ely. Meantime, Tarzan Henry's last two adventures should be hitting the movie houses at the rate of one a year. And lest anyone remain unconvinced of the immortality of the Ape Man, whoever plays the role, and however lesser characters may come and go, a flick of the television dial on any Sunday afternoon, is almost sure to reveal a Tarzan Weissmuller rerun on one channel or another.

White Skin may be the name in ape talk, but at the bank Tarzan still means only money. —**Arthur Whitman**

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THE WEIRD REIGN OF EMPRESS FLORENCE

[*Continued from page* 36]

life two days before he was scheduled to start a job she'd pressured him into accepting. Florence was forced to come back to her father, who forgave her and even legally adopted her son. But she couldn't forgive him the humiliation of having to ask his forgiveness. For 10 long years she lived on in his house, resenting him ever more bitterly.

Then she shocked him again by unabashedly chasing and catching a new husband, an extremely good-looking one fully five years younger than herself. Warren Gamaliel Harding was the genial, easygoing publisher of a struggling little newspaper called the Marion *Star*. But it wasn't his lack of money and ambition that left old Amos Kling red-faced with rage. It was the fact that local gossip had long insisted that the Harding family had more than a little Negro blood in its veins. And among friends, with surprising honesty or naiveté, Warren rarely attempted refuting this rumor.

"How would I know?" he'd shrug. "One of my ancestors might have jumped the fence."

Interestingly enough, the same dark allegations that caused the town banker to disown his only daughter seemed merely to enhance the fascination this swart-skinned fellow held for Marion maidens. Exactly why he gave in to the advances of a homely, older divorcée was something of a mystery. ("You just can't say no!" his own father told him. "Lucky you weren't born a girl, because you'd be in the family way all the time.") But the marriage proved to be the brightest business move Warren had ever made. Florence took over his debt-ridden newspaper—pedaling back and forth to work perched high on a big-wheeled bicycle, screeching strident-toned orders in every department, keeping a hawk-eyed watch on the ledgers. And the Marion *Star* soon began prospering.

"Even in those days, it was Mrs. Harding who ran the show," a newsboy named Norman Thomas remembered later, when he'd become a perennial Presidential candidate on the Socialist ticket. "She was a woman of very narrow mentality . . . but of strong will."

With a strong-willed wife running the show, Warren was free to relax in the good fellowship of drinking and poker-playing sessions, attending and sometimes speaking at civic club banquets and Republican Party functions. His speeches were once aptly described, by Sen. William G. McAdoo, as "an army of pompous phrases moving over the landscape in search of an idea," but he had a ringing voice and made a good appearance. He was a happy man in those years.

Florence certainly should have been happy too. She had successfully defied her father, and the *Star* was a good outlet for her aggressiveness and her obsession with bossing men around. It was true that her handsome husband hadn't lost his taste for variety in women or learned to say no to them. But she had little right to expect anything else. This mismatched but oddly balanced pair might have lived out obscure, relatively contented lives in Marion—if it hadn't been for a fellow named Harold Micajah Daugherty.

Daugherty was a behind-the-scenes power in the Ohio Republican Party, a man with rare political craftiness but very little voter appeal himself. In looking for potential officeholders he could manipulate, he naturally sought men who had what he lacked and lacked what he had. At their first meeting in 1898, he saw that Warren Harding was just such a man. And he soon saw the means of manipulating him.

"I knew I would have to cultivate Mrs. Harding," Daugherty later wrote, "to carry out my plans for the advancement of her husband."

Cultivating ambitious, seldom-flattered Florence wasn't difficult. By the turn of the century, her prodding and Daugherty's masterminding had put Warren in the State Senate. The whispers about his Negro blood were used against him, of course, but Ohio politicians had been calling their opponents Negroes so regularly that few voters listened. After two terms, Warren G. Harding was lieutenant-governor.

"I found him sunning himself like a turtle on a log," Harry Daugherty wrote, "and I pushed him into the water."

Even Daugherty's best efforts as campaign manager couldn't advance his boy to the governorship in 1910. Four years later, however, after endless cultivation of a reluctant candidate's wife to get him nagged into running, the Ohio boss found the right combination of political factors and had some luck in an extremely close election. Warren G. Harding won a seat in the United States Senate.

Warren was certain he'd been pushed far past his depth. But he soon discovered that he could go right on sunning himself in the Senate—doing as much sociable drinking and poker-playing as ever, performing favors and making friends, voting the way the party leaders told him to vote, plugging God and Motherhood and Americanism in his pompous-phrased speeches and setting out on junkets to investigate world conditions on the beaches of Hawaii. Warren also saw no need to begin saying no to women.

There was beautiful Carrie Phillips, for example. Back in 1909, he'd gone on a European trip with a Marion neighbor named Jim Phillips, a partner in a local store. They had taken their wives along, and Warren and Carrie began a secret affair which lasted through his term in the Senate. There was also a pert little blonde named Nan Britton, who'd gotten a schoolgirl crush on him in Marion and had begun slipping in to see him whenever his wife had pedaled off on her bicycle. He'd been seen holding the girl on his lap and fondling her a bit then. But not until she turned 19 in 1916, by

TRUE

"You should have come to me sooner!"

her own account, did the 51-year-old Senator fully fulfill her fantasies, meeting her at a New York hotel and thoughtfully slipping $30 into her stocking afterward. In 1919, she gave birth to a daughter she convincingly claimed was his.

When Daugherty began pushing him toward the Presidential nomination in 1920, Warren rebelled, and the Ohio mastermind had to cultivate Florence again. It turned out that she'd been consulting a crystal-ball gazer billed as Madame Marcia, who told her she would one day make her husband President. This was what all Washington mediums and tea-leaf readers told the wives of junior Senators, but it seemed strikingly appropriate to Florence, and she became Daugherty's eager ally. Senator Harding of Ohio grudgingly gave in and agreed to enter the primaries. Then he discovered that even in neighboring Indiana he couldn't win a single instructed delegate. He stalked over to the telephone in disgust.

"I'm calling Daugherty," he announced. "I've had enough."

Florence flung herself across the room and snatched the phone away from him. "Hello! Hello! This is Mrs. Harding. Yes, *Mrs.* Harding! You tell Harry Daugherty from me that we're in this fight till hell freezes over!"

The Ohio boss spent his last cent and went $27,000 in debt on the primary campaign, but his wild dream of putting his boy in the White House seemed hopeless. When the convention began at Chicago in June, Harding was so far down the list of potential candidates that the most Daugherty could generally ask for him—even by calling in every political I.O.U. and making every conceivable deal and promise—was second-choice consideration. But when the delegates became deadlocked between the front-runners, this proved all-important. Warren G. Harding was the "available man" when the ruling powers met in a "smoke-filled room" to try breaking the deadlock.

Afterward Harry Daugherty found Florence on the convention floor to give her the good news, and her frenzied excitement almost proved fatal for him. She tried to hug him with a hatpin in her hand.

Parading home through Marion, the Hardings were honored by red, white and blue decorations on every storefront but one. Jim Phillips had found out about his wife and Warren.

Florence was too busy trying to boss her husband's campaign to let this bother her. She took credit, for example, for the decision not to dignify with a denial the charge that Warren was part Negro. Actually men far wiser than she had reasoned that the story would have little effect outside the South, which always went Democratic anyway, while a denial might hurt the Republican chances of holding the Negro vote. Florence also thought it was her idea to have her husband campaign chiefly from his own front porch. This strategy really came from the veteran Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania.

"Keep Warren at home," he warned Daugherty. "If he goes on tour, somebody's sure to ask him questions. And he's just the sort of damned fool who might try to answer them!"

As it turned out, little campaigning was necessary. The Democrats also deadlocked their convention, and the public ended up with a choice between two undistinguished candidates, one of whom had always been extremely attractive to the ladies. Women were jealously exercising their new right to vote, and the total turnout was so low it could be wondered if any men were exercising theirs. Warren G. Harding won easily.

"I am a man of limited talents, from a small town," he was still protesting after taking office. "I sit here, and I don't seem to grasp that I'm President."

Florence didn't seem to grasp which one of them was President. From the first, she demanded that she be consulted about all appointments. It was at her insistence, for example, that Charles Forbes, a sugar-tongued fellow she'd met on their Hawaiian junket, was put in charge of the Veteran's Bureau. She sat in on Cabinet meetings, where her high-pitched voice frequently dominated the proceedings. And she had no hesitation about discussing her husband's business behind his back—with Harry Daugherty, who had ostensibly contented himself with the $12,000-a-year Attorney General's job in return for all he'd spent and done, or with Forbes or a number of other charming gentlemen who'd been cultivating her.

"I've always known what was best for

Warren," she assured them. "He does well when he follows my advice and poorly when he doesn't."

One day she called Daugherty to the White House and demanded that her husband read aloud a certain section from a speech he intended to give. The President grumbled a bit but complied.

"Why, that would head us straight into the League of Nations!" the Attorney General protested.

"Exactly what I've been telling him!" Florence crowed. The only foreign affairs she knew anything about were the kind Warren had started with Carrie Phillips in Europe, but she did know the Republican Party was supposed to be opposed to the League of Nations. Harry Daugherty left the President to her shrill persuasion, and the speech was changed completely before it was delivered.

Momentous decisions were constantly awaiting Warren's judgment, but making decisions was something he could never do. He would listen to both sides of some complex question, and each would convince him in turn. "Even if there were a book somewhere to tell me who's right," he moaned, "I probably wouldn't understand it." His happy years were gone, and he became a pathetic figure as he sought what little relief could be found from the unbearable pressures of the Presidency. He still managed an occasional tryst with Nan Britton, and there was a certain place on K Street that offered call girls as well as poker games, with no lack of liquor in spite of Prohibition—another by-product of the Age of Woman.

"Don't you dare leave this house tonight, Warren!" servants would hear Florence screeching after him. He never answered or even looked back. He just kept on walking—going anywhere to get away from the sound of that voice. Sometimes he turned up alone and unexpected at private homes when parties were going on, an unheard-of thing for a Chief Executive to do.

"Please forget I'm President!" he plaintively begged everyone. And he was obviously doing his best to forget it himself.

Each time Warren backed away from the responsibilities that were so far beyond him, Florence triumphantly took over. With each passing day of his unofficial abdication, her usurpation became ever more flagrant. Working through the cultivating gentlemen who were constantly around her, frequently using federal agents as private detectives, she mounted a complex web of intrigues. She delighted in having large numbers of convicts pardoned each Christmas, picking the lucky prisoners from lists Daugherty's assistants thoughtfully provided. She even seemed to be campaigning for a second term as she regularly introduced herself to groups of White House visitors and personally led the tours.

"Mrs. Harding wants to be the drum major in every band that passes," her husband muttered. He began calling her "the Duchess" in a wry tone that was by no means complimentary. But it was too late for him to reverse the pattern of his life and begin running the show. Madame Marcia and the other guiding spiritualists were telling Florence that she was the real power in the White House, which is what all First Ladies were told. But this one was taking it seriously.

"During the two most glorious epochs of English history," she would assert, "the crown was worn by a woman."

Florence carried around a little red book in which she wrote the names of people who had somehow infuriated her, so she'd be sure and remember to get even. How Vice-President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge got on her list is unknown. But when legislation was introduced, complete with preliminary plans, to establish a permanent Vice-Presidential Mansion, the First Lady threw all her power and influence into lobbying against and killing the measure.

"I just *couldn't* have people like those Coolidges living in that beautiful house," she explained.

Then early in 1922, there appeared the most frightening threat imaginable to the administration Florence considered her own. Back in Ohio, a new book went on the market. William Estabrook Chancellor, a former professor at the College of Wooster in Ohio, had decided to settle once and for all the persistent rumors that the Harding family had crossed the color line. He spent weeks at the crossroads town of Blooming Grove, Warren's birthplace. He interviewed elderly residents, checked old records, collected affidavits and even photographs. Then he asserted in print that more than one of the President's ancestors had jumped the fence.

The Professor had been unable to find a picture of Warren's greatgrandfather, George T. Harding, and no one still living could give a firsthand description of the man. But there had been a significant murder case in 1849, when a blacksmith named David Butler had killed his partner Amos Smith, then insisted, as a defense in court, that Smith had called his wife a Negro. Butler's wife was George T. Harding's sister. The jury ruled that slander wasn't a justifiable defense, on the grounds that the Hardings had always been regarded as Negroes.

This suggestion of mixed blood was hardly conclusive. But George Harding had married an Elizabeth Madison, who had outlived him and was still remembered by eight different citizens of Blooming Grove to have been blackskinned. A son of this marriage named Charles Harding had married a Mary Ann Crawford, also allegedly of mixed blood. These were Warren G. Harding's paternal grandparents. Their published photos, particularly the one of his grandmother, lent some support to Chancellor's thesis.

Chancellor was a researcher of proven competence, and he bore no personal grudge against the President. On the other hand, his racial prejudices were probably even more extreme than those of most White America at the time. Since no other scholar retraced the same ground while the essential witnesses were still alive, his findings have never been confirmed or refuted. Blooming Grove had long been a Mecca for runaway slaves, and a large share of its residents were part Negro. But there is no reason why the matter should be regarded as of any particular importance today.

Still, it was more than political dynamite in 1922; it was a political bomb of nation-shaking proportions with a fast-burning fuse. Attorney General Daugherty had no hesitation about using the full force of the Justice Department to smother it. A large force of FBI agents was rushed to Ohio to locate the publisher, destroy the plates and all stock on hand, then begin the difficult task of tracing down and destroying every copy that had been sold. When possible, the federal men politely repurchased the book; when necessary, they forcibly confiscated it. So thorough was this blatantly

TRUE

"You're kidding!"

illegal search-seizure-and-incineration that only two copies were known to have survived, one of which eventually ended up in the New York Public Library.

Florence could take a deep breath and go on playing the part of a behind-the-scenes female President. Daugherty and the rest of what she regarded as her retinue had proven themselves loyal and protective friends. She really really believed she was running the Administration.

"The President of the United States and his Cabinet, Congress, the Senate . . . . It is I, Florence Kling Harding, who will control and guide that machinery by the touch of my little finger. The greatest, richest, most powerful nation on earth shall know the rule of a woman," she boasted in one of her wilder moments.

But as that year of 1922 came to a close, Congress just didn't seem to be accepting her little finger's guidance. Already the uncooperative men on Capitol Hill had made an abortive attempt to impeach Daugherty for his suspicious failure to prosecute certain cases, and now they were accusing her friend Charles Forbes of looting the Veteran's Bureau. Alien Property Custodian Thomas Miller, a genteel Yale man of whom Florence was particularly fond, was being subjected to similar accusations. And the charming, pipe-smoking Secretary of the Interior, Albert Fall, was being investigated because of some highly irregular oil leases he'd granted in government petroleum preserves. All of these suave gentlemen assured the First Lady that the accusations were mere political jealousy. But by March of 1923, both Forbes and Fall had resigned under fire, and Forbes' assistant Charles Cramer had committed suicide.

All this was highly upsetting for Florence, particularly since the man who'd been her mentor for a full quarter-century had stopped cultivating her and started avoiding her. Harry Daugherty no longer phoned and never seemed to be in when she called; he seemed totally absorbed in some mysterious problems of his own. By May, one of the Attorney General's own hangers-on—a fellow named Jesse Smith, who'd written letters and run errands for Florence—had also committed suicide in the face of charges of corruption. Increasingly worried, suspicious and resentful, she finally cornered Daugherty and demanded to know what was going on.

When he shrugged off her questions, Florence's temper got the best of her. Before long, with her voice at its most grating pitch, she was outdoing the Democrats in berating him. And suddenly, looking like someone who'd just shed an uncomfortable mask, he gave her the worst psychological slap-in-the-face imaginable.

"Women belong in kitchens!" he snorted. "Not in politics."

Florence Kling Harding threw the most explosive tantrum of her life. But her rage was impotent. Except for adding Daugherty's name to her little red book, there wasn't a thing she could do to him. She'd thought of herself as an offstage empress, controlling a puppet President and bestowing favors on courtierlike gentlemen who paid her due homage. Now she gradually began awakening to the fact that she'd been the puppet, used by these gentlemen for their own underhanded purposes. This crushing realization was too much for her precarious mental balance.

She still had no real concept of the mess she'd made by meddling in her husband's job and by nagging him into seeking it in the first place. Even the most vehement critics in Congress didn't realize as yet what an incredible amount of corruption had been crammed into the two short years that Florence believed she was dominating the governmental machinery. Daugherty had a fortune secretly stashed away in his brother's bank in Ohio. Fall had simply sold the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil preserves to the highest bribers. Forbes and Cramer had plundered the Veteran's Bureau even to the extent of selling sheets intended for hospitals. Miller had grown rich from kickbacks from Alien Property claims, while Smith and countless other lesser figures had been collecting every conceivable form of graft and peddling everything from protection for bootleggers to the pardons the First Lady delighted in granting. But all Florence really understood was that these men had somehow deceived her and used her to deceive her husband.

"There are forces, devilish forces, working against Warren," she reportedly told one of the few confidants she had left. "And they will destroy him if I don't protect him."

As unaware as the titular President may have been of the devilish forces, he did sense that the country was becoming a bit disenchanted with his administration. And as little as he cared for political power, he cared very deeply about his personal popularity. He developed a pathetic certainty that if he just got out among the people, made his genial speeches and flashed his winning smile across the nation, everything would somehow be all right again. So he planned a two-month "Voyage of Understanding," all the way to Alaska and back.

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THE JIG'S UP, MISS FIRE—WE'VE BROKEN YOUR CODE—
"...NOW IT'S TIME TO TRAVEL ON...
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DEAD BATTERY, MISS FIRE? YOU FORGOT TO PUT WATER IN IT—
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You're always right with AUTOLITE Ford

"What's for dinner?"

When the tour began, with his pompous phrases still futilely searching for an idea, the ever more frantic and fearful First Lady stayed close beside him. But one day he granted a secret audience to a veiled lady who was later learned to be Mrs. Albert Fall, wife of the former Secretary of the Interior. The President emerged stunned and shaken, and Florence's nervous apprehension became near-psychotic. The devilish forces seemed to be swirling all around her, mocking her with her helplessness and insignificance.

"Warren must never know!" she swore in frenzied desperation, without knowing herself what it was he shouldn't know. "Warren is a child in such matters!"

On to Denver, the Presidential party went, then up to Tacoma and by boat to Alaska. There a plane brought a long coded letter from Washington. No one will ever know what news Warren had received and from whom. The Chief Executive, however, seemed extremely upset after reading it, and he hinted that he knew of a major potential scandal in his administration. To the twisted mind of Florence Kling Harding, the vaguely-understood but dreaded moment of truth seemed very close at hand.

Newsmen had previously noticed that the President's lips were strangely bluish. Then suddenly at Seattle, just after sailing south again, he collapsed with a severe spell of stomach cramps. His accompanying physician, Dr. Charles Sawyer, announced that he'd been poisoned, presumably by fish or crab meat eaten on the boat. But reporters pointed out that there had been no fish or crab meat eaten on the boat, and that the President had eaten exactly the same food as the rest of his party, none of whom were suffering from stomach pains. The diagnosis was hurriedly changed to heart trouble.

For a time, Warren G. Harding seemed to be recovering. But on August 2, alone with his wife in a hotel room, he had an unexpected relapse. His death certificate blamed a blood clot on the brain.

All of the reported symptoms were consistent with certain types of heart trouble. But they were just as consistent with something far more sinister. Almost immediately, an incredible rumor began circulating among administration insiders—an accusation that the President's wife had poisoned him to save him from impending scandal. Florence became frantic at the mere mention of an autopsy and stubbornly refused to permit one. She refused, in fact, even to allow the customary death mask to be made. Her manner when her husband's body lay in state, in the words of her housekeeper, was one of "icy calm." Late at night, when the last mourners had gone, she came down to the casket alone.

"No one can hurt you now, Warren," she was heard saying over and over. "No one can hurt you now."

After the funeral at which, as *The New York Times* noticed, "Mrs. Harding stood dry-eyed while tears of sorrow streamed down the cheeks of many," the lady's icy calm gave way to frantic activity. She hired a sizable force of stenographers and launched a large-scale search for every letter her late husband had ever written, pretending she wanted them for sentimental reasons. Actually, she burned most of them. Two months before her death in November of 1924, while she was a guest at the home of the man who'd made the original diagnosis of poisoning, Doctor Sawyer unexpectedly passed away in exactly the same manner as Warren.

By then the storm of scandal had broken, a storm that would go on stunning the public with one sensational exposé after another for years. Albert Fall went to prison, as did Charles Forbes and Tom Miller and several others who had so profitably cultivated a First Lady. But shrewd Harry Daugherty simply burned some ledger sheets from his brother's bank, then piously insisted he'd done so to protect the dead President's good name, and two successive juries contained one or more members who evidently believed him. The corruption was so vast and complex that some phases of it are still a mystery. But political historians, who generally delight in disagreeing with each other, almost universally regard the Harding Administration as the worst the nation ever knew.

By 1927, having been refused an estate settlement for the child she claimed was Warren's, little Nan Britton was telling her story in a book called *The President's Daughter*. Three years after that, a former FBI man named Gaston Means, temporarily out of prison for taking bribes, turned literary himself with a book called *The Strange Death of President Harding*. He was undeniably a scoundrel; but just as undeniably, he once carried out secret assignments for the White House. And he put a seven-year-old rumor into print, claiming that Mrs. Harding had indirectly admitted to him that she poisoned her husband.

Such respected historians as Frederick Lewis Allen and Oswald Garrison Villard regarded Means' story as "very plausible." But the public had had an overdose of scandal by then. The twenties had roared to a close, the Crash had come, and with the grimness of the Great Depression at hand, America had to forget the fantastic national naiveté of the Harding years and begin facing reality—even to such details as repealing the farce of Prohibition. The onetime FBI man's revelations soon became little more than a jingle for children to chant in their play:

Who spilled the beans?
"I," said Gaston Means.
"I was behind the scenes. . . ."

Yet even today, beans remain to be spilled. Carrie Phillips, the lady whose husband had refused to decorate a storefront in honor of the famous neighbor who'd cuckolded him, died in 1960. She had become a crazed old recluse who had to be removed by court order from a rotting home where she'd lived ankle-deep in filth with a dozen big police dogs which had never been housebroken. She'd also neglected to clean out some equally pungent love letters Warren G. Harding had written her. And a million-dollar lawsuit is still raging over the partial publication of their contents in 1964.

If Madame Marcia's current counterparts could contact Florence Kling Harding, would-be American Empress and proclaimer of the Age of Woman, they'd find her still raging as well.

—Gene Caesar

How do Congressmen feel about getting letters?

Circle one. (five points)

a. They are too busy to read mail.
b. They want to know what people from home are thinking.
c. They do not care what your opinions are.

(The answer is "b". They always welcome sincere letters from constituents.)

It is your duty, as a sportsman and citizen, to take an active interest in the bills introduced each year which affect the future of outdoor recreation in America. How much do you know about making your opinions count? Here is a quick test.

2. Name the Congressman from your district. (ten points)

_____

(For answer, contact your town or county clerk)

3. Name the two U.S. Senators from your state. (ten points each)

_____

(You can find out from your town or county clerk)

4. The preferred form of address when writing your Congressmen is: (ten points)

a. "The Right Honorable _____"
b. "Dear Senator _____" or "Dear Representative _____"
c. "Dear Mr. _____"

(Most Congressmen aren't too concerned with formalities. "b" is perfectly acceptable.)

5. If I am interested in a bill introduced in the House, I should write to: (ten points)

a. The Representative who introduced the bill.
b. The chairman of the committee which will hear the bill.
c. The Representative from my district.

(Write "c" first, then "a" and "b" if the situation warrants.)

6. When I write a letter expressing an opinion, I should: (five points)

a. Quote what the "experts" are saying.
b. Express my own reasons and beliefs.
c. Send a petition with a lot of names.

(You are his constituent. The answer is "b".)

7. When I write a Congressman, I should: (five points)

a. Tell him how important I am.
b. Threaten him with my vote.
c. State the name of any organization I represent and my title.

(The answer is "c".)

8. When I write a Congressman, I should: (ten points)

a. Tell him what the Constitution means.
b. Be polite, sincere and brief.
c. Set him straight once and for all.

(Congressmen are familiar with what the Constitution means. "b" is the answer.)

9. When I write a Congressman, I should: (five points)

a. Tell him I am a Democrat.
b. Tell him I am a Republican.
c. It is not necessary to state party affiliation.

("c". Leave parties out of it.)

10. Circle one. (five points)

a. Congressmen are hardened to criticism.
b. Congressmen have the same feelings as anyone.
c. Congressmen ignore good or bad comments.

("b". Although too many people overlook this.)

11. About how many bills are introduced in Congress each session? (ten points)

a. 3,000 b. 5,000 c. 15,000

("c". No Congressman can read that many bills. That's why you should call his attention to bills that are important to you.)

12. I should express my opinion on a bill: (ten points)

a. Just before committee hearings.
b. When the bill comes up for vote in Congress.
c. When the bill goes to the President for signing.

(The committee recommendation usually decides the outcome of a bill. "a")

13. When a bill has been signed into law, I should: (five points)

a. Write and thank my Congressman for any help he gave.
b. Forget about the bill.
c. Complain to my Congressman.

("a". Win, lose or draw, he'll remember your gratitude on "another day.")

How to score yourself: Below 50 — Better brush up 50-60 — Fair • 60-70 — Good • 70-80 — Excellent 80-90 — Superior • 90 or above — Have you ever thought of running for President?

SHOOTING SPORTS ASSOCIATION, INC. / Riverside, Conn.

DRIVE TO SAVE THE MASAI CATTLE

[*Continued from page* 42]

legs to his shorts, and a leather waistcoat over his shirt. Crossed bandoliers of 12-gauge ammunition for his ancient shotgun draped from his shoulders. He was well over 60 and thin as a rake.

He gave a sign to his crew of 10 Sonjo drovers hired for the drive, and walking in front of the herd, began whistling and calling. Prodded by the men, the beasts stirred and lurched after him. In a few minutes the cattle had settled into an irregularly flowing movement, the Sonjo flanking the sides close in, and 30 Masai warriors, our escort, ranging out to guard against the dangers ahead.

We moved down through undulating grassland pocked with blackened mounds. In these lay the burned bones of animals who had died of sickness and of the bad vaccine used on them in the effort to fight the epidemic. Further along, the carcasses had not been disposed of, and sun-bleached skeletons littered the plain.

For awhile the younger Masai walked with us, seeing us off. It was a happy occasion for them. The tribe had sold cattle, and now there was money to buy what they needed. Misfortune had been thrust out of sight—but I knew it was just out of sight.

I had first come to East Africa from England at the age of 17. Two maiden aunts had brought me up, and perhaps because of the prim atmosphere around me as a child, I had dreamed of becoming a white hunter. In Africa it wasn't easy to achieve that status. I had gone from job to job, till in 1955 I joined as an officer a Masai Frontier Force raised to cope with Mau Mau terrorists bringing rape and murder from Kenya into Masai country.

I spent two years mopping up Mau Mau in the rolling highlands of Loliondo district, where I got to know the fierce Masai tribesmen. The Masai are the most dangerous people of Africa, and one of the proudest. But where once they warred incessantly with their neighbors, they now run great herds of cattle. Yet they know their rights and demand respect. Working with them, I learned their intricate language and customs. They came to trust me and made me a blood brother.

In 1957 the Frontier Force was disbanded, but I stayed on in Loliondo trading in hides. I was doing well when calamity struck the herds in the form of pleuropneumonia, a widely fatal respiratory disease.

The Tanganyika Veterinary Department acted immediately. A team of experts was rushed to the spot, and they began the massive task of inoculating the cattle. A new preventive vaccine called T3 was used. But something went wrong, because in a month 90 percent of the 50,000 animals treated with T3 were dead or dying. Soon vultures were everywhere, most of them too gorged to fly.

At this dire time, the Veterinary Department asked me to organize the Masai in a fight against the epidemic. The struggle was long, but slowly we got the disease under control in the few remaining herds, until eventually a whole month went by without a death from pleuropneumonia.

We should have been able to relax, but the situation had not really improved. While the cattle were dying the Masai still had their basic foods, meat and blood, as well as some milk (the disease affected only the lung area of the animal); now they could not even get enough milk for the children from what was left of their herds. As the possibility of starvation increased, an American mission helped with loans to buy other foods until its funds ran out. There was only one thing left: to sell what cattle the Masai did not absolutely require for rebuilding their herds.

So I radioed Veterinary Department headquarters for permission to reopen the local cattle markets. The reply staggered me—the Loliondo region and its cattle were to remain in quarantine for seven years, the minimum safety period after pleuropneumonia.

A virile race like the Masai would not take such an order lying down. Their warriors grew restless. At dawn one day a raiding party of seven headed for an outlying village of the Waikoma, a Bantu people. Even for battle the Masai do not remove the bells on their feet, and the

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First of all, congratulations on your good taste. They're fine tobaccos every one.

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clonking roused the place. The sound is a pleasant one, but it struck terror into the 2,000 inhabitants, who promptly fled.

Some ran as far as Mwanza, 80 miles away, with the news that the entire Masai nation had risen. Authorities in the provincial capital radioed me to find out what had happened. Soon Peter Anderson, the veterinary officer for the area, flew in on a small plane with Gordon Pevie, assistant director of Veterinary Services.

"What the hell's going on?" Pevie demanded.

"It was only a cattle raid," I said. "But the situation is explosive. In some kraals the people have no cattle left and are starving. Soon I won't be able to stop the Masai from moving their tribal cattle out for sale, so they can buy food for everyone."

"If they do we'll have to ask the governor for troops to enforce the quarantine," Pevie said.

"That would mean war."

"We can't risk the spread of the disease. There are 124 pastoral tribes in East Africa, all with tremendous numbers of cattle. We can't let these other herds catch it."

That was my cue. I said, "I have a proposition. I've spoken to John Aitkenhead, the chief buyer for a big corned-beef firm in Arusha. He is prepared to take 2,000 head of Loliondo cattle at a fair price. Your objection to reopening the cattle markets here is the spread of infection through dispersal of quarantine animals. If there is only one buyer, there would be no dispersal."

But here Anderson objected. He explained that the 2,000 cattle would have to be trekked 200 miles to Arusha. The animals we picked might seem to be free of the disease, but pleuropneumonia was highly contagious, and there was too great a possibility of infecting clean herds on the way.

"We could make certain that didn't happen," I argued.

He shook his head. "Don't you know that cattle buyers allow for up to 20 percent wastage on a big trek? Sickness, exhaustion, lions all take a steady toll. Worst of all are the cattle thieves. I could not think of a better way to spread the disease than driving a quarantine herd of that size to Arusha."

The idea seemed hopeless, but I persisted. "Would you permit the trek if I personally guaranteed the safe arrival of all the animals?"

"How could you give such a guarantee?" Pevie demanded.

"Because I would take the herd myself. I know a route through mainly uninhabited country. With an escort of Masai warriors we'd be pretty safe."

In the end the assistant director agreed, but only on two conditions. The first was that I finish the trek with the herd in two weeks. Part of the route lay through tsetse country, and the incubation period was two weeks for the sleeping sickness the flies might give the animals. The cattle had to be disposed of before then. The other condition was that I account for every animal at Arusha. If some cattle died on the journey, they were to be buried in pits and their tails produced as evidence.

"I'm taking a big risk," he pointed out. "Lose one cow and it's the last these Masai will sell for seven years."

The cattle sale that followed was an historic event in Loliondo. I selected 2,000 head from the various herds as fairly as I could, and negotiated prices for them in the presence of the elders. Aitkenhead had brought cash, and what amounted to more than $40,000 was paid over to the destitute Masai. From now on the risk would be Aitkenhead's—and the responsibility mine.

As the drive began the next morning I could hear Mohamud calling out in front through the clonking of the pig-iron bell around the neck of the leading bull. The afternoon was sunny and hot. Dust rose in suffocating clouds, and the flies swarmed. For the first two days there would be no water for the herd, but these Zebu beasts were tough.

That evening we made a *boma,* a corral around the cattle, by driving stakes into the ground and lacing in thorn tree branches. With the herd thus contained, we had a snack and a smoke. Then I told Matele, the leader of the Masai guards, to post his men, and we rolled up in our blankets to sleep as we could, alert to any disturbance.

At dawn we were on the move again, following a dry river bed as it descended 2,000 feet to a plain called Sale. This was the tsetse country—dry, with open woodland and scrub. By midday massive clouds had begun to build up, so we hustled the cattle along to get them down on the plain before the coming storm broke.

It was comparatively easy to drive them, because the river channel had turned into a valley with ever-deepening sides, and the herd could do little but follow it. Further on, I knew, the valley became a gorge, and the stretch after that would be the real danger area. A cloudburst in the hills around us would turn our dusty river bed into a cascading torrent with very short warning. If we were in the gorge, we would all be drowned.

There was another track, and I considered it as I eyed the clouds. But it was 20 miles longer than this direct route, and every mile meant more risk. I decided to stay with the river bed, gambling $40,000 worth of cattle, the hopes of the Masai and our lives on my judgment.

The herd seemed to understand the tenseness of the situation. The usual undercurrent of lowing had stopped, and all we heard was their scurrying hooves with, now and then, the moaning complaint of a beast protesting at the pinch as they flowed in a tight pack.

The last mile, in the gorge, was almost a race. A hard wind had whipped up, driving the dust into our faces. I stepped on a rock, watching for the end of the herd—and listening. Far away, and just above the sound of the trotting cattle, a hollow booming was perceptible. The water had started.

The Masai and the drovers had heard this sound before I did and were already urging the longhorns on. Shortly I made out the end of the gorge through the heavy dust. We slithered down the last few hundred yards and spilled onto the plain, hurrying out of the river course.

On the plain the wind had gone, and the trees scattered along the river bank were still. Out of the gorge the booming became thunder as we watched. Then a 30-foot wall of muddy water burst through with the speed of an express train, carrying in its wake a tumbling mass of debris and uprooted trees.

We had survived the second day out.

That night the herd watered in a clear stream that flowed past the Sonjo village on the plain. The Administration had obtained permission for us to bed down, but we had a visit from the Sonjo chief with 50 warriors.

The Sonjo are a Bantu tribe, suspicious, argumentative and notorious as cattle thieves.

The chief began by complaining that

TRUE

"How do you think *I* feel knowing a nut like you is running loose?"

"I never wanted the best years of her life—just a couple of good nights."

we had brought a disease to his country which menaced his herds.

"But all your cattle are being grazed 50 miles away," I said. "This was arranged."

"The sickness will stay in the ground," he declared.

"It will remain only two days."

"Your cattle are eating my grass."

"It will grow again."

Point after point we debated for about two hours while I was practically dropping with sleep. In the end he left muttering dark threats. I was uneasy. I had seen his men whispering to my 10 drovers—all Sonjo from this village. They had been hired by the cattle buyer Aitkenhead. Personally I wouldn't trust any Sonjo a yard, and I warned Matele to watch the drovers carefully.

About midnight cold rain started bucketing down, soaking us to the skin and putting out our fires. We huddled in our blankets, miserable. There was a sudden movement near my groin. Jumping up to brush off my shorts, I felt a fiery stab between my legs.

"What is it, *bwana*?" Matele asked.

"A scorpion!" I shouted. It was all I could do to keep from screaming.

The Masai spend their lives making themselves tough. They begin as young children, branding patterns on their skin with hot knives to prepare themselves for the most painful type of circumcision at the age of 15, when they are initiated into the ranks of men. Pain is something men must take without complaint. I subsided into my blanket, quietly biting my hand in agony.

A faint moon appeared through the clouds, though it was still pouring, and at 2 a.m. we decided to set off behind our Sonjo guide toward our next way point, a series of jagged peaks called the Mosonik hills.

The plain we were on was a quagmire. Water lay in sheets, and we sank to our ankles as we plodded through the sticky black soil. The scorpion bite made it a night of hell for me.

As dawn broke, the rain eased a bit and I thought the scene looked familiar. Then I saw the Sonjo village barely a mile away. We had been going in circles.

I grabbed the guide. He had made a mistake, he said, but he would bring us goat milk. "Rest now," he added slyly. "Let the cattle graze. Tonight we will send you women."

The trick was transparent. The Sonjo chief had 500 warriors. Our 10 drovers from his tribe would merely have to stampede the cattle. The herd would be rounded up again, but perhaps 50 would be missing.

I stuck the muzzle of my Winchester in the guide's navel. "Get out," I said. "If I see you two minutes from now I'll fire."

I have never seen a man move so fast.

Tired as we were, we pushed on. The sun came out, and presently the cloud of steam rising from the cattle and from ourselves was as thick as the dust had been the day before. By evening of this long third day we were camped on the brink of an escarpment overlooking Great Rift Valley, where Natron, a vast soda lake, sparkled blue below us.

Next day we headed down toward the lake and into a fantastic moonscape of soda outcrops in blinding white, a place of mirages in the shimmering heat. Near the lake there is no vegetation, but in the shadow of the scarp face the grass is unnaturally lush.

We corralled the herd near a stream gushing out of a rock face, and with darkness the mosquitoes came down on us in clouds. I tried to sleep buried in my blanket, but the heat was stifling. So I joined a group of Masai who had heaped leaves and bushes on a fire to chase away the mosquitoes with acrid smoke.

As we sat with smarting eyes, we heard the lions, their low, throbbing coughs getting nearer and nearer. The cattle had already sensed them, and now the herd became a mass of terror pressing away from the sound. I saw the thorn fence of the *boma* bulge.

Tanganyika lions have a bad reputation. In Njombe district, near Lake Nyasa, to the south, a pride of 17 was reputed to have eaten more than 1,000 people and 2,000 head of cattle in five years. At Iyayi they attacked a herd in broad daylight and killed seven men who attempted to drive them off.

Lions hunt by splitting into teams, with one or two waiting downwind to make the kill while the rest move up to stampede their prey. These lions obviously wanted beef. Mohamud squatted near me.

"*Bwana*, I know these lions. They will not leave us alone. Let us give them an ox before the herd breaks out."

Mohamud had spoken like a sensible Somali, but Matele demurred. As a Masai, he had an emotional feeling for cattle. I felt the same way. I had lived with the Masai, fought beside them, shared their barbaric feasts. I had seen a boy of 10 killed defending his father's cattle against a lion. And I had joined the party of warriors armed with spears, shields and double-edged swords who surrounded that lion. We had killed it, but not before it disemboweled one of us. To any Masai, Mohamud's idea was unthinkable.

"No," I said, "we will not feed them."

We piled wood on the fires, and as they blazed we saw the lions like gray wraiths in the bushes. We shouted, throwing firebrands which broke into showers of sparks among them. They backed away, snarling in anger, but soon moved in again.

Suddenly a lioness charged at the *boma* with a full-throated roar. She got to within 10 yards of two Masai, then veered off as their spears whistled toward her, missing by inches.

There was a crash from the opposite side of the *boma*. I rushed around it to see cattle streaming out.

Both drovers and Masai ran up to turn them back. In the melee an ox got through the line of men, and a Masai guard took after it. I turned on the flashlight attached to my rifle and picked up the chase with the beam—just as a lioness charged out of a thicket on the right.

I fired and missed. I fired again and the lioness somersaulted, landing flat on her back, to lie with her legs open.

The rest of the lions hovered in the bushes for a time, then a few advanced into the camp clearing. There was still a lot of confusion, and some 40 cattle were milling about outside the *boma*. Unless we could get rid of our attackers,

we would be in trouble. We had to open a counterattack.

I called up two Masai carrying shotguns loaded with buckshot.

"Pepper them," I said.

The guards fired, and angry bellows of pain burst out. I had my rifle up, waiting. As I expected, a big boss male appeared. With a tremendous roar he bounded at me in a flat-out charge.

He came very smoothly and very fast, a dark cannonball through the firelight. He was about 20 paces away when I turned on my flashlight full in his face. He pulled up momentarily, his eyes like slits and his big teeth bared, and I shot him in the chest. He reared and I clobbered him again. He fell over backward.

The Masai fired once more into the bushes. There were answering roars, but no other lion took up the challenge, and we relaxed as we heard the beasts moving off.

Our route for the fifth day lay down the shore of Lake Natron, with the terrible heat beating us into the ground as a hell of fine dust from the hooves of the cattle choked and blinded us. From the lake we headed due south for the volcano Oldonyolengai, a perfect cone 9,400 feet high, with a cap of white ash that looks like snow. The Masai believe cattle go there when they die. We skirted the lower slopes, but the brittle lava from past eruptions still gashed a number of hooves.

Reaching the village of Engaruka meant we were halfway. We had covered 100 miles in five days. The worst of the journey was behind us; ahead lay grass-covered savannah. We let the beasts graze as they drifted over rolling plains.

We touched Lake Manyara, then turned southeast to Makuyuni village. That night a leopard got into the corral. I heard the commotion, and with my flashlight saw an ox bucking about in frenzy. At first I thought it had been stung, then I spotted the cat glued to its back. Suddenly the leopard took off in a splayed leap, and in midair I got him. He dropped with a soft thud like a pillow.

To avoid the main road, we went by way of Lolkisale in two easy stages, planning to arrive in Arusha the ninth day out. There were barely 30 miles to go, and I was congratulating myself. I was a little premature.

The country was open bush with the grass dry and waist high. Ahead of us in the distance a line of trees marked the forest following the banks of a seasonal stream called Engedyu Nyiro, which curved across our front to disappear behind a series of rock outcrops on the left. A brisk wind was taking our dust straight out away from us.

Off to one side I noticed a herd of elephants moving with the wind, traveling unusually fast. Beyond them were buffalo trotting briskly in the same direction. Odd, I thought.

Then Matele came up. He pointed, and I saw smoke stretching across the horizon behind us. A racing prairie fire. Mohamud saw it too. He promptly started swinging the herd round to the left till we were heading at right angles to the wind.

To me this seemed crazy. Safety obviously lay on the other side of the broad, sandy bed of the Engedyu Nyiro straight in front. I caught up with Mohamud and demanded to know what the devil he was doing.

"*Bwana,* it is four miles to the river. We cannot reach it before the fire."

I saw what he meant. We were in the middle of a sea of dry grass. In that wind the fire would overtake us at possibly 40 miles an hour. Mohamud's plan was to make a beeline for the shelter of the rock outcrops, only about two miles away.

The race began. The drovers hustled the cattle along, the heads of the Zebu up and fear in their large brown eyes. Instinct was urging them downwind, and they tried to turn off. So it wasn't just a race for the rocks; the herd had to be driven and kept from stampeding.

The fire, when it came into view, traced a contour of flame along a front of at least 10 miles. Literally hundreds of animals were in flight—zebra, eland, impala. Four kudu bounded across our path, followed by two ostriches. A rhino heaved our way, puffing like a bronchial steam engine. Near the fire the air was alive with hawks and eagles swooping on small mammals flushed out.

We hurried on, every man in the party on the right flank, leaning against the moving wall of beef, shouting at the animals to keep them on course.

The sound of the fire, as the wind brought it, was a roar rushing up and down like surf breaking on a reef. A lioness with a cub in her mouth trapped by a wing of the fire front bounded along looking for escape. Eventually she found a weak spot in the advancing line, and with a magnificent leap went straight over the flames to safety.

In some places the fire had forged far forward. In others scrub and patches of sand held it up. The ground near the rocks was that type. But between the sandy area and ourselves a spearhead of fire was racing ahead in a determined effort to cut us off. We had 400 yards to go.

Our only hope was a top speed effort. We set the herd into a gallop, whipping at its flank to keep that mass of panic from swerving downwind to destruction.

The heat of the flaring grass was searing as we passed less than 30 yards from the point of the fire. Another hundred yards and we were clear. Still we trotted on, stumbling through boulders and clumps of thorn to the shadow of the rock outcrops. Then we cut across obliquely to the river and crossed to the other side while the fire swept behind us to be brought up on the sandy shore.

Aitkenhead was waiting for us at Tami, the company's stockyard on the road into Arusha, and I handed over the herd—2,000 animals, including one bearing a leopard's scratches plastered with dung, the Masai remedy.

I telegraphed Pevie at the Veterinary Services: "QUARANTINED HERD DELIVERED ARUSHA STOP WASTAGE NIL."

Over the next three years, I ran 12 more cattle drives for the Masai. The job became almost routine. But the first one had showed the way. In a report to the governor it was called "the cattle drive that stopped a war."

—Michael Leaf and Dennis Holman

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REPUBLICAN QUARTERBACK IN SEARCH OF AN OFFENSE

[*Continued from page* 20]

a handful of people in a room and compromising their divergent views."

Griffin's leader displayed precious few masterful touches in his first days as Minority Leader. Pledged to unite Republicans, he strangely chose to split their ranks in seeking to oust popular Rep. Leslie C. Arends, of Illinois, from the House Whip post he had held for more than 20 years. Ford hardly could have chosen a less likely challenger than wealthy, introverted Rep. Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, whose temperament had earned the cloakroom nickname 'Petulant Peter.' The result was a 70 to 59 reversal of Ford's wishes that left him mumbling to himself.

The rebuffed leader's attempt to recoup his losses met with new disaster, G.O.P. legislators refused a Ways and Means Committee seat to Ford's announced personal choice, Rep. Charles Goodell of New York. So Ford put Charley Goodell up for something else. (Chairmanship of the Republican Policy Committee). The rank-and-file rejected *that*, too. Stung, Ford created an "advisory" leadership post for his friend Goodell and installed him without benefit of confirmation. This act stuck in the craws of G.O.P. Congressmen who felt they couldn't have been more specific on the Goodell issue unless they'd pulled his hair.

When the antipoverty Appalachia Bill offered the first big test of strength between Ford's leadership and the Great Society, G.O.P. forces lost 17 straight attempts to amend the bill by so much as a comma. Other far-reaching Administration measures roared through the House with the ease of Mother's Day resolutions. Such repeated reverses prompted John Lindsay, then a Congressman from Manhattan's "silk stocking" 17th District to remark: "Gerry's been highly educated by finding out who his friends and enemies really are. He's had to discover the hard way that his throat could be cut rather quickly."

Ford acknowledges persistent rumors that Wisconsin's Representative Laird may be in a hurry to succeed him. "Some people tell me to watch Mel. Well, I don't have time. Presuming Mel *is* looking out for himself—well, if I do the best job I can as Minority Leader then everything else will take care of itself."

The man the world knows as Gerald R. Ford, Jr., was born Leslie King, Jr., at Omaha, Nebraska, in July, 1913. His parents were divorced before the boy's earliest recollections. The ex-Mrs. King moved to Grand Rapids, where she met and married a Michigan paint manufacturer named Gerald Ford. Her two-year-old son took that name.

The family (not related to the automobile Fords) was neither rich nor poor. They were financially comfortable middle class until the Depression hit in 1929. Gerry Ford was then an honor student and star athlete at Grand Rapids' South High. Captain of the undefeated football team his senior year, he made all-city and all-state. Ford won a football grant-in-aid to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. To keep himself in school and pin money, young Gerry Ford washed dishes and waited tables at a fraternity house. He also sold his blood for $20 a pint the first of each month.

Center-linebacker Gerry Ford was a regular on the Wolverines' national championship teams of 1932 and 1933. The next year he was voted the team's Most Valuable Player, and made both the East-West Shrine and College All-Star squads. He was offered contracts by the Detroit Lions and the Green Bay Packers of the National Football League. Ford turned down these play-for-pay offers for the opportunity to work his way through Yale Law School as assistant varsity football coach and freshman boxing coach at $3,600 annually. ("Doggone good money in 1936.")

Ford's speech is full of football jargon. Elected Minority Leader he said, "Nobody will sit on the bench. Every man will be a 60-minute player." Steps to outmaneuver the Democrats become "end runs." Ford exhorts staff aides to "keep your heads in the game," or seeks a colleague's help with a ticklish political chore by asking that "you run a little interference for me." After taking a clobbering from the Democrats one day last year, Ford was asked by a newsman what he intended to do next. He thought about it for a moment and then called a play: "Punt."

Something of the athlete remains in Gerry Ford's bearing. Proud of retaining his 197-pound playing weight of 30 years ago, he rises at 6 a.m. to swim in the heated backyard pool at his two-story colonial home in Alexandria, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington. A ski bug, he frequents resorts in Michigan and Colorado. He walks rapidly, disdains Capitol Building elevators in favor of stairs and plays a murderous game of paddle ball.

When others were Minority Leader, visitors had to wade through three anterooms to see them. Ford's first order was, "I want just one door between me and the public—and I want it open." Though a rising national figure, Ford knows he must stay on top of his Michigan district. His first weekly newsletter following election as Minority Leader begged the home folks: "Please don't think I'm too busy to look after *your* problems now. *You* come first."

Ford fears that his conservative Main Street constituents will think he's become too liberal or two international or simply too uptown. He hates to be photographed in a tuxedo, shys away from talk of his chauffeured limousine or other emoluments of office. He woos constituents from a "mobile office" (house trailer), discussing how Junior might apply for appointment to West Point or how to expedite some little old lady's Social Security check as grimly as if western civilization hangs in the balance. He's been accused of "beating the preacher to the door to shake hands with the congregation" following Episcopal sermons back in Grand Rapids. But the proof is in the pudding, and the proof shows that Ford has never received less than 60.9 percent of the vote in Michigan's 5th District.

Ford can't match nickels with the Kennedys, Johnsons or Rockefellers. He owes a mortgage on the Virginia house, rents out the family duplex back in Grand Rapids, has about $15,000 worth of stocks and bonds. Unlike many lawyer-legislators, Ford doesn't hang out his shingle because he's afraid of a possible conflict of interest. He lives on his Minority Leader's $40,000 salary ($5,000 more than the common garden-variety Congressman gets) but frets because he doesn't save more for his children's future.

Nor are the Fords social butterflies. Mrs. Ford, the former Elizabeth Bloomer of Grand Rapids, complains that "there isn't enough time for home life, much less the cocktail circuit." Her husband's idea of a big night on the town is curling up with a copy of *U.S. News and World Report* or watching a son play football in an 80-pound league. When Congress recesses, the Fords and their four school-age children (three sons, one daughter) grab quickie vacations at a ski resort or fishing haven.

Betty Ford, a slim, attractive former fashion coordinator pictures her husband as a man constantly in motion. ("I had to learn to ski to catch him.") Their honeymoon was typical of things to come. Married in Grand Rapids on an October Friday in 1948, they "attended a football game at Ann Arbor on Saturday, drove to Owosso to hear Tom Dewey speak on Saturday night and spent Sunday stuffing envelopes with Gerry's campaign literature."

Press Secretary James Mudge calls his boss "a demon for work. He sheds his coat at the door and starts yelling for a half-dozen people he wants on the phone," Mudge relates. "He pops in and out of these cubbyholes all day—usually with about 19 jobs he wants done at once." But Ford has a talent for quick relaxation. Waiting for an overdue plane, he may stretch out on an airport bench and be fast asleep in minutes.

The ability to bank his personal fires helped Ford when, as all freshmen Congressmen must, he took a back-row seat to content himself with drudgery while seniority worked its tedious magic. "The House of Representatives is the hardest jury in the world," the late Speaker Sam Rayburn used to say. "We watch a man for about three terms before we know whether he's substantial." When Gerry Ford's three-term apprenticeship was served, he generally was rated depend-

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able, hardworking and accommodating. As a member of the Armed Services Committee, he was known on Congress for expertise on military matters. G.O.P. leaders approved of his uncomplaining labor in partisan vineyards.

To the general public, however, Ford's name was no more familiar than the Unknown Soldier's. He first came to attention in 1960 when he reached for the Vice-Presidential nomination. For once he overreached himself. Richard Nixon, preferring U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, privately passed the word: "Gerry's not ready." Though Ford continued a steady advance within G.O.P. councils, little more was heard from him until he was named (ironically, by Lyndon B. Johnson) to the Warren Commission to investigate President John F. Kennedy's assassination.

Gerry Ford was not one to miss so golden an opportunity. He attracted attention by showing sympathy for Lee Harvey Oswald's mother and by regarding the assassin's pretty widow, Marina, with less deference than generally was shown toward her. This put Gerry Ford on TV more than any other Warren Commission member. He wrote a book on his Warren Commission experiences, *Portrait of An Assassin*.

Late last year, Ford gave evidence of not having abandoned all hope that his party could be guided back into the 20th century. Rep. Prentiss Walker, one of the new Dixieland Republicans, got Ford to accept an invitation to speak at a Natchez, Mississippi, luncheon. Ford quickly received a telegram from Charles Evers, NAACP director for Mississippi, protesting that the luncheon would be segregated. Ford's investigation proved that Negro Republicans had tried to buy tickets but were told the luncheon was "sold out."

When Ford said this wouldn't do, Wirt Yerger, Mississippi Republican Chairman, charged the "troublemakin' Nigras" were not Republicans but "wild-eyed radicals." Ford wouldn't buy that, either. Ultimately Yerger proposed a scheme to Ford's emissary, Representative Goodell, whereby the Minority Leader would conveniently "miss" the segregated luncheon —but show up in time to address a more informal, and racially integrated, G.O.P. rally in another hall. Acting under Ford's orders, Goodell refused participation in this contrivance.

"Dick Nixon and Barry Goldwater did it," Yerger said, by way of bolstering his position.

"They lost, too," Goodell reminded.

When Ford announced the cancellation of his Natchez speech, Mississippi Republicans gave a knee-jerk reaction in blaming it on "racial tensions." But the cancellation was motivated by far more significant considerations. In refusing to tolerate what Nixon and Goldwater had tolerated, Gerry Ford may have made an initial move in a shift which one day could bring the Republican Party back to its days of old glory. If so, then he certainly will have attended to his own larger ambitions in the process.

—Larry L. King

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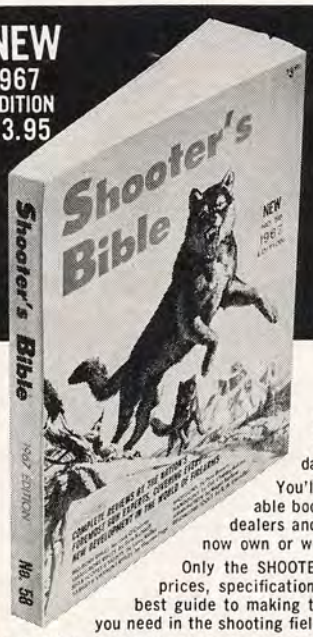

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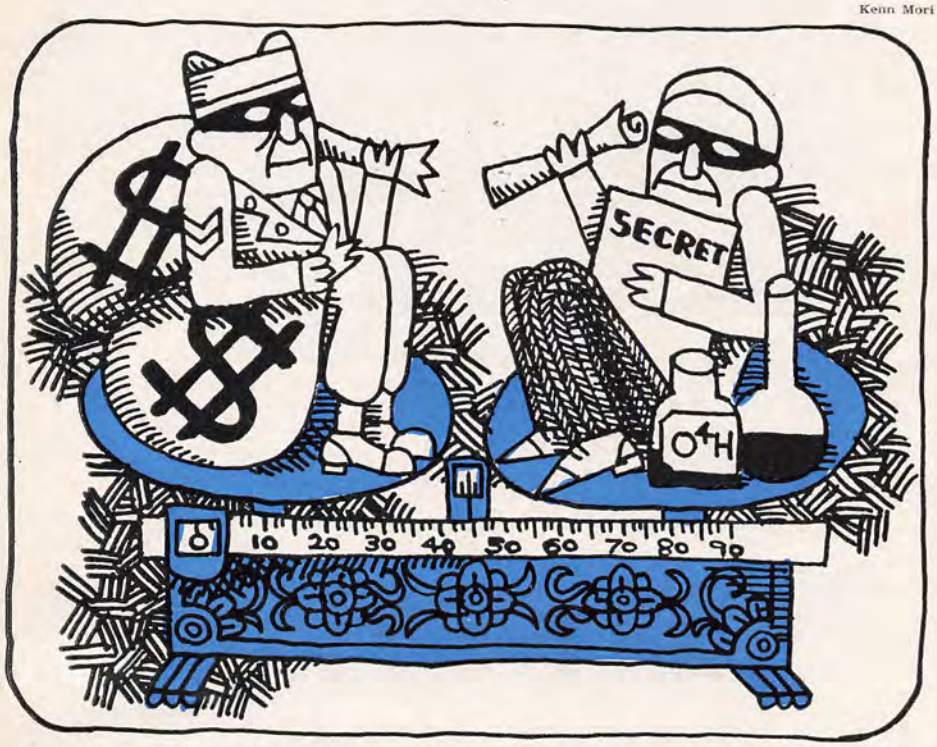

German Gold Reserves and medical formulas were targets for world-record thefts.

Larceny on a grand scale holds fascination for even the most honest of us, perhaps because the really big jobs take imagination and daring, perhaps because we all like a good cops-and-robbers story. Along these lines Jim Dougherty of Miami asks, "What was the biggest robbery of all time?"

If you are referring to coin of the realm, Jim, the biggest robbery on record is the theft of the German National Gold Reserves in Bavaria, in June, 1945, at the close of World War II. It was pulled off by a combine of U.S. military personnel and German civilians. Surpassing the British train robbery, the Brink's holdup and the Plymouth mail-truck robbery, the haul included 730 gold bars valued at $9,878,400, six sacks of bank notes of unknown value and 25 boxes of platinum bars and precious stones. The robbers were never caught and the loot has never been recovered.

For sheer value, however, the biggest theft of all time was not an armed robbery, but an industrial one. In 1960, Dr. Sidney Martin Fox, a chemist employed by Lederle Laboratories in Pearl River, New York, and two aides, stole secret formulas and priceless mold cultures used to manufacture tetracycline—the world's most popular antibiotic. Fox arranged meetings with agents of Italian pharmaceutical companies and eventually passed them the information and cultures.

Italy has no drug-patent law. The Italian firms, therefore, were able to set themselves up in the antibiotic business as beneficiaries of some $30 million which Lederle had spent in developing its brand of tetracycline. The pirated drug now is sold by the Italians around the world at cut-rate prices in competition with patent-abiding American manufacturers.

The total value of the theft can only be an educated guess since the full Italian sales figures are not available. But it is known that purchases of Italian-made tetracycline were $4.7 million last year in the U.S. alone. The firms spent no money on research, royalties or licensing—savings which together with booming sales could eventually mean profits of $50 million or more.

For this prize, the 10 conspirators in the theft were paid only $130,000. Lederle security police eventually became suspicious of Fox's behavior and the case was broken when a laboratory technician confessed the thievery to the company and to the FBI. He received a suspended sentence early this year for helping in the investigation and six others—including Doctor Fox received jail terms. The remaining three are in Italy out of reach of American law for their part in what Rep. Richard L. Roudebush of Indiana, sponsor of a bill in Congress to plug patent loopholes, has called "the greatest theft in history."

Q: I understand that military personnel got a pay raise recently. What is a private's pay now? *Claude A. Bouler, Dimopolis, Ala.*

A: Upon entering the service, $87.90 a month, and $97.50 a month after basic training. Previously it was $78 and $85.80. Everyone's pay in the Armed Forces, from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff down to the private, was raised as a result of the Military Pay Act of 1965, signed into law on August 21 of last year.

Q: What was Coxey's Army? *Douglas Warner, Baton Rouge, La.*

A: A band of jobless men led on a march from Massillon, Ohio, to Washington, D.C., in 1894 by Jacob Sechler Coxey. Widespread unemployment was caused by the Depression of 1893 and the purpose of the march was to petition Congress for measures which would relieve the situation. The protest fizzled when an army of 500, instead of an anticipated 10,000, reached Washington where its leaders were promptly arrested for walking on the Capitol lawn.

UPI

Q: What is the outside temperature surrounding a space capsule during orbit? *George W. Rettew, New Castle, Del.*

A: Orbital temperature extremes go from 300 degrees Fahrenheit on the light side to minus 300 degrees on the dark side.

Q: Why is it that if a fly is flying around in a car which is moving along about 60 mph., the fly does not get hit by the back of the car? *Eunice Skellie, Stillwater, N. Y.*

A: If the car is closed so that no outside breeze comes in, then the air in the car, and everyone and everything inside move forward at the same rate of speed. The fly is flying around in relation to the closed compartment, not in relation to the outside environment. But if the windows of the car are open and this relationship no longer exists—pow!—the fly gets it.

Q: I realize that the Gideon Association was named after the Biblical figure, Gideon, but why was his name selected? *Mrs. Austin Young, Dallas, Tex.*

A: Because Gideon was a man who was willing to do exactly what God wanted him to do, regardless of his own judgment. The Gideon Association, which was founded in July, 1899, and which places Bibles in hotel rooms, set the same unquestioning obedience to God's will as the standard for its members.

Q: I have heard of a western town that holds a rattlesnake roundup. Do they really gather rattlesnakes? *Gerry Lipchek, Camden, N. J.*

A: Yes. Okeene, Oklahoma, has held such a roundup every April for the past 27 years. Prizes are given for the longest and second longest rattlesnakes caught, and a special $100 prize goes to the hunter who catches and brings back alive a branded rattlesnake released by officials on the morning of the hunt. There is also a liar's award.

Q: I've heard that a few years back a poll was taken among historians in order to rate former Presidents according to greatness. What was the result of the poll? *Bob Brogan, Vandalia, Ill.*

A: Taken in 1962 among 75 prominent historians and political scientists, the poll named as the five greatest Presidents in order of greatness: Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Jefferson. President Kennedy was not under consideration as his term was not yet completed at that time. At the other end of the scale, Ulysses S. Grant and Warren G. Harding were named as failures.

Q: Does altitude have any effect on the time it takes to boil an egg? Could a three-minute egg, say, take four minutes to cook in some places and less time in others? *Harv Robinson, Seattle, Wash.*

A: Yes. The time required for cooking an egg depends upon the temperature of the water, and water boils at lower temperatures in high altitudes than it does at sea level. At sea level, the boiling point of water is 212 degrees Fahrenheit. For each 1,000-foot increase in altitude, the boiling point is lowered about two degrees. At an altitude of 5,000 feet, for example, water boils at 203 degrees. Thus, the higher up an egg is boiled the longer it takes to cook.

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Q: A friend claims that the Portuguese-type bullfights held in Houston's Astrodome were the first in the U.S. Is this so? *Robert N. Brinton, Harker Heights, Tex.*

A: No. The Portuguese, or bloodless type of bullfight where the bull is not killed, has been presented often in the U.S. California, particularly, was the scene of many such fights until that state outlawed the sport in 1957. Other states, including Texas, hosted bullfights long before man and bull moved indoors to the plush confines of the Astrodome. Even New York City was not without some bullfight activity. Coney Island was the scene of two bullfights in the summer of 1927. Many Spanish style bullfights, where the bull is killed, were also staged in this country. Around the turn of the century they were held in Omaha, San Diego, Denver and even as far east as Detroit.

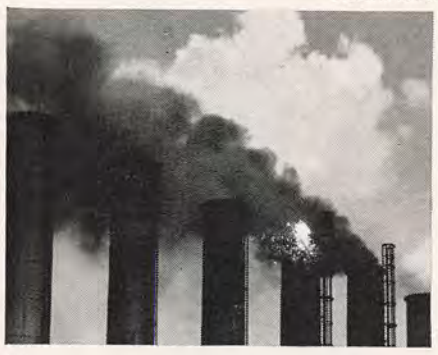
Q: Does the famed Boot Hill cemetery in Dodge City, Kansas, still exist? *Elwood Dutton, Detroit, Mich.*

A: Yes. It, along with a hangman's tree from which at least three men are known to have been hanged, are preserved as tourist attractions, but there are no bodies buried in Boot Hill any more. The cemetery was used from 1872 to 1879 as a burial place mostly for unknown men killed by fast gunmen while living it up on Front Street. The bodies were removed from their graves in 1879 and reburied northeast of Dodge City at Prairie Grove Cemetery. Colonel John W. Straughn, the coroner who removed the skeletons, testified that most of the Boot Hill residents had indeed died with their boots on.

Q: In the life of an average car, how much of the time is it actually in use? *Victor Lombardo, Scranton, Pa.*

A: Only five percent.

Frederic Lewis



Q: Aren't factory smokestacks the main reason for air pollution? *Kevin Lyle, Chicago, Ill.*

A: No. Of the 133 million tons of pollutants released into our atmosphere each year, 85 million tons are puffed from the tail pipes of trucks, cars and buses. Factory and manufacturing pollutants account for about 22 million tons, and the remaining 26 million tons come from electric power generation, heating apparatus, and from the burning of refuse.

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Q: As a youngster in Arizona, back in the '30's, I recall my parents talking about some kind of "war" with California. I realize there never was any war between the two states, but there must have been some sort of conflict. Can you enlighten me? *Joseph Parksman, Denver, Colo.*

A: They were probably referring to the quarrel that took place because of California's plan to build a dam on the Colorado River in 1934 with the help of the federal government. The Colorado River is the mutual border between the two states and Arizona's Governor Benjamin B. Moeur claimed that his state had not been consulted, nor had its rights in connection with the dam been secured. He was determined to do "all that was necessary" to defend the rights of his state. The Arizona National Guard was alerted to stand ready should workmen at the damsite "invade" Arizona land. Late in 1934, Arizona finally won the "Battle of the Colorado" without aiming a rifle. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, capitulated. Construction of the dam was halted and not resumed until Arizona's rights were agreed upon by contract.

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IT'S A GRAND OLD CANYON

[*Continued from page 35*]

ganda which has been launched against the construction of Bridge Canyon and Marble Canyon Dams," says Arizona's Governor Sam Goddard. "To imply that they would ruin the Grand Canyon is a flagrant misinterpretation at the very least."

"This is the greatest natural beauty that we have in Arizona," says former Senator Barry Goldwater, "and I would defend it from harm with everything I have. But I believe construction of Bridge Canyon dam will enhance the canyon rather than spoil it."

The subject of these sharply divergent opinions is a brace of dams the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation hopes to build in Arizona's Grand Canyon. They've kicked off a battle that has stirred up more bitterness in the West than anything since the sodbusters invaded cattle country.

Whether the dams will be built or not probably will be decided soon. Final hearings on a bill to authorize them were held before the House Subcommittee on Irrigation and Reclamation last May, and it may come up for a House vote by late summer or early fall. Senate action is harder to predict. So far, hearings have not been scheduled. But the bill has powerful backers. Aged Senator Carl Hayden, perhaps serving the last term of a Congressional career that began in 1912 when Arizona became a state, looks upon the plan of which the dams are a part as a kind of final triumph with which to cap his long service.

Basically, the issues boil down to this. Proponents of the dams say flatly that 1) the dams aren't really in the Grand Canyon; 2) they won't hurt it anyway; and 3) they're absolutely necessary to the economy of Arizona. Opponents, just as categorically, say 1) they are; 2) they will; and 3) they aren't.

Feelings run so high and charges fly so thickly through the Arizona air these days that it's not easy to decide just where the truth lies. And the arguments the two sides use to support their positions get as complicated as a Chinese timetable. But the basic case for the dams grows out of what is undoubtedly a clear-cut and very real need.

"In Arizona, water is life," says Congressman Morris Udall, brother of the Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall. The tall, thin, native Arizonan, his suntanned face topped by dark, close-cropped hair, recently stood in front of the El Tovar Hotel, perched on the canyon rim, and looked out over the spectacular view.

"We face a crisis," he continued. "This year we are going to take out of underground reservoirs that have taken millions of years to accumulate, three times as much water as nature will put back. We're bankrupting our water supply. There are places in my district where stores have closed, communities have withered, farmers have given up their land."

Complicating all arguments on the subject is the fact that the proposed two dams are not directly needed to bring water into Arizona. Water stored behind the dams would not be used for irrigation, but rather to generate power. The sale of this electricity would, in turn, produce money to finance a great new irrigation project in the central part of the state.

Anyone flying over Arizona can readily see how real is the state's water problem. Green, lush fields stop knife-edge sharp where water runs out and brown desert takes over.

Without water—pumped out of the ground or brought in from outside—nothing grows but cactus.

To quench their desperate thirst, Arizonans are counting on a vast irrigation scheme called the Central Arizona Project, which would pump billions of gallons of Colorado River water to Arizona's parched central valleys. The plan, which Arizonans support with almost religious fervor (quickest way to get in a fight in an Arizona bar is to say you're against it), has been around for at least two decades. It was held up until recently, though, by another fight: the struggle between the western states along the Colorado to see who would get how much of the river's water. Finally the Supreme Court settled the matter in 1963.

Among other things, the settlement provided that Arizona could draw 2.8 million acre-feet of water per year from the Colorado, which angles westward across the northern part of the state through the Grand Canyon, then plunges south to form the border between Arizona and California. (An acre-foot is one acre covered with a foot of water: some 326,000 gallons. Like megatons and light-years, the term saves writing long strings of zeros.)

Once the fight was over, the job of getting the water out of the river and several hundred miles eastward across the state to central Arizona fell to the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation.

To do this, the Bureau proposed a massive construction program of some 400 miles of aqueducts and pumping stations—plus the two upstream dams to pay for it all. Conservationists reacted instantly—and angrily. They had no objection to Arizona getting the water, but they were determined to get those dams out of the plan. And they charged the Bureau with everything up to and including deceit.

"The Bureau of Reclamation has managed to create the illusion that these aren't really Grand Canyon dams," charged Brower of the Sierra Club, launching his attack, "because they know the people of the United States wouldn't stand for the Grand Canyon being dammed up." Brower's ruddy face, startlingly young-looking under a thatch of white hair, tends to get redder when he talks of the dams. "They named one Bridge Canyon and the other Marble Canyon as though they were somewhere else," he says, "and they never mention the words 'Grand Canyon.' But both of those dams would be in the Grand Canyon. And they would seriously damage its scenic and scientific wonders."

The confusion about just where the dams are comes about because the Grand Canyon National Park and Monument contain only about half of the 280-mile length of the entire Grand Canyon. (Congressman John Saylor of Pennsylvania, a strong opponent of the dams, has introduced a bill in Congress to include the entire length of the canyon in the Park and specifiically forbid dam building anywhere along its length.) Both dams would be in the canyon, but outside of Park boundaries. The Marble Canyon Dam is planned for a site 12.5 miles upstream from Grand Canyon National Park. Bridge Canyon Dam would be downstream.

The Bureau of Reclamation and its supporters say all the excitement is over nothing. "Marble Canyon Dam is upstream from Grand Canyon National

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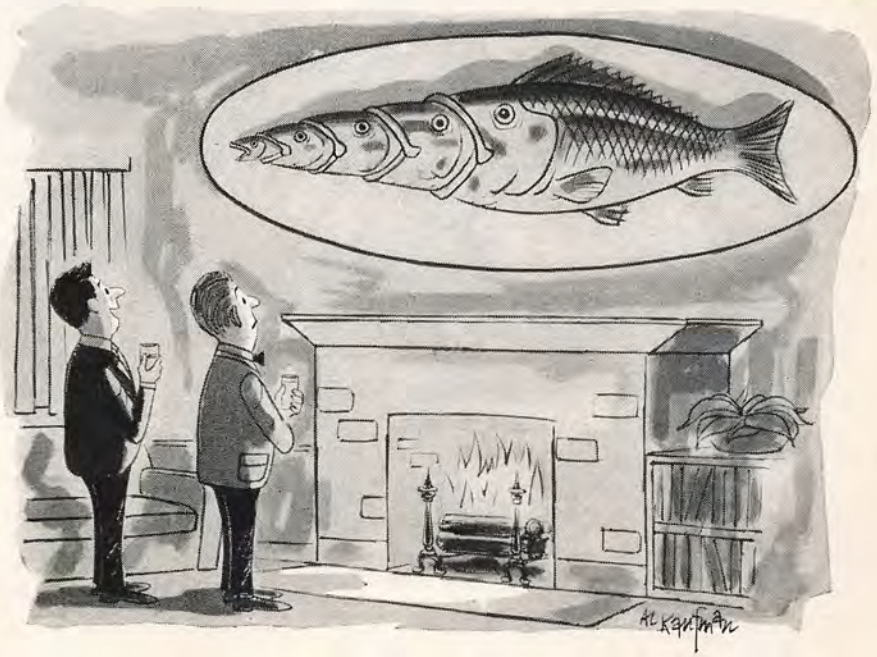

"It was beginner's luck."

Park," says Congressman Udall, "and can have no more impact on the Park than the Aswan Dam in Egypt. The Bridge Canyon Dam is more than 50 miles downstream from park boundaries." This dam, one of the highest in the Western Hemisphere, would back water up 40 miles through the supposedly inviolate Monument and 13 miles along the border between the Monument and the Park. But the reservoir, says Udall, wouldn't hurt anything—and wouldn't even be visible from the popular viewing places. "If these dams were built and they were filled and you stood on this point," said Congressman Udall, gesturing over the vastness of the canyon, "let me tell you what you would see. You would see exactly what you see today. And from none of the regular developed observation points on the rim could you even tell a lake existed if that lake were in existence today." From where Udall was standing, he could see a lot of canyon but no river at all.

The Bureau of Reclamation goes a step further and says that far from damaging the canyon, the dams would improve it. The Bureau does not destroy nature, Commissioner Floyd E. Dominy told the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce last fall, "but improves on it." In a full-color brochure, his department tells how part of the wild rushing river would be replaced by a "placid blue lake." And the lake would improve the canyon because it would make presently remote areas "easy of access for millions of Americans who love to boat, fish, and swim and water ski—or just laze in the sun—in God's country."

Opponents of the plan couldn't agree less. The highly-touted recreation values cited for the reservoirs, points out Dr. Richard Bradley, professor of physics at Colorado College and a well-known conservation writer, are totally unneeded. "Lake Powell at one end of the canyon and Lake Mead at the other provide hundreds of square miles of lake surface and thousands of miles of shoreline—abundant room for boating, fishing, water skiing and 'lazing in the sun in God's country.' But the kind of recreation that an unharnessed Grand Canyon can continue to provide," he says, "is vanishing from America."

The Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, a division of the same Interior Department that wants to build the dams, seems to support Bradley's position. "No additional recreation benefits can be claimed for the proposed Bridge Canyon Dam because of the unusual existing recreation values of the proposed reservoir area and the adverse effects the dam and reservoirs would have on these values," the bureau wrote in an official report. In other words, for those who want lakes there are plenty of lakes available. But those who want to get their recreation on a wild river have many fewer choices.

Adds Anthony W. Smith, president of the National Parks Association, "The cultural, scenic and ecological values at stake are, of course, intangible; they cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But in our judgment, they far outweigh the very doubtful dollar values on which these projects purport to be justified."

Even former Senator Goldwater isn't entirely happy with the idea of the dams, although he has spoken in support of the project. "I don't like to see these dams built," he says. "I wish there were some way we didn't have to build them. But the people of Arizona need this project and I have to argue for the people."

So even if they do some damage, it's just the price we have to pay for progress. Or is it? "If the Grand Canyon dams really had to be built in order to insure the nation's survival or even a region's," says Brower, "there'd be something to argue about. But they are absolutely not necessary. Their being proposed is one of the saddest examples of obsolete engineering thinking."

Traditionally, the Bureau of Reclamation sweetens up its proposed projects—and thereby helps assure Congressional approval—by designing projects to be partially self-financing. In the early years, the Bureau would sometimes sell public lands, which were then seemingly available in inexhaustible supply, to pay for the dams and irrigation networks it built. Then, as electricity became common and land scarcer, the Bureau hit on a new idea. Since it had to build dams to store and divert water for irrigation anyway, why not install hydroelectric generators and generate electricity as a by-product? Sell the electricity and use the revenue to pay back the federal treasury for all or most of the cost of the project. Since the 1930's, this has been the Bureau's standard operating procedure, and the country's great dams, Hoover, Bonneville, Glen Canyon and all the others were built this way.

But the Central Arizona Project injected a new twist. The logical place to extract water was a series of Colorado River reservoirs straddling the California-Arizona border, Lake Havasu being the most convenient. But Lake Havasu was already in existence, created by Parker Dam. And the entire stretch of river between the two states was already cluttered with dams at every available site.

So, to raise the $500-million needed to build the aqueducts and pumping stations for the Central Arizona Project, the Bureau prepared to build the two dams in the Grand Canyon at a cost of $750-million. "These dams are cash registers," said the Bureau happily in one of its publications. "They will ring up sales of electric power produced by Colorado River water."

Opponents attack the Bureau's figures and say it's doubtful that the dams actually would produce the revenue claimed for them. The Bureau, basing its estimates on construction costs, says that power produced at Bridge and Marble would be sold at an average of 6 mills per kilowatt hour to pay off project costs over a period of 50 years. But the cost of generating power with huge, efficient coal and nuclear plants is dropping sharply. A decade ago, steam plants could sell power for seven mills. Today, it's dropping to about five and there are no signs that it's leveling off.

"The President's Office of Science and Technology tells us that by 1975 large seaboard nuclear plants may be selling power at from two to three mills per kilowatt hour and producing fresh water in considerable quantities besides," says Dr. Richard Bradley. Adds Anthony W.

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"Mr. Sullivan says not a penny more than $5,000 and who do you think you are—The Beatles?"

Smith, president of the National Parks Association, "It is widely supposed that this process will have been developed by the end of this century, before the end of the payout period for Marble and Bridge Canyon Dams. Any such development would bankrupt both of these projects."

The Bureau of Reclamation points out that these figures on competitive generating methods are for so-called base-load power, while Bridge and Marble are designed to supply peaking power—the kind used to supplement regular generators when the need for power goes up in the morning and early evening. And peaking power can be sold at a higher rate. While this is true, as base-load costs fall, so will the prices utilities are willing to pay for peaking power. The two do bear some relationship to each other. And it seems quite possible that the 6-mill power produced by Bridge and Marble might become too expensive to sell long before the 50-year payout period is completed.

Even if the rates for Grand Canyon power somehow hold up, there very well may not be enough power to sell. Some critics of the proposed dams pointed out that the supplies of water flowing through the Grand Canyon and available at the dams will continue to drop in coming years as the upper basin states such as Colorado use greater and greater amounts—amounts guaranteed them by present agreements. In calculating the total power the Grand Canyon dams could generate and sell, the Bureau counts on an average of 10.5 million acre-feet annually. But one recent engineering survey estimates that the flow could drop as low as 5.5 million acre-feet over the 50-year payout period of the dams. In other words, the revenue-producing ability of the dams—even if the price of electricity stays high—might drop by as much as half.

In the view of such uncertainties, is there a better way to finance the irrigation project? The Bureau's critics say yes. "The Bureau of Reclamation says it must go into business on the side to sell power to pay for irrigation work, but it is limited in the power it can sell to that which can be produced by moving water," says Doctor Bradley. "If that's the law, then the law should be changed, not the canyon. If Congress requires that the Bureau must sell power to pay for irrigation, then let it logically allow the Bureau to produce power by whatever means is most economical of irreplaceable resources.

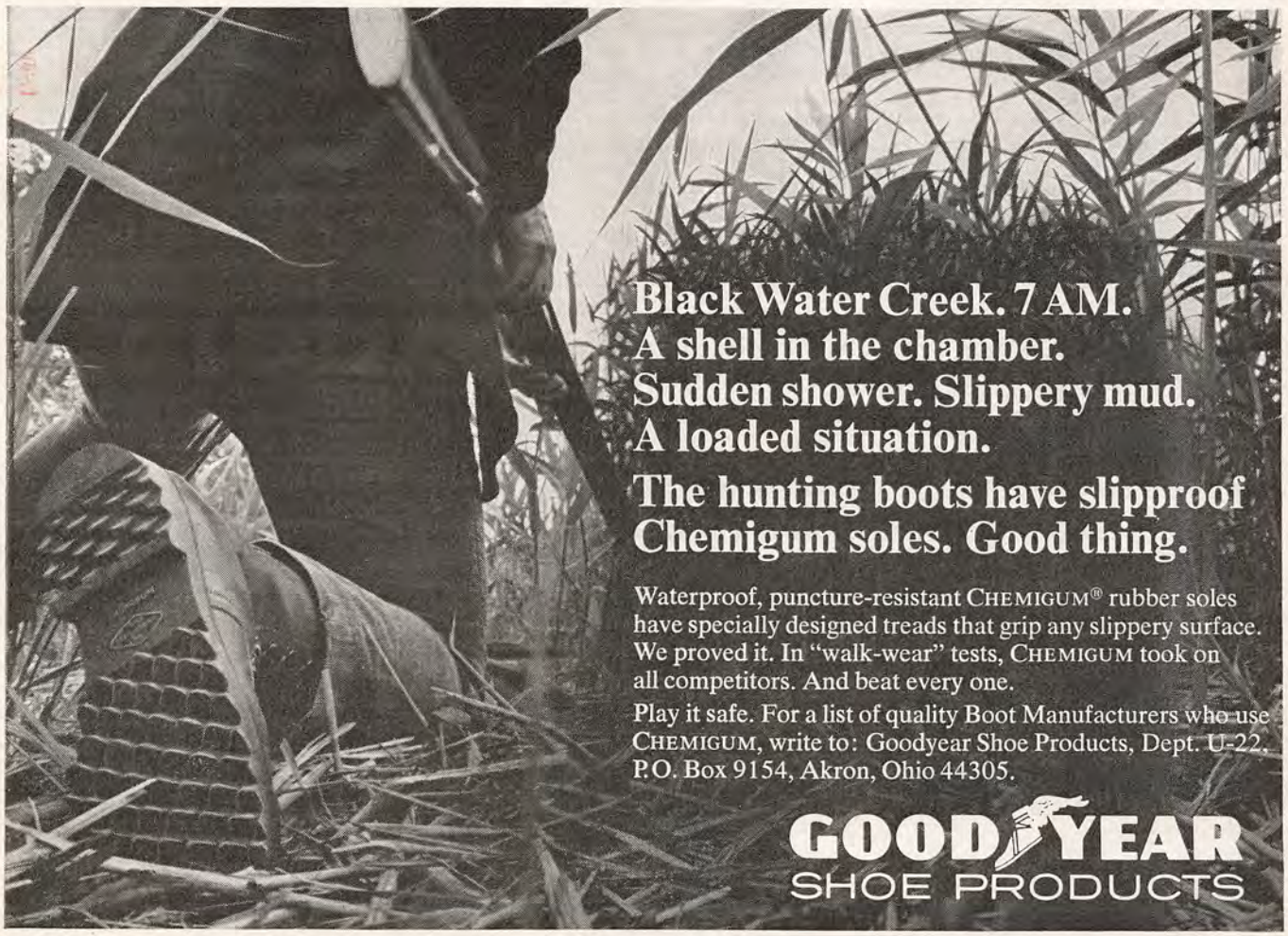
"Why not build a steam-generating plant," asks Doctor Bradley, "powered by nuclear energy or coal? Steam plants costing on the order of $100 per kilowatt of generating capacity can do the job at least as well as hydroelectric facilities which cost $500."

Secretary of the Interior Udall says such a plan isn't practical. "Water salvage in the West is tied historically to hydropower," he says. "Anything else would require a whole new type of reclamation program." Adds his brother, Congressman Morris Udall, "The cold fact is that the Bureau of Reclamation has never built a steam plant, has never built an atomic energy plant. Every kilowatt ever produced by the Bureau has been generated by falling water. And to change the policy would take the biggest fight you have ever seen in Congress. I tell you this simply isn't going to happen."

Congressman Saylor puts a different interpretation on the Bureau's failure to push for alternate solutions. "The present officials of the Bureau of Reclamation," he thunders, "have become so preoccupied with efforts to develop unnecessary hydroelectric power projects and federal power transmission grids that their thinking has become as arid and barren as the western lands they were formerly charged with reclaiming."

And Dr. Ira Gabrielson, former chief of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and now president of the Wildlife Management Institute, gives yet another reason for the Bureau's insistence on building dams. "I've never seen an engineer yet," growls Doctor Gabrielson in his basso profundo, "who could look at a piece of land without wondering what in hell he could do to change it. This is inherent in the species. And a lot of this stuff we're up against seems to be of that character."

"The Bureau of Reclamation isn't about to go out of business voluntarily, to see its dam-building empire dwindle," says Hugo Nash, a Sierra Club official. "So with all the obvious damsites used up, they're now casting around for what's left."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Last year, when conservationists rallied opposition to the dams, the Bureau of the Budget felt enough pressure to recommend that Reclamation postpone plans for Bridge Canyon and go ahead with the Marble Canyon plans. Meanwhile, more studies could be made on Bridge Canyon to see if it were really necessary and whether it would damage the National Park and Monument seriously.

Although Bridge Canyon dam was not taken out of the bills pending before Congress, the Bureau of the Budget's action made the Interior Department careful about pushing for the project. In August of last year, Secretary of the Interior Udall appeared before the House Interior Committee's subcommittee on irrigation and reclamation, which was holding hearings on the project, and made this astonishing statement: "While the financial feasibility of the proposed Central Arizona Project is assured—whether or not Bridge Canyon Dam is authorized at this time—we would have preferred that the Bureau of the Budget had not withheld a favorable recommendation on Bridge Canyon Dam."

Conservationists immediately ripped into the Secretary's statement. "I find it hard to reconcile the statement made about the absolute necessity of Bridge Canyon as part of this project with the fact that as soon as the Bureau of the Budget recommended that the dam be deferred, all of a sudden it appears that proponents of the plan do not consider Bridge Canyon Dam to have been necessary at all," said Nash of the Sierra Club. Under Bureau plans, Nash pointed out, Bridge Canyon was designed to produce 1,500,000 kilowatts of electricity; Marble, only 600,000. About one quarter of this would be used to pump water and three quarters of it would be sold.

Now, with more than 70 percent of the planned generating capacity, and consequently most of the earning power gone, the plan was still feasible. "If the project is still financially feasible, why were we ever told that Bridge Canyon dam was a necessity?" he asks. "Either we were being sold a bill of goods then, or we're being sold one now."

What may be the real reason for the construction of the dams came out at the same hearings. Even with the Central Arizona Project in operation, testimony revealed, Arizona will not get as much water as she needs. Neither will Southern California, Utah and other states that are now splitting up the Colorado's meager flow. The Bureau of Reclamation, consequently, has come up with another superplan. Eventually the Bureau would like to build giant aqueducts from the north, presumably from the Columbia River Basin, where water is plentiful. These aqueducts would bring water south to the Colorado and greatly augment its flow.

The bill now before Congress authorizes the Bureau to begin a study of this mammoth project. But already, before the study begins, it's obvious that the project would be fantastically expensive. And there is some doubt that Congress would want to foot the entire bill. So the Bureau put the Grand Canyon dams in the project. They were not, this theory holds, to pay for the Central Arizona Project, but to build up a $1-billion kitty to get work started on the big project to the north.

Perhaps basically at fault in all this is U.S. reclamation policy, set not by the Bureau, but by Congress. To date, Congress has insisted that reclamation projects have built-in self-liquidating provisions. But if the Central Arizona Project were paid for instead directly out of the U.S. Treasury, it would cost every American about a dime a year over the payout period.

In fact, some opponents of the Central Arizona Project's proposed dams think that direct subsidy would be the honest way to build truly necessary projects where no good damsites remain. "If it is determined that the central Arizona irrigation project is essential to the economy of Arizona and the welfare of the nation," says Charles H. Callison, assistant to the president of the National Audubon Society, "then let's have the courage to subsidize it directly from general tax revenues, or let's subsidize it through coal-burning generators that can produce power at competitive costs and thereby produce greater return on the public investment." Whether these alternatives work out or not, conservationists are agreed on one thing: If the Central Arizona Project must be subsidized with the Grand Canyon, the price is too high.

People interested in the future of America's wilderness resources are concerned about the Grand Canyon dams for another reason as well. The outcome of this battle, they fear, could set the trend for years to come.

"What is at stake," says Representative Saylor, "is the whole National Park system. If we sacrifice the Grand Canyon National Park and Monument to the dam builders' dreams of empire, we will sooner or later have to accept similar infringements on Dinosaur, Yellowstone, Grand Teton, Yosemite, Kings Canyon, Mammoth Cave, Big Bend and Arches national parks and monuments. The Bureau of Reclamation and Army Corps of Engineers have plans for them all."

"There are consistent efforts to chisel into the parks," says Doctor Gabrielson, dean of American conservationists. "And if the American people don't stand up and fight to save them, there won't be any of them left."

As the battle to decide the fate of the Grand Canyon approached its climax recently, I went to Arizona to take a close look at the piece of landscape now the center of so much bitter controversy. The canyon is a jagged, meandering, 280-mile gorge slashed across Arizona's Colorado Plateau.

I spent most of one day flying up, down and into the canyon in a light plane. I soared through the wild gorges, along the spires and temples, along the sheer cliff walls with their wedding-cake layers of reds, browns, creams, lavenders and buffs. Far below, I could see the thin trail of river that carved it all.

During the day, I landed at a dirt strip on an old lava flow at Toroweap and inched forward on my belly—there are no guardrails at this seldom-visited but spectacular spot—to look down the dizzying 3,000-foot sheer, red cliff to the river below.

Before the day was over, I had flown the entire 280-mile length, some of it several times, from Lake Powell on the east end to Lake Mead on the west.

The longer I flew over the canyon, the more I understood what must have prompted Theodore Roosevelt to make the statement that has become the motto of conservationists everywhere.

"Leave it as it is," he said. "You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it."

—C. P. Gilmore

LOOK OUT FOR PAPA'S BEARS!

[*Continued from page* 49]

This year the Bears' very strengths—Bukich, Sayers, Butkus and George Halas himself—are likely to be their weaknesses as well.

In Bukich the Bears have a quarterback who, prior to 1965, was second rate for 11 undistinguished seasons.

As for Sayers, it would be unreasonable to suppose that he or anyone else could equal that 1965 performance. Halas is the first to admit that this season "they will defense Sayers to the hilt." If the defense can hobble Sayers a little, this will remove from the entire Bear team the confidence that they can get back into any game or win any game, at any time, on a single play by Sayers.

Butkus is another who had a fantastic year in 1965. The Colts' Coach Don Shula calls Butkus "magnificent," then adds, "he's so strong he can tackle the runner and search him for the ball at the same time."

But all winter Shula and other coaches who will face Butkus have been working out new blocking assignments designed to "comb Butkus out of our plays," and some of these will work. Of course that will leave holes elsewhere in these plays, but the holes have to be found before they can be exploited.

All those coaches, executives and officials of the NFL who predict that the Bears will field the strongest team in football in 1966 are looking directly past George Halas, or else refusing to consider him at all. This is because he is a phenomenal man who has baffled them again and again over the years, massacred their teams and wrecked many of their star players; yet they have never known him well or understood how he did what he did. Says Wellington Mara: "We know less about the Bears' operation than about any team in the league and that's the way it's always been." Vince Lombardi, coach of the Green Bay Packers, agrees. "They run a very, very close operation," he says.

But Halas is not young. At 71 he *must* be vulnerable to fatigue, to mental lapses, to inability to cope with the schemes of younger and more vital opponents.

George Allen, whom Halas let go after a bitter contract dispute last winter, is thought by most NFL executives to have been Halas' right-hand man. Wellington Mara talks of dealing with Allen on all trades and of reaching agreement with Allen only to have Allen say: "Of course, I have to talk to Coach, first." Sometimes Allen would come back and say: "Coach says no."

It is widely believed that Allen was the genius behind the Bears' defenses, but when asked recently if he would miss Allen, Halas' charming manner faded at once and he retorted: "Not one iota, no." Then the grin came back on and he said: "Jim Dooley set up all those defenses anyway." Jim Dooley is one of 10 assistant coaches who work for Halas. Most other teams have only five or six. In 1940 when Halas fielded the team which beat the Redskins 73-0, there were only two assistant coaches.

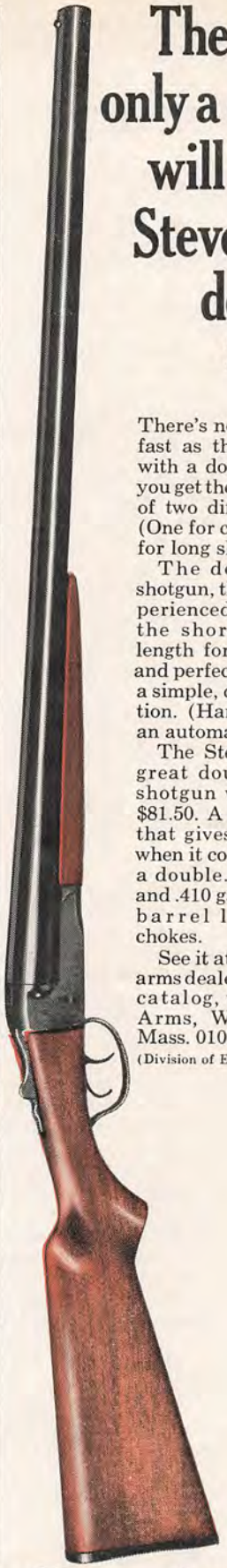
Halas still works seven days a week (and makes his longtime and devoted secretary Frances Osborne come in seven days a week, too) except for a month in midwinter which he spends lolling about in the sun at Phoenix, playing golf occasionally, but mostly poring over a trunkload of folders marked PREPARATION 1966 FOR SPRING ACTION. He studies the same reports over and over, trying to spot weaknesses or come up with ideas, and three times a week he is on the phone with assistants in Chicago.

He has gnarled hands now and walks with a pronounced limp due to a bad and painful hip, apparently the result of an injury sustained during his brief baseball career as a leadoff man for the Yankees. His voice is softer than it used to be and his charm and warmth of manner are stronger than ever. It is hard to realize that this old man still stalks the sidelines on Sundays blistering the officials with rasping curses. It is easier to visualize the Halas who oversees training camp by riding up and down the sidelines in a golf cart; or the Halas who can't last out a daylong league meeting anymore without slipping away in mid-afternoon to nap. "His span of concentration seems to be about 90 minutes," says one league executive. "He's no longer a factor in the league," admits another. "All the votes are 13 to one."

Halas is usually against what the other owners consider progress (recognition of the Player Association, certain aspects of the TV policy), but he sits in the meetings with his feelings bottled up, saying nothing until it seems clear that what he wants will be beaten. At this point he will take the floor, describing in emotion-packed words how things were 30 years ago, and even occasionally talking about 30 years in the future. "You should see him," says the general manager. "He can turn the tears on and off. He's quite an actor." But the vote is still usually 13 to 1.

Halas' other habits are to some extent an old man's habits. For instance, in Phoenix last winter he filled a file card with his thoughts about Gale Sayers, which he later read aloud in a sonorous voice: "What has Gale Sayers got? I don't know. I'm sure Gale himself doesn't know, and I hope he doesn't waste time thinking about it." Halas looks up from the card and ad-libs: "It's like an open-field radar; it's something—it's most unusual. I had nothing to do with it." Then Halas' thoughts go to George McAfee, the 1940 flash who was the same type runner.

Sayers is much like McAfee and also much like Red Grange who played for Halas too. But Halas does not talk of Grange much, possibly because Grange, in an era w[illegible]e players averaged $100 a game, den[illegible]nded and got a contract which earned him over $100,000 in a nine-day, seven-game tour with the Bears. If Sayers makes Halas remember McAfee, Butkus turns his thoughts to Bulldog Turner. Bulldog was tough, just as tough as Butkus; according to one story he once fell out a third story window, landed flat on his back and got up and walked away. But Halas remembers him as "one of the smartest players who ever played football." Bulldog



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played the middle at 244 pounds from 1940 to 1948 and then, as he began to lose speed, he deliberately shed four pounds each year until at the end he weighed only 232. Halas, who remembers these exact figures without looking them up, credits this with prolonging Turner's career.

Halas has a thing about weight. Each year in training camp he assigns some largely arbitrary weight to each player and they must stick to it or be fined. Butkus last year came to the Bears weighing 260 and Halas said to him: "At 260 you can do a pretty fair job. But at 245 I'll guarantee that you will be outstanding." Within a few days Butkus weighed 245 and then stayed 245 all year. Halas, who meticulously keeps such information in a notebook, showed the week by week entries to prove it: "That was an amazing thing for that young man," he said.

The biggest thing the Bears have going for them in 1966 or any year is the Bear mystique—or the Halas mystique, call it what you want for the two names are interchangeable. As player or coach or both, Halas would stop at nothing to win and he instilled this spirit into his teams. His teams weren't dirty, but there were often one or two dirty players on them, and you could almost fill a who's who of the NFL by naming the great players the Bears sent to the hospital. Last year the Bears wrecked three enemy quarterbacks on three straight Sundays. Wally Lemm, the Cardinals' coach, remarked: "We went into the Bear game in the best shape all season and came out of it the worst."

A good many injuries down the years were accidents—nobody ever accused Larry Morris of deliberately injuring Y. A. Tittle in the 1963 championship game against New York, for instance—but not all. Halas has always taught aggressive football, as opposed to finesse-type football, and has growled at every team that if they didn't pick up 100 yards in penalties per game, they weren't putting out. Almost never would he rebuke a player for drawing a penalty; his theory was that if you played the game his way you were bound to get caught. He never taught dirty football, but if he had two players in camp of roughly equal ability and one was a hatchet man, the hatchet man won the job every time; Halas did not mind profiting from such men. In Chicago, the hatchet men soon became heroes in their own right. There were many publicized ones, but the best known of all was Ed Sprinkle, who wore No. 7 for 12 years beginning in 1944. Today when the old-time Bears are introduced at halftime during the annual homecoming game, Sprinkle invariably gets the biggest applause of all.

Of course, Halas did not invent the Chicago crowds, but he formed them in his own image, too, over the years, and they are a formidable opponent in themselves for visiting teams. Last year, Harland Svare, then the Rams' coach, charged the Chicago and Baltimore crowds with intimidating officials. "Svare is exaggerating as far as Chicago is concerned," said Halas, adding mischievously, "but it's true that Baltimore does have those huge crowds."

As a player, says Grange, "Halas held on every play. He was the greatest holder who ever came into the league." Then and later, every time an opposing team worked out in Wrigley Field the day before a game with the Bears, there were always mysterious carpenters or sweepers working in the park—and reporting alignments and new plays back to Halas. Halas was said to have paid spies to watch practices through binoculars from buildings which overlooked the old Polo Grounds and Griffith Stadium and other such places. Steve Owen, all during the week before he was to play the Bears, always used to invent a few wild reverses at the close of each practice for the benefit of any Bear spies who might be watching. Similarly, in the days before the trading of films became common, teams would be obliged to buy the film of their game with the Bears from Halas; they would then scan this film over and over looking for the certain key plays which had beaten them, only to find that Halas had scissored all key plays out before handing over the film.

When asked about this, Halas laughed, genuinely amused, and said: "There are scores of stories of that nature. Ninety-eight percent of them are just not true." Clearly the subject delights him. However, opponents did not often laugh at Halas' methods. Jack Lavelle, the old Giant scout, once said disgustedly: "It's because of people like Halas [whose parents came from Czechoslovakia] that Central Europe is in flames." Few men in football have been able to stay mad at Halas long, not only has he meant too much to the game, however, but also it doesn't seem possible most days that this warm, sentimental man could ever do devious things. Halas is the man who never fires anybody, who has been known to stick year after year with two assistant coaches who were not talking to each other, who stages an annual homecoming game to which he invites every old Bear and his wife, throwing a party for them which includes game tickets, dinner, a stage show, hotel and plenty of liquor. This party costs Halas thousands of dollars and during it his beloved old players razz him and tell him what a bum he is. Last year 230 people were there.

The game has changed. The old Bears were so violent that Halas could rarely let them scrimmage—in 1940 a fistfight broke out in the line and soon all the players were all punching each other. About that time a New York newspaperman watched the Bears work out and came back saying: "You never saw such tough-looking guys; they all look like somebody's been bashing them in the face with rocks!"

But the new Bears are composed of men like Bukich, who is accredited to teach social science, language and certain education courses on a junior college level, who nearly has his Ph.D. and who is a fine radio and TV announcer besides. Sayers, though only 23, is a polished public speaker who demands and gets $350 minimum per appearance; he carries a tape recorder everywhere he goes—not to listen to music but to practice and perfect his enunciation. Sayers is all business and will go nowhere without his wife. A Bear executive describes Sayers as a square: "You seldom meet a square Negro, but when you do he is likely to be the squarest of the square." Then there is Bill Wade, who has no vices and who donates all proceeds of his speaking engagements to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

Can Halas understand such men? In modern football a coach's most irreparable mistakes can be made off the field. Take the Allen case which cost Halas a very valuable assistant coach.

George Allen is ambitious. When he was coach of tiny Morningside College in Iowa, he used to send telegrams to big name coaches: "Congratulations on great job shutting out Ohio State signed George Allen Morningside College." Then when he introduced himself to such coaches at clinics, they knew his name. In this way, Allen started moving up in the world.

When Svare was fired as coach of the Rams, according to Halas, Allen started dealing with Dan Reeves, owner of the Rams, behind Halas' back. When Allen signed with the Rams, Halas took him to court, proved the validity of his own contract with Allen, then abandoned the suit and released Allen.

But the story as told within the NFL differs from Halas' version. According to this second story, Art Rooney, Halas' only close friend in the NFL, asked permission to talk to Allen about coaching the Steelers. Halas refused his friend, telling Rooney that Allen was still a year or two away from head-coach stature. Then Svare was fired in Los Angeles, and Allen asked permission to talk to Reeves, saying to Halas: "That's the one job I'd leave Chicago for."

"Of course, my boy," said Halas, for he couldn't refuse Allen and then hope to get any use out of him in 1966. But as the delighted Allen turned away, Halas phoned Reeves and told him that Allen was going to call: "And when he does call, Dan, I want you to tell him you're not interested."

At this time Reeves planned to select either Buddy Parker or Paul Brown; in fact, when he left Pittsburgh, Parker ordered his furniture sent to Los Angeles. But now Reeves said to Halas: "I hadn't even thought of Allen, but I'll tell you, George, if he calls me, I'm going to consider him. If you don't want me to consider him, it's up to you to refuse

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

him permission to call me." Which Halas, caught by his own deviousness, couldn't do. Said a somewhat pleased NFL owner later: "Halas outsmarted himself."

Similar off the field tactics may also lead to reduced effectiveness by Bukich. He was involved this year in an especially bitter salary dispute with Halas. Bukich had been drawing second-string wages for 12 seasons, and then had a great season in 1965, completing 176 of 312 passes, 56.4 percent, for 20 TD's and only nine interceptions, low in the league.

Then, in 1966, Bukich demanded a star's salary, something like a 200 percent raise, plus the right to continue his TV programs all during the season. Halas refused to pay such a heavy increase, and pretended not to see that the TV was extremely important to Bukich as much for the future it holds out to him as for the money.

Bukich is 33, but since he played so little in his first 11 seasons, he has never been busted up. He is thus younger than his years, like the proverbial used car driven only by the little old lady from Peoria. He came up to the Rams as No. 2 draft choice out of U.S.C. in 1953 and played little behind Norm Van Brocklin. Commissioner Pete Rozelle, then publicity director of the Rams, remembered that Bukich was called "The Rifle." He could throw a ball 70 yards in the air with ease. He was always challenging people to throw against him and the coaches were afraid he'd throw his arm out, but he never did.

Bukich has a strange temperament. He has a lot of pride and seems cocky; yet he was able to sit on the bench all those years drawing what he calls "not a decent but a fair salary." Since it appeared to him that he "possibly did not have a great future in football," he got a masters degree and taught in the off-season. But he also learned how to be a quick, incisive quarterback, one who stuck to the game plan and did not try to outthink the coaching staff during the heat of action. This, last year, was as notable and as valuable to the Bears as his passing. "I like to follow the game plan closely until adjustments are made at half time, or forced by circumstances," he says. "A great deal of study goes into a game plan. A quarterback must have a good mind just to encompass a game plan. On the field, I move fast and try to make the team move fast. I like to get them in and out of the huddle quickly and get the play off quickly. I don't want to give them time to think about the play I've called."

On the field Halas can understand Bukich's thinking perfectly. Off the field it may be another story. In the past, Halas was usually more fond of his quarterbacks than any other players, but he does not seem especially fond of Bukich.

Not nearly as fond as he is of Sayers and Butkus. Sayers he has been wild over since he saw a highlights film of Sayers' career at Kansas: "Never mind the statistics. On that film, I saw!"

Halas also "saw" all last season. Sayers scored four touchdowns in one game, six in another, 22 overall for a record. The 198-pound rookie averaged 5.2 yards carrying the ball 166 times, 17.5 yards catching 29 passes, 14.9 yards returning 16 punts, 31.4 yards returning 21 kickoffs and 17.6 yards while completing two of three left-handed passes, one for a touchdown. Sayers went 86 and 96 yards with kickoffs, 85 and 62 with punts, 61 from scrimmage, 80 with a pass, not to mention the number of times he scored on a single play from the 50 or within. The strain this put on enemy defense cannot be overdescribed. They could never let up—which caused additional fatigue, additional mistakes and allowed the Bears to run up scores late in many games.

As a Kansas student, Sayers had been involved in a civil-rights demonstration and had been jailed for several hours with about 100 others. So the Giants and 49ers, who picked first in the 1965 draft chose Tucker Fredrickson and Ken Willard who appeared as good, and who did not have any political overtones; perhaps Sayers might be a clubhouse lawyer. Halas had the next two picks (one on a trade from Pittsburgh) and chose Butkus and Sayers. Of course, Sayers has never been a clubhouse lawyer and he is nearly the ideal back. He has blinding speed, many changes of gear, quickness, moves, tremendous feeling for the open field

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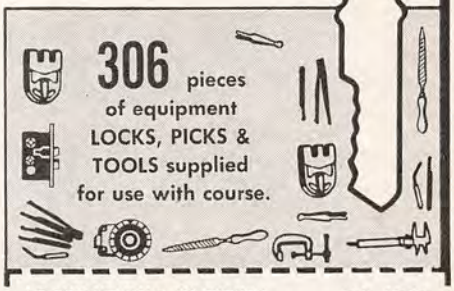

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and for the goal line. Lombardi calls him "the best back to come up since I've been in the league," and Van Brocklin, Shula, Paul Hornung and many others echo this. Sayers' one thought is to play football and to improve in every game in every year. He takes coaching beautifully.

In his first two games with the Bears he fell several times cutting. Ed Rozy, the equipment manager, told him his lightweight shoes were too pliable and weren't giving him support when he cut. Sayers promptly switched to heavyweight low cuts which he wears today. Sayers also wears his thigh pads taped to his skin instead of in pockets inside the trousers. This is his own idea; he says it makes the trousers ride smoother when he runs, instead of having the pads bounce up and down like the way coins do in a man's pocket when he runs for a bus. Halas is convinced that Sayers will get better—"because of the vehicle we can furnish him. Also, we are teaching him to block. He wants to learn and he will be a most acceptable blocker."

Butkus, too, continues to collect superlatives. Although he weighs 245 pounds and has fingers as thick as bananas, he led the team in interceptions with five, which he returned 84 yards. He also recovered seven fumbles and caused at least six more. Twice he took the ball away from runners he was tackling. The Bears' line-coach Phil Handler says: "He's an eager beaver. He never quits. He just wants to hit people. He's around that ball all the time. He smells that ball. God gave him these gifts. He was born with it. His position is the height of your defense; if you don't have a great man in the middle, you don't have a great football team. Off the field you can't hardly get him to say anything. He sits there in the meetings with his head down, but later on he shows you that he understood it all and remembers everything."

And so the Bears go into the 1966 season holding four aces: Rudy Bukich, Gale Sayers, Dick Butkus and George Halas himself; and with many other high cards too, such as Mike Ditka, Joe Fortunato, Jon Arnett, Ron Bull, Bill Wade and Johnny Morris. And if one or two of the aces get trumped, that still leaves a very, very strong hand.

Will the Bears field the most powerful team?

After only four exhibition games this summer, they open against the Lions in Detroit on Sept. 11, a week earlier than other years because there is an extra team, Atlanta, this year and thus an extra week of games. The early opener could hurt the Bears, notoriously a slow-starting team. So could the fact that they meet George Allen's Rams on Friday night (for TV purposes) only five days later. To play games that close together is a hardship for any contender, because there may be injuries such as pulled muscles which could heal in seven days, but not in five.

The Bears do not get home to those loving Chicago crowds until October 9, and then they must play the Colts and Packers back to back.

Still many experts predict that the Bears will not only win the championship, but will win it easily.

Lombardi, whose Packers are reigning world champions, gives a laugh. "I like to think one or two other teams have a chance."

"To say that we will win it easily, that's absolutely ridiculous," says George Halas. "Lombardi's got a right to chuckle about that. In fact, that's so silly that I've got to chuckle myself."

But Halas' eyes are alight as he speaks, and it seems clear that this strange old man, who last won a world championship at the age of 68, sees no reason why he can't win another at the age of 71.

—Robert Daley

EVERYBODY GO HOME!

[*Continued from page* 33]

dhists, Catholics and the country's more than 30 legal political parties busy demonstrating all year. But for some reason, the riots occur most frequently during the monsoon season—from April through October. Then the lung-seering reek of tear gas clings for days and becomes almost as much a part of the atmosphere as the rain.

This year, of course, has been no exception. There were demonstrations and riots of all sizes almost daily in mid and late spring. At their worst—as in Danang in May—the riots start with a great outcry for a change in government. Troops pour in, the city takes on a besieged air and pitched battles are fought.

More than 80 people died and 400 were wounded during the Danang outbreak. This topped the last heavy riot toll: 20 known dead and more than 300 injured in a series of street clashes between Buddhists and Catholics during the summer of 1964.

Within a few weeks after the bloodshed in Danang, demonstrations and rioting in the country settled down to a more normal, though still disruptive pace. One Sunday, an estimated 20,000 Catholics paraded through the streets of Saigon, giving thanks for American aid and calling for a stepped-up war effort. Because the marchers were pro government and did not run into a counter-demonstration, there was no violence.

But two days later, 500 Buddhist monks, nuns and students, carrying antigovernment and anti-American placards, headed towards the U.S. Embassy. Their avowed goal was to give Embassy officials a letter protesting President Johnson's lack of respect for Buddhist rights. The Saigon police were on hand and cut loose with tear-gas grenades when the Buddhists refused to halt. The demonstrators milled about for a few moments, then fled. But no one doubted their readiness to come back and march again—which they proceeded to do almost daily for the next week.

While the tear gas worked the first time, it no longer guarantees breaking up a riot. More and more demonstrators come prepared with improvised gas masks—often a plastic bag worn over the head and tied at the neck. The wearer breathes through cloth soaked in lemon juice taped over a square hole cut in the bag.

When tear gas doesn't send the demonstrators scurrying, the government forces turn step-by-step to more severe countermeasures. First barbed wire is thrown in great coils across the streets. Then the police put on helmets, fix bayonets to carbines and wave the guns menacingly. Very often this also fails so the shooting begins. A few demonstrators are injured, sometimes a few are killed. At sundown, the rioting usually (but not always) ends. Troops and rioters, as if by agreement, leave the field to the fire department which often may have to labor through the night cleaning up the debris of civil strife that litters miles of streets. During riot season, the fire department has little time for fires.

It is hard clearing away these signs of violence and the pervasive odor of the tear gas, but it is harder still to eliminate the causes or even understand them. The demonstrations and riots come as an ugly shock to Americans observing them for the first time. "I just can't see what these guys have to gain," a disgusted GI said recently, as he watched a mob of students carrying antigovernment and anti-U.S. banners. "So they get rid of this government and us, what then?"

It's a tough question to answer, partly because the rioters themselves rarely ask it.

For many teen-age students, rioting is more a matter of school spirit than politics, and has the air of a big, violent game. I'll always remember one battle in 1964 between Catholic teen-agers from the Ho Nai refugee center outside of Saigon and the predominantly Buddhist Cao-Thang Technical High School.

The two groups assembled in separate parts of the city, held pep rallies, collected beer bottles and made spears from any strips of metal they could find. There was talk all over Saigon about the coming rumble. It was like sitting in the audience waiting for the curtain to go up on *West Side Story*. Small children swarmed around the two camps, hero-worshipping the older participants.

Then the fight began. The rival forces hurled bricks and viciously charged each other with machetes. Hundreds were wounded and a half-dozen of the youngsters were killed. One of the deaths was unforgettable.

A boy of about 14 had been captured and was being beaten through the street by tormenters of about his own age. Finally, the mass of children stopped running and screaming. A youth who apparently had taken command, announced to the crowd that the prisoner had just been sentenced to death. With that, he grabbed the captive boy by the hair and beheaded him with a series of chops from a machete. The mob howled with delight and as suddenly as it had begun, the battle was over.

But if the students march and fight with the air of a high-school mob trying to tear down the goal posts after a football game, some of the adults are no different. They are also followers, made eager to follow because of the climate of

unrest set by South Viet Nam's horde of political leaders. Sometimes these leaders are world famous. Trich Tri Quang, prime organizer of the Buddhist activists is one; the Rev. Hoang Quynh, Catholic political-action leader is another. But for each of the well-known figures, there are scores of smaller fry all of whom hope some day to become the supreme leader of Viet Nam. Each subscribes to the unofficial motto of Vietnamese politics: "Me first." And in this attitude lies the root of the internal rivalries which bloody the streets of the capital, and have the government alternately shutting its eyes or suppressing demonstrations violently, depending on how it stands to benefit most.

Life for the smaller leaders as they struggle to become bigger ones is neither safe nor easy. Take Dr. Hoang Co Binh, a dentist, whose office is next door to my apartment. Like many professional men in Saigon, he is neck deep in politics. He leads a party called the Social Democratic Bloc, which is hard not to confuse with a rival party of about the same size called the Democratic Bloc, headed by Binh's brother.

Doctor Binh's party numbers about 500 members. The Social Democratic Bloc is anticommunist. Like other factions large and small, it has clashed with most of the other noncommunist parties at one time or another as well with the organized Buddhists and Catholics. As a result, Doctor Binh has many enemies.

The dentist used to live with his family in the suburb of Thu Doc, about 10 miles from town. The way out is spanned by a paved, four-lane highway built by the U.S. Aid Mission—a road lined with advertising billboards, factories and housing developments. One day Doctor Binh was driving home in his Volkswagen and had just crossed the Bien Hoa bridge spanning the Saigon River when he noticed a car coming up behind him fast.

The other car forced Binh off the road into a ditch. Someone in the car then pointed a submachine gun into Binh's Volkswagen and riddled it. The dentist got off with leg wounds, but he moved his family into his office in Saigon. Now when the rioting mobs roar down Pasteur Street with clouds of tear gas behind them, Doctor Binh is locked in his office behind a steel gate he has installed.

Other politicians have not been so lucky. Battling involving two of the bigger parties, the Viet Nam Nationalists (Viet Nam Quoc Dan Dang) and the Dai Viet, sometimes resembles the great Chicago gang wars of the '20's, complete with rub outs.

Last summer Pahn Thuyet, an official of the Nationalist Party, was shot down in the street in Danang. Elaborate funeral services were held four days later by his comrades. During the funeral, an assassin moved in for another attack, this time firing two shots into party leader Khuc Thua Van.

Van was rushed to a hospital and his chances of recovering looked good. But someone got into the hospital a few days later and pumped six slugs into Van as he lay in bed. Scratch one more Vietnamese politician.

It takes hard-boiled men, then, to stay in the political game in Viet Nam, to organize demonstrations and display power publicly. Both Thich Tri Quang and Rev. Hoang Quynh fit the bill.

I first met Tri Quang in 1963 when he was managing the uprising against President Ngo Dinh Diem, who was slain in the coup of November 1st that year. I was struck by a modest, pleasant manner which belied his forceful inner strength and organizational ability. The recent large-scale antagonism towards Premier Ky's military government gave Tri Quang just the kind of easily understood issue needed to get demonstrations rolling.

Given such an issue, a pattern for organizing demonstrations and rioting emerges. The Buddhists are particularly adept because of their huge underground. Every youngster who occasionally goes to a pagoda to pray is pressed into service as a runner, marcher, leaflet distributor or mimeograph-machine operator. The activist monks have a number of phones by which they relay instructions, and the duplicating machines spin out four or five communiques a day during periods of intense demonstration activity.

There are many Buddhist feast and holy days, and all of them provide excuses for large prayer meetings, followed by plain old political meetings. The most popular monks are designated to whip up enthusiasm. If there are to be suicides by fire, they usually start at this point. In the past several years there have been at least 100 Buddhist suicides by burning which have served to give the demonstrators side issues that keep them marching.

As for the street marches themselves, the usual Buddhist technique is to scatter its power. Rather than put 10,000 marchers out in one force, the veteran organizers prefer to use numerous small marching parties of 300 to 400 and deploy them in various parts of the city. As a result, there can be up to 10 separate Buddhist demonstrations in a single day, which tends to keep both government troops and police spread out and less effective than they would ordinarily be.

I often used to watch a North Vietnamese monk named Thich Quang Do working on demonstrations. He had tuberculosis, but despite his illness he was energetic and completely dedicated to the righteousness of his cause. He was also a warmhearted old man.

Quang Do had an eye for detail. Like a Congressional leader on the eve of an important vote, he always knew how many followers he could count on. He knew from intelligence sources which streets in his area would be blocked by barbed wire, and he deployed his marchers effectively. Usually, for example, he put old women and children in the lead so that any police attempts to halt a demonstration would seem especially brutal.

Quang Do got to know the brutality firsthand. The police repeatedly beat him with clubs and rifle butts during those days and sometimes he was unconscious for hours at a time. Yet his opposition to the government was never bitter. The old monk was one of the first to discover that towels soaked in water and lemon juice would relieve the pain of tear gas on a person's face. Many a time after his demonstrators had battled authorities, he

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swabbed out the eyes of Buddhists, foreign correspondents and CIA men alike, and even treated police agents who had received a heavy dose of their own medicine.

Once a demonstration has started, observers have found it has a life of its own and no one can rightly say how it will turn out. After a series of relatively quiet demonstrations and quick dispersals in early June, the Buddhists one day suddenly became a mob and violence erupted. Jeeps were overturned, American and Vietnamese soldiers were attacked and stripped of arms, and the marchers unleashed a barrage of stones at the police. The police, in turn, cut loose with clubs and rifle fire and introduced a new "double-action" tear gas grenade that emits gas when fired and is fused to send out another cloud a few seconds later.

Thus, there is no prototype riot. Authorities from day to day will switch from a "get tough" to a "go easy on the marchers" policy. Demonstrations, in turn, will sometimes simply play themselves out and at other times keep exploding into new acts of terror. I've noticed that a sudden rainstorm on a group of demonstrators very often moves them to violence. No one can prove this statistically; it just happens to be true. Perhaps the rain infuriates the demonstrators who usually start out fairly well dressed and resent the idea of their clothes getting wet. Silly? Maybe. But it's as good a theory as any in these troubled cities where a war outside and daily internal political confusion add to the normal unpredictability of mob behavior.

A more obvious goad to violence is the presence of Americans almost everywhere the Vietnamese look. It's a sad fact of life that when resentment against local government officials mounts, the bitterness spills over to the rich (by Vietnamese standards), powerful and ever-present GI. Incidents have reached a new peak during the Buddhist feuding with Premier Ky, and no theme has greater appeal among large elements of the population than anti-Americanism.

Unfortunately the U.S. military mission in Saigon made the mistake of taking over for billets a number of buildings within a stone's throw of the Vien Hoa Dao, a headquarters for antigovernment Buddhist activities. In recent weeks (notably the night of April 7), several GI's have been hauled out of these billets by rioting mobs and cuffed around, and at least three U.S. Army vehicles have been burned by mobs in the same area. As a result, U.S. officials reinstituted a curfew for American civilian and military personnel starting at 8:30 p.m. and for a time broadcast hourly warnings telling GI's to steer clear of the street demonstrations and other large gatherings of Vietnamese.

All of which has led to profound trigger-happiness on the part of GI's. One day in May, an American guarding a fuel truck became rattled by the crowd in front of the Vien Hoa Dao. He left fly with his shotgun, killing a Vietnamese soldier in the throng of Buddhists. A few days later the U.S. Information Service Library in Hue was sacked and burned and then the U.S. Consulate in Hue was also burned. The rioters mentioned the Vien Hoa Dao shooting as one of the reasons for their actions.

True to the "me first" philosophy, other groups occasionally have joined the Buddhists in their violent demonstrations. Sometimes the allies are political parties too small to make a show of strength alone, sometimes they are labor unions which abet the confusion by calling a strike. Meanwhile Father Hoang Quynh rallies his Catholic forces in much the way the Buddhists do and stages demonstrations designed primariliy to prove that the Buddhist activist movement does not speak for the whole country.

During the brief regime of Premier Nguyen Khan in 1964, Buddhists and Catholics both staged demonstrations on the same day to see which could muster the most people. The leaders of both sides, plus the premier, met on cordial terms at a huge ceremonial platform in the center of Saigon while their respective followers radiated away from the platform on different streets. Each side numbered about 15,000 proving, as is so often the case in South Viet Nam politics, nothing.

The real meaning of the demonstrations, of course, is that they mirror in miniature a bewildered and bewildering nation. The riots in Saigon close down streets and create traffic jams that make even New York City at its worst look like a quiet country town. Cursing motorists blast on horns and bicyclists try, usually unsuccessfully, to shove their way through crowds on the sidewalks. But as a rule, the population as a whole tries to avoid getting directly involved. Every once in a while a general strike, backed by demonstrations, manages to close down all the stores; and sometimes, too, the fighting becomes so intense that the whole city is endangered and there are more accidental casualties than intended ones. For most city dwellers, however, business staggers on no matter what, the riot zones are places to be avoided and life for the general citizenry maintains a pretense of normalcy.

At this writing, no one can tell for sure if the Ky government will rise or fall, whether powerful government suppressive tactics or conciliatory compromises will bring an end to this monsoon riot season, or even what the majority of South Vietnamese want politically. There has yet to be a free election in Viet Nam, or even a legitimate poll. Until there is, the true importance of countless demonstrations as a reflection of public opinion can only be guesswork. About the only sure thing is that discord will continue, and further individual strikes for power will continue no matter who rules in Saigon.

For the American GI trying to win a war, this has to be a terribly puzzling place. Nevertheless, troops continue to fight hard and do an effective job under the circumstances. Morale never seems to be a major problem in U.S. units.

One reason is because every GI can look forward to a definite day on which he'll be going home. And as long as Gen. William C. Westmoreland is the supreme commander here, it's likely to stay that way. Keeping Viet Nam tours down to one year is what keeps American morale high, Westmoreland feels.

"Spare me from those Vietnamese civilians," a GI said one day while watching a demonstration from a discreet distance. "You can at least shoot at Charlie [the Viet Cong] when he attacks, but with the rest of these people you never know which end is up. Man, I'm getting me one of those jackets."

The soldier pointed to a show window where jackets were on sale for the GI trade. Stitched on the back of the jackets were the words: "Send me to heaven, I've done my time in hell. South Viet Nam, 1966." —**Malcolm W. Browne**

TRUE

"Another whiplash case, Doctor."

HOW THE U.S. RECOVERED ITS BIGGEST FUMBLE

[*Continued from page* 31]

taneously refueling Captain Wendorf's flight mate. A 60-knot northeasterly wind was blowing at 30,500 feet as Wendorf maneuvered his aircraft into position. This alone did not seem to pose undue problems. But for some reason the B-52 approached the tanker at what was described as "an excessive closure rate of speed."

The boom operator of the second KC-135 suddenly saw a flash and an explosion and radioed the tower in Morón that a B-52 and a tanker had apparently collided. Morón immediately relayed the flash to the headquarters of the Sixteenth United States Air Force, a SAC unit, at the Torrejón de Ardoz base near Madrid. Within minutes a far-flung search, rescue and decontamination operation was set in motion. Successively it involved the White House and the State Department, the American Embassy in Madrid, the Atomic Energy Commission, the United States Sixth Fleet, the Central Intelligence Agency, the United States Information Agency, the Bureau of Mines, an array of civilian specialists—and, concurrently, the Spanish government, air force and navy.

Altogether this enormous undertaking was known as "Operation Broken Arrow," the Strategic Air Command's code name for nuclear accident procedures. At stake were the international prestige of the United States and the reputations and careers of generals, admirals and diplomats. Costing an estimated $20 million (not counting the value of two destroyed and two dented hydrogen bombs), the operation called for the services of 18 United States Navy ships, an array of science-fiction-type underwater vehicles and other equipment, and 3,500 men aboard vessels and ashore; the organization of a complicated airlift and the use of helicopters; and, finally, an extraordinary supply of imagination, ingenuity and tenacity.

The first fear of accidental nuclear explosion—a highly unlikely but theoretically not absolutely impossible event in a situation involving an accidentally dropped bomb—was removed within moments of the collision; the arming mechanism of the bombs had not been connected and if thermonuclear reaction did not occur at once, it would not occur at all. (The explosive power of a 20-megaton H-bomb is a thousand times that of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Had a nuclear detonation happened, there would have been total destruction in a radius of nearly 20 miles, and fire and radiation effects would have spread over much of Spain's southeastern Almeria province.)

The first concerns of the American officials were to locate the bombs and remove them from Spain as expeditiously and quietly as possible. But, as it turned out, these hopes were quickly disappointed.

While the Air Force set its salvage operations in motion with extraordinary speed—the first aircraft from Torrejón and Moron were flying towards Palomares within 30 minutes of the first flash on the accident—the United States also faced the ticklish diplomatic task of informing the Spanish government that four powerful nuclear bombs were lost somewhere in its territory.

This responsibility was in the hands of Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke and of Lt. Gen. Stanley J. Donovan, the chief of the United States military mission in Spain. Mr. Duke, an affable and quick-acting diplomat, rushed with his message to the Foreign Ministry.

General Donovan, whose office is at the Spanish Air Ministry, hurried to inform the Air Minister, Lt. Gen. José Lacalle Larraga. Then he drove to the High General Staff to advise Capt. Gen. Agustin Muñoz Grandes, the Chief of Staff and Vice-President of the government, of what had happened.

In all cases, the Spaniards accepted the news with remarkable calm and matter-of-factness. They took the view that it was a deplorable and worrisome accident, but that it was a risk Spain had taken in entering into agreements with the United States for the stationing of SAC aircraft at bases in Spain. From that moment on, Americans found the most complete cooperation—and an absolute lack of recriminations—on the part of the Spaniards. An American diplomat remarked later, "Can you imagine the hell that would have broken loose if we had lost those bloody bombs in France?"

The first act of Spanish cooperation was to assist the advance party of Maj. Gen. Delmar E. Wilson, the commander of the United States Sixteenth Air Force at Torrejón, outside Madrid. The general had flown to San Javier, the nearest base to Palomares, aboard his T-39 jet as soon as he had notified SAC headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, and assembled his Disaster Control Team.

The D.C.T., a unit attached to every SAC base in the world, is called into action whenever an accident involving nuclear weapons has occurred. It is made up of some 30 officers and men, chiefly nuclear weapons specialists and radioactivity detection and decontamination experts, equipped with special protective suits and gear as well as with "Pack One-S" radiation counters.

Like D.C.T. units everywhere, the Torrejón detachment had been holding periodic exercises to prepare itself for a nuclear emergency. But as General Wilson said later, nothing quite like Palomares had ever been rehearsed.

After landing at San Javier, General Wilson departed with Spanish and American aides for the scene. It was a 118-mile drive to Palomares. By then a Spanish Navy helicopter had already surveyed the Palomares coast, directing the fishermen to the survivors in the water, and Capt. Isidor Calin, regional commander of the *Guardia Civil,* the national police, was in charge of rescue operations ashore.

As General Wilson, a tall, white-haired pilot who had been associated with nuclear weapons from the early days of the Pacific tests, raced to Palomares to recover his bombs, the well-oiled American military machine was fully in motion

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everywhere in the world where special resources were available.

Radioactive decontamination teams and weapons' specialists attached to the bases in Spain were mobilized within minutes for the flight to San Javier in what was the beginning of an impressive airlift operation. Men were scooped up in offices and air bases in Spain, France and West Germany and flown towards Palomares without time to pick up extra clothing or even toothbrushes.

The Atomic Energy Commission's offices in Washington and Los Alamos, New Mexico, were alerted for technical assistance as was the Spanish Nuclear Energy Board in Madrid. When it became obvious the following day that one of the four bombs was missing and could have gone into the sea, the Sixth Fleet's temporary headquarters in Naples, Italy, was ordered to set up a special recovery task force.

By early morning of January 18, Palomares had fairly recovered from the shock of the previous day's accident. Except for the American fliers there were no victims, and no damage was done to the village. The situation was now firmly in the hands of Captain Calin's troopers and the United States Air Force.

The Palomares villagers, of course, didn't know at that stage the facts the Americans and many Spanish officials knew and were determined to keep to themselves for as long as possible: that one of the 20-megaton hydrogen bombs had not been located and that the two bombs that detonated their TNT charges had released plutonium particles into the air in and around Palomares. If these particles were breathed into the lungs they could cause bone cancer. Alpha radiations from the broken H-bombs' cores also were contaminating Palomares' tomato and bean fields as the wind carried radioactive dust over a wide area.

Within 48 hours of the accident, as aircraft kept landing at San Javier and helicopters and trucks ferried men and equipment on to Palomares, a full-fledged American base was organized on the rocky beach, a half mile from the bewildered village. General Wilson, whose first command post had been set up in the dry river bed in the path of the radioactive plutonium particles, established what was to be his residence for 77 days in a tent on the beach. The camp immediately became known as "Camp Wilson," and because the general had initially used the code name of "Warner," his troops began calling themselves "Warner's Warriors."

These "Warriors," who grew in number from 300 men on the third day to over 800 at the peak of the operation in March, turned out to be—under the circumstances—a highly spirited bunch. Living first in field pup tents and later in spacious 10-man canvas homes, they endured the chilly, windswept nights and 12-hour working days with good humor.

Acting on an Air Force lieutenant's sudden brainstorm, they raided stores in Vera and other neighboring towns for black berets that became the distinctive mark of the Palomares troops and made the men feel like members of an elite outfit. Gradually the tent camp became a reasonably comfortable base.

After the initial days of having to live on combat rations, "Warner's Warriors" received a field mess, complete with huge refrigerators for meat, and an imaginative officer organized a cafeteria-in-the-sun within the walls of a roofless section of an old foundry that rises 200 yards from the beach.

Another wall of the old foundry was used for an outdoor movie theater, the only form of evening recreation for the troops after the Air Police closed the camp for the night at 6 p.m. Officers and civilian technicians were allowed to live in modern tourist hotels, 10 to 15 minutes away by staff car from the beachhead, and the overflow stayed in fleabag boardinghouses in Vera and Garrucha.

A parallel corps involved in the Palomares operation were newsmen from a dozen countries who descended in droves on the search sites. With as many as 60 at a time prowling in the area, they slept where they could, sometimes in their cars, sometimes in the Vera boardinghouses, sometimes commuting for the night to Murcia, two hours away.

Communications with the outside world were a nightmare for both the military and the correspondents. When General Wilson reported the missing bomb to SAC, he used a rickety telephone line from Vera to Torrejón and then on to Omaha. First, he had to wait 40 minutes for his call to go through, passing across wide-open switchboards in three Spanish provincial towns. The call was broken several times. Seldom in the history of the nuclear age had top secret information been relayed through less secure lines of communications. But, alas, there were no red "hot line" phones in Palomares—or any other phones in the village itself for that matter.

Later highly sophisticated lines were set up at Camp Wilson, but they were so sophisticated that it took forever for messages to be relayed. A radio-teletype, working in top secret Air Force codes, functioned between Palomares and Torrejón whence messages were sent to the Morón base near Seville. From Seville, they went to Britain or Morocco and, shifting to Navy codes, on to the Navy's flagship. Though General Wilson and the admiral commanding the search task force were only a few miles from each other, their messages circled the entire Iberian Peninsula and skipped to another country before reaching their nearby destinations. As a bewildered Navy ensign remarked, "A frogman could have brought the messages faster between ship and shore."

Everything was working by the black-covered book of SAC's emergency procedures except for the problem of the villagers. For the people of Palomares were becoming increasingly bewildered and alarmed, observing the strange activities of the Americans.

It was at this point that the Pentagon's policy of secrecy began to falter and to produce harmful results. Especially in the first phase of the operation, this policy ranged from untruths and half-truths to hermetic "no comment" responses. Spanish and American officials alike—as well as newsmen—are convinced that this Washington-dictated policy was responsible for much of the confusion, alarm and fear that developed in the wake of the January 17 incident.

In every case, the United States had to belatedly confirm what was already evident to the newsmen on the scene. At first American officials refused to admit that nuclear weapons were, indeed, involved

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in the B-52 crash, though it took no particular genius to guess it within minutes of the accident. It has never been a secret that SAC bombers carry hydrogen bombs on their worldwide alert flights.

Soon after the accident, while officials were keeping their lips completely zipped, the first newsmen arriving on the scene witnessed operations which, to say the least, seemed to confirm some suspicions and created others. First, red pennants began appearing on tall poles along the edges of some fields surrounding Palomares, and the *Guardia Civil* firmly told the farmers they could not enter these areas or send their animals out to pasture. The tomatoes were ready to be picked. Some were already beginning to rot on the vine. Without any explanation, the people of Palomares were told they could not harvest their crops.

Then the teams of American troopers, wearing radioactivity badges and green mouth masks, appeared in the fields checking the ground inch by inch with gray-painted telephonelike devices which turned out to be alpha oscillator counters. Air Force trucks, from Torrejón and Morón, drove up and down Palomares roads and paths spraying them with water.

On the third day, men in white overalls from the Spanish Nuclear Energy Board set up shop in a bar near the village's main square and encouraged inhabitants to come in and submit to examinations with Geiger counters and, in some cases, to provide urine samples. Those who had come close to the areas where the two bombs exploded were told —still without any explanation—to take showers and to wash carefully the clothes they had worn the day of the accident.

Finally, as it had to happen, the story broke wide open in the most obvious way. On the third day, a Spanish reporter working for an American news service approached a United States sergeant wearing a Radioactivity Team badge.

"Why are you wearing that badge?" the reporter asked innocently.

"Why do you think, buddy?" the sergeant replied. And this grumpy response was enough to start the news wires all over the world humming with the story of the nuclear bombs and radioactivity in Palomares.

Begrudgingly the United States confirmed that four unarmed nuclear weapons had, indeed, been involved in the Monday collision. But it said nothing else and thereby contributed to the wave of rumors, fears and alarm that spread over the already nervous village—and the rest of the world.

Then it took over a month for the United States officially to admit that a bomb was missing, a fact that was as obvious as the presence off Palomares of the Navy's flotilla. It was the Soviet propagandists who surfaced the fact that TNT explosions occurred in two of the bombs that fell on land; the intriguing question remains of how the Russians found out about it, unless it was sheer deduction upon hearing of the work of the radioactivity decontamination teams in the Palomares fields.

As was to be expected, communist propaganda wasted no time in capitalizing on the accident. "Radio Independent Spain," a communist station broadcasting from Prague, soon began to pour out alarming information about alleged radioactivity dangers.

The people of Palomares who, like many other Spaniards, listen to Prague along with other foreign stations, thus learned the accursed word "radioactivity," if not its precise meaning, from the communists.

People began lining up at the Nuclear Energy Board's medical post, now in ampler quarters, to be examined and reexamined for radioactivity. Nearly 2,000 persons, many of them living miles away, went through the examination.

Men and women, some holding babies in their arms, queued up patiently at the post as the board's technicians ran alpha oscillator counters over each person's head and limbs. A low radioactivity count was registered initially on some of the Civil Guards, but not a single case of actual contamination or radiation sickness was reported. Several persons, including a Madrid architect, claimed contamination, but Spanish and American doctors quickly persuaded them of their error—which may have well related to hopes for compensation payments.

These compensations were to become one of the knottiest problems in Palomares—in a way, harder to solve than the radioactivity itself. At the outset, everybody wanted compensations for everything: for alleged injuries, lost or unsold crops, unearned wages, damages to hedges and whatever else the rich imagination of Andalusians could conjure.

Then a system was evolved under which Air Force legal officers worked through Spanish officials in processing the claims and bringing them down to their real proportions. The American orders were to err on the side of generosity rather than of economy, and the real slashing of the claims was made by the Spanish officials—to the point where the Air Force finally revised the compensation figures upward.

No single formula could be devised for the claims because they varied so much in nature. But in the easy cases, an Air Force colonel handed out cash payments in crisp peseta notes from his blue satchel. In other cases, complicated studies were carried out, and by late May some claims were still unsettled.

The villagers, first skeptical about the Americans' readiness to pay, later admitted that "you people are fairer to us than our own officials." In nearby Vera, a bartender summed up the local businessmen's feelings, remarking, "Now we are praying for another American bomb, but this time on the main street of our town."

The people of the village were worried about their incomes as much as their health. As soon as the word "radioactivity" spread in the region, buyers in Vera and elsewhere in the neighborhood refused to accept Palomares tomatoes, even though what was being offered for sale had been picked before the accident. Demand for fish and shrimps from the whole coastal area dropped sharply and so did the prices. A Palomares man reported that he was thrown out of a café in another village because he was thought to be "radioactive."

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Thus the nuclear age came upon Palomares with the full force of reality and fantasy. Yet the truth was much more encouraging than either the rumors or the "no comment" responses of the officials.

This truth was that danger to health would arise only if a person breathed in plutonium particles. Lodged in the lungs, these particles could cause bone cancer within a five-year period. However, this danger existed only in the first hours after the accident and all the careful tests produced no evidence of any such contamination. Otherwise, Alpha radiations from the particles on the ground could be easily washed away with water. This, incidentally, explains why U.S. Air Force decontamination teams shed their masks and gloves after a day or two, and proceeded to work with their bare hands even in the "hottest" areas around the two broken bombs where radioactivity reached two million counts per minute, the highest possible measurement on the alpha oscillator counters. The average in the contaminated fields elsewhere was between 7,000 and 50,000 counts.

The area in which even minimal radioactivity was detectable was demarked as a "Zero Zone." This required backbreaking labor in which an airman, crawling on his knees with an alpha counter, would average one acre in a 12-hour day. It involved plowing under 385 acres of arable land, the burning of tomatoes and other kinds of vegetation and, finally, the shipment to the United States of nearly 1,600 tons of slightly radioactive Spanish soil for burial in an atomic cemetery in South Carolina. Never before in the nuclear age had the United States been faced with quite such a situation, but the response was instananeous, highly competent and eminently successful.

Yet so tense was the Administration that when Dr. Wright H. Langham, an AEC biologist directing the decontamination operation, contracted a common cold in Washington after a quick trip from Spain, this fact was hushed up to prevent speculation that he might have been suffering from radiation sickness.

In Palomares some of the tension decreased after a while. But enforced idleness and the worry about indemnity payments promised by the United States did have the men of the village on edge for long weeks. Unable to go to work in their fields, they stood around the square or sat in Tomás Mula's dark bar, talking to newsmen and gradually improving on their accounts of the day of the collision until the *Guardia Civil* finally closed the village to the reporters.

The 80-day hunt for the fourth bomb was the other—and the truly spectacular—side of the two-ring Palomares circus.

While the United States was still refusing to admit that a hydrogen weapon was actually missing ("What bomb?" Air Force spokesmen would reply poker-facedly to newsmen's questions), the Mediterranean in front of Palomares was reminiscent of a wartime beachhead, with warships cruising back and forth and helicopters flying to and fro.

Ashore other helicopters and teams of Air Force searchers surveyed the mountainous countryside, poking into every hole and cave. For nearly a month, the assumption was that the bomb had sunk somewhere offshore, partly based on the report of Captain Simó, the Catalan fisherman, that he saw the extra parachute float down into the sea. But the possibility that the missing bomb had fallen inland could not be altogether discarded either. And when the heel-clamp from the missing bomb's parachute was found in the sand near the beach, land-search efforts were stepped up again.

But the most rugged part of the search was going on underwater and aboard the ships of Task Force 65, commanded by R. Adm. William S. Guest. This tough and highly imaginative Navy aviator was given responsibility for the seemingly impossible job of locating a 10-foot-long cigar-shaped object in a 125-square-mile area of the Mediterranean whose bottom was a maze of canyons, gullies and undersea mountains.

Admiral Guest's assignment was comparable, in his words, to the search for a needle in an entire wheat field in the middle of the night. And, in addition to the difficulties of the hunt itself, Admiral Guest also had to deal with the treacherous Mediterranean weather, which often brewed up gale-force winds. For a week, the admiral had to cope with the presence of a Soviet fishing trawler anchored in international waters 15 miles from the Task Force. The trawler, equipped with electronic gear, was evidently trying to eavesdrop on the bomb search to learn something about U.S. underwater techniques. But it was kept at bay by continuous American air and sea surveillance, and it finally gave up its listening post and went away.

The admiral's first requirement was to chart the bottom of the sea in the search area and to establish the pattern of the air collison's debris which had fallen along a vaguely oblong path from Palomares to a point several miles out to sea. Electronic and sonar devices were used for the charting while 100 of the Navy's best frogmen were assigned the tedious task of combing the bottom of the sea from the beach outward, along a mile-wide front, in the relatively shallow waters where men could work.

The frogmen, a Navy elite group permitted to sport beards and unorthodox bits of attire, also had to retrieve over 100 pieces of the two aircraft, ranging from tiny fragments of classified equipment to a whole wing of the B-52.

It wasn't until mid-February, when Admiral Guest had an idea what the bottom looked like (and it looked like an underwater replica of the mountains around Palomares), that the search for the bomb could really get underway.

At this point, the hunters' life settled down to a tough, monotonous routine. The 2,500 sailors aboard the task force ships went through days and nights of relative idleness, when new equipment was being awaited or the highly technical undersea contact work was conducted by specialists. They would then break into feverish activity when it seemed that a clue pointed to the object of the search.

Because of the peculiar nature of the assignment, the work went on at nighttime as well as day. Liberty ashore was an occasional luxury for some crews when one of the ships went into Malaga or Cartagena to bunker. Otherwise "Operation Broken Arrow" was a period of 80 days of confinement for the sailors aboard ships and for the troops ashore. Admiral Guest and General Wilson agreed that all contact between their men and the civilians ashore should be avoided so that additional problems would not be created.

It was not surprising then that a frogmen's team, emerging from the water after a hard morning of swimming, broke into rebel yells when a tall, blonde American news photographer appeared on the beach, clicking away at them. Another girl to cause considerable commotion at Camp Wilson was a French secretary attached to an American television team. She had become the center of so much admiration that, in the end, the Air Force requested that she discontinue her daily visits with the TV crew.

So aboard the ships and in the camp city the men read, watched movies and played cards at night, wishing for this "nutty assignment" to come to an end.

Soon it became evident that the standard Navy equipment—and some revolutionary new pieces of gear—could not do the job, mainly because of the depths involved. The frogmen could go down only to 200 feet. The "hard-hat" divers had a limit of 400 feet. The "Deep Jeep," a weird vehicle designed to crawl on the sea bottom, could go down 2,000 feet, but many estimated that the bomb might be even deeper. Electronically controlled sleds that dragged along the bottom also had their limitations.

The Pentagon, which had a special Navy-Air Force committee overseeing the whole Palomares operation from Washington, then turned to naval and civilian research centers for assistance. A whole arsenal of new devices was made available to Task Force 65.

Chief among them were three midget submarines—the *Cubmarine*, a very mobile though not deep-water sub, and the *Alvin* and the *Aluminaut* which could operate at depths below 6,000 feet.

Every day, weather permitting, and often at night, the tiny yellow *Cubmarine*, the white *Alvin* and the crimson *Aluminaut* went down to various parts of the sea floor, sometimes for eight or nine hours at a time. Working with un-

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derwater television and high-intensity lights, the submersibles' crews followed the clues supplied from the ships above and worked on their own leads.

At one point, it was discovered later, both the *Alvin* and the *Aluminaut* sailed within eight feet of the bomb, as it lay shrouded in its gray parachute, without spotting it.

The submersibles' men were all civilians, and both the *Aluminaut* and the *Cubmarine* belonged to private concerns. The *Alvin,* though owned by the Office of Naval Research, was piloted by civilians from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute.

They were among the 70 civilian technicians attached to the naval task force under a contract with Ocean Systems, Inc., a Los Angeles and Seattle firm specializing in underwater work. The technicians represented numerous firms, such as Decca, Westinghouse and Reynolds International Inc., with Ocean Systems acting as the coordinator.

The best known among the civilians was Jon Lindbergh, son of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who directed the operations of the *Cubmarine*. An executive of Ocean Systems, Mr. Lindbergh was drafted for the Palomares operation from Nigeria where he was involved in offshore oil drilling.

As days turned into weeks and as the southern winter turned into spring, Admiral Guest remained amazingly patient with his hunt; he kept telling Washington and Madrid that the search simply could not be hurried, if it were to be successful. But he became openly impatient with those pressuring him. He would not receive newsmen aboard, except one day in March after Ambassador Duke and Spanish Information Minister Manuel Fraga Iribarne staged their famous "swim-in" off Palomares to prove that the waters were not radioactive.

The "swim-in," on March 7, was one of the great Palomares spectaculars and probably the greatest baroque beach party in history. Conceived by Ambassador Duke, who at the age of 52 is an enthusiastic swimmer, skier, golfer and tennis player, the aquatic show was played in two parts, involving a multitude of Embassy aides, children and newsmen. At 9 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Duke, in swimming trunks and wearing a rubber cap on his head, raced into the Mediterranean waves in front of the government tourist hotel at Mojacar, some five miles from Palomares. His children (and this reporter's son) followed him with boundless enthusiasm, but the less athletic Embassy aides barely managed to keep frozen smiles on their lips as they waded in behind the boss.

The water temperature was over 60 degrees, but the air was only 58. A dozen television cameramen and newsmen stood cautiously with water up to their knees, cameras whirring and microphones catching the sounds of the splash.

A liveried hotel waiter, wearing white gloves, stood gingerly on the beach with a tray loaded with cognac glasses for the gallant swimmers. But the ambassador disdainfully waved away the cognac as he marched up the beach to change his clothes for the next event of the day.

That was the visit, with Information Minister Fraga, to the main square of Palomares where the population dutifully heard the Spanish official promise them government aid and paraded signs proclaiming that "Wilson's Troops Behave Correctly with Palomares."

From Palomares, Mr. Duke and Señor Fraga drove to the beachhead for the day's second "swim-in." The ambassador, shedding his dark suit in a tent, donned a pair of trunks borrowed from a frogman. The Minister had his own bathing suit, and the two men happily splashed in the water between beached LST's. It remained for *The Times* of London to ask editorially whether this practice would be henceforth followed by American diplomats whenever a nuclear weapon was lost. "And in Norway? In the winter?" it asked.

Finally on March 15, Admiral Guest's patience was suddenly rewarded. The *Alvin,* poking around the bottom in one of the "high probability" areas five miles off the rocky coast, radioed up the single word, "CONSOLE." It meant the elusive H-bomb had at last been located.

Whether the discovery was the result of the highly sophisticated techniques of the Navy, of luck or of Captain Simó's early report—or of all three—is a matter of opinion for scientists. But the overwhelming fact was that the tubular bomb was found perched precariously on the steep side of a slope at a depth of 2,400 feet.

Admiral Guest, stepping up his chain-smoking of filtered cigarettes, ordered the start of "Operation Charlie," the recovery phase of the hunt. Again the star performer was to be the two-man *Alvin,* the chunky sub equipped with a mechanical claw that, hopefully, could tie a lifting line to the shrouds of the bomb's parachute.

This particular undertaking called for the kind of skill that is required to knot a bow tie with one chopstick, but the *Alvin's* crewmen were not dismayed. And it was at this juncture that the underwater drama reached its peak of intensity.

On the first try to tie a line to the waterlogged parachute, the *Alvin's* claw somehow unbalanced the bomb and it began moving down the slope in the direction of a narrow trench 500 feet below its original resting place. As the *Alvin's* crewmen held their breath, the bomb came to a halt just 20 feet below the starting point. Near-disaster had been averted.

Two more attempts were made by the *Alvin* to attach the tough nylon line to the missile. Each attempt was initially successful, but each time the cable broke.

The second attempt also resulted, almost tragically, in the loss of the bomb. The *Alvin's* crew was aware that the missile had risen up the slope, perhaps 100 feet, after the line had been attached to the parachute. But then the weapon sank somewhere in the deep mire and the *Alvin* lost sight of it.

For nearly two weeks, as gloom spread over the Task Force and Admiral Guest became taciturn and explosive by turns, the hydrogen bomb remained lost. It

[*Continued on page* 112]

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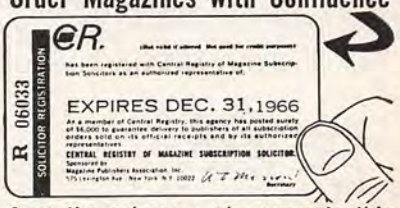

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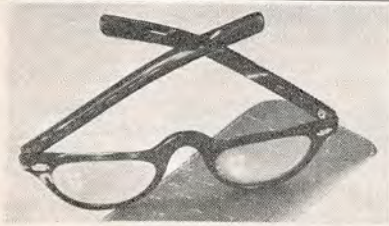

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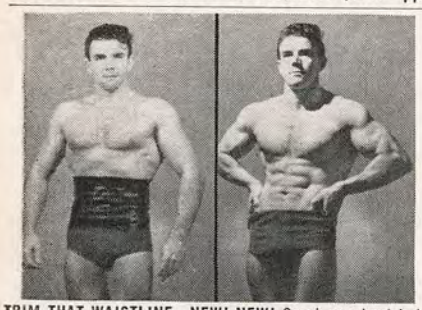

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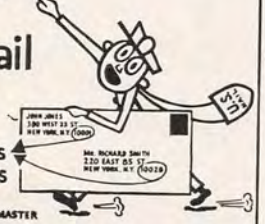

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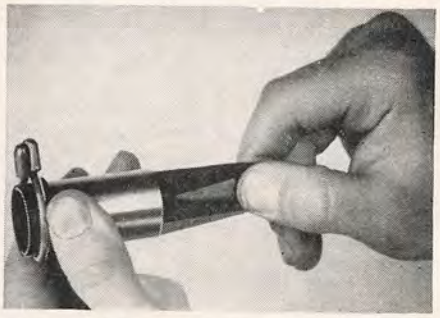

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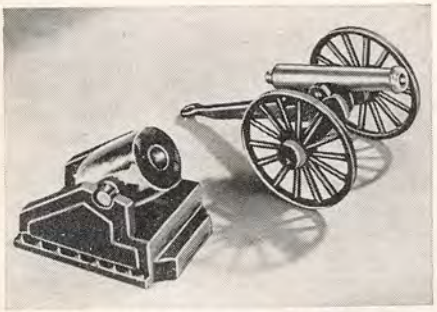

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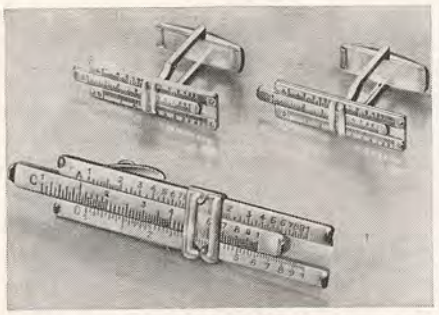

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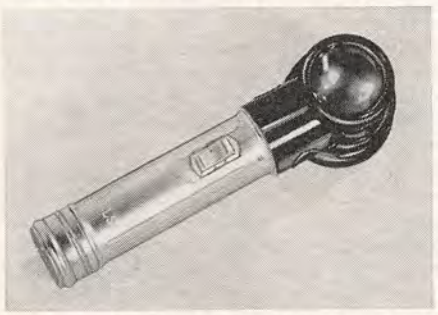

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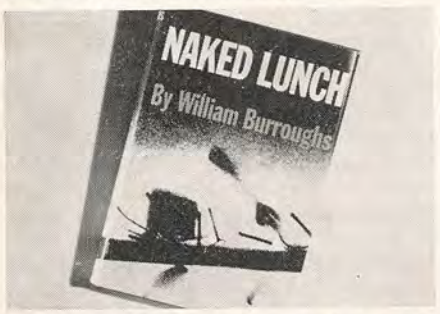

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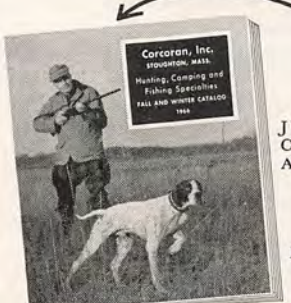

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[*Continued from page* 109]

was embarrassing, humiliating and infuriating. The Navy's experts knew roughly where the bomb was, but contact could not be reestablished with it, visually or by deep-resolution sonar. Because of the strong underwater currents and possible bottom slides, Admiral Guest could not rule out the possibility that the weapon and its parachute had tumbled down into the deep bottom trench or had been dragged away in some unknown direction.

Time out was called by the hunters to allow the Navy to fly in from Pasadena, California, the latest of the underwater retrieving devices. This was CURV (Cable-Controlled Underwater Recovery Vehicle), a torpedo-retrieving apparatus that looks like a multibarrel cannon. It had been redesigned and successfully tested at Pasadena's Naval Ordnance Test Station to work at the required depths. Now the hopes were high that CURV could recover the bomb—assuming, of course, that it could be found.

The *Alvin* and the *Aluminaut* dived deep in the Mediterranean once more. And on the night of April 5, the tireless *Alvin* crew succeeded in spotting the bomb and in photographing it from every angle so that the CURV could operate efficiently. Then the final—and breathless—period of "Operation Charlie" was set in motion by Admiral Guest.

Late on April 6, CURV was placed in position to fire its snagging arm at the bomb, and the *Alvin* went down one more time to oversee the operation. Admiral Guest, his leather greatcoat thrown over his black Navy sweater marked with the one-star insignia, took up his command post aboard the USS *Petrel*, a submarine rescue ship.

Then, just before dawn on Thursday, April 7, word was flashed from the *Alvin* that she had become entangled in the parachute's shrouds and could not move. Now two men—Pilot William O. Rainnie and Co-pilot Valentine P. Wilson, both 41—were imprisoned in their tiny submarine 2,400 feet under the sea. Their lives were at stake along with the fate of the hydrogen bomb.

Admiral Guest knew there was nothing he could do to help. The two men in the *Alvin* would have to free themselves. As he recounted it later, "this was worse than combat." But suddenly a new flash came up from the depths. Bill Rainnie had succeeded in freeing the sub with a deft starboard turn of the rudder.

The pink dawn was rising over the Mediterranean as Admiral Guest, lighting his hundredth cigarette of the long watch, ordered the raising of the bomb. "Let's get on with it," he said crisply.

By 5 o'clock in the morning, CURV had succeeded in securing three nylon lines to the bomb's parachute, and the heavy weapon began its slow ascent. When the bomb reached 150 feet below the surface, six Navy frogmen leaped into the water. Diving to that depth, they quickly attached additional lines to the top of the parachute's canopy. Then they examined the bomb for damage. There was none.

At 8:15 a.m., the 20-megaton hydrogen bomb broke the surface of the Mediterranean, just three hours short of 80 days since it had plummeted into the sea from the exploding B-52.

"Thank God," was all Admiral Guest said at that moment. His men were too tired and too tense to have reacted in any memorable way to their moment of triumph. Twenty-five minutes later, the bomb was safely aboard the *Petrel* and the waiting Navy and Air Force ordnance experts defused the inner TNT charge.

At 9:31 a.m., local time, the totally exhausted Bill Guest flashed this signal, marked SECRET, to his naval superiors and to the American Embassy in Madrid: "TARGET ON DECK OF PETREL AND IDENTIFIED AS WEAPON. . . ."

The next morning, with the admiral still on his feet and still chain-smoking, the United States staged the first public showing of any hydrogen bomb. To establish its "international credibility"—that is, to do away with Soviet innuendoes that the weapon was never really retrieved—the Administration ordered that the bomb be displayed. It was placed on the *Petrel's* fantail in full view of nearly 100 newsmen and photographers watching from a ship 40 yards away.

Later in the day, the defused bomb was transferred aboard another warship for the voyage to the United States and its ultimate return to the hands of the Strategic Air Command.

Except for the deaths of the seven fliers on January 17 (and of eight other Air Force crewmen when a Palomares supply aircraft crashed later in the Sierra Nevada) "Broken Arrow" was an immensely lucky accident—judging by what might have been.

Both the Air Force and the Navy extracted valuable lessons about handling nuclear weapons in emergency situations, and, in the Navy's case, new knowledge was also gained about undersea operations. The SAC units provided a detailed, day-by-day account of their Palomares activities, complete with 27,000 photographs, to serve as a guide should such an accident happen again.

Hopefully, Washington public information policy-makers also learned something for the future. At Palomares, the United States often looked foolish trying to hide the truth of what was, essentially, a highly successful operation, following a nuclear-age accident that occurred in full view of the world. In doing so, it detracted considerably from the triumphs of its nuclear know-how and helped to obscure the fact that man controls the atom to a much greater extent than might have been thought during the first shock of the accident.

As for the people of Palomares, they saw their lives transformed and distorted perhaps forever. For life in the village will never be quite the same, even after all the compensations are paid and the memories of *la bomba* become history and part of the local forklore. Yet these people, despite their utter incomprehension of what was happening around them, succeeded in acting with remarkable fortitude and dignity throughout the whole episode. A philosopher might conclude that, indeed, man can learn to live with anything—including the nuclear age.

—Tad Szulc

Double line shows Earhart's announced course to Howland Island. Author believes she flew first to Truk instead to study secret Japanese base, then got lost and landed in Mili Atoll. Captured by Japanese, she was taken along dotted line to other bases. Ship below Howland is U.S. Coast Guard's Itasca, *Earhart's assigned contact.*

My Search For Amelia Earhart

[*Continued from page* 53]

Mantz went over to a cabinet and took out a large file folder. "Here's a copy of the radio log of that Coast Guard cutter, the *Itasca*, that the government stationed at Howland Island in '37 to be AE's homing vessel. Look at this one. AE reported they were flying in heavy overcast. That meant Noonan couldn't shoot a celestial and he was primarily a celestial navigator. He would have had a hell of a time gauging his drift, too. All he could do was guess."

"What about the radio homing signals sent out by the *Itasca*?"

"Look for yourself," Paul replied, throwing the file into my lap. "AE acknowledged only once receiving the *Itasca's* signals and then she couldn't get a minimum. Either there was something wrong with her radio or they were goofing off aboard that boat."

As I read over the yellowing copies of the *Itasca's* log, I noticed the last message received from Amelia's plane.

"What does this final message mean, Paul? 'We are 157-337 running north and south. Wait listening on 6210.'"

"It means Noonan was lost. The figures 157-337 simply represent a sun line he had shot in the early morning hours. See, the message came at 8:43. After flying all night with overcast, he finally got a crack at the sun after dawn, but without a reference point he couldn't have told where he was along two-thousand miles of that sun line."

"What about the 'running north and south' and 'wait listening on 6210'?"

"'Running north and south' means they were flying up and down that sun line trying to pick up Howland Island. And the '6210' just represents their daylight radio frequency. They had been working 3105 kilocycles through the night and were switching to 6210."

"I wonder why they weren't heard on 6210?"

Mantz was silent for a moment, then said, "It could have been they were too damn far away to be heard. And 6210 doesn't have a fraction of the range of 3105. Signals on 3105 at night can skip thousands of miles across an ocean, but 6210 is usually good for just a couple hundred miles."

"Paul, condense it for me. How tough was the flight?"

"Tough. Plenty tough. I warned AE about the Howland Island leg. With perfect weather conditions, they would have had a good chance to make it. But the weather wasn't perfect; a typhoon had just blown out of the Caroline Islands and they undoubtedly hit plenty of turbulence. With that overcast, too, they needed more than luck."

Mantz walked over to a huge map of the Pacific Ocean hanging on the wall of his office.

"Look at that, Lae, New Guinea, to Howland Island . . . more than 2500 miles over open water, and Howland is a peewee, about two miles long and a half-mile wide." I looked a long time.

I was hooked; not completely, but there was a fairly large barb working in me. Some of the best fliers in the world had said it was possible, if not probable, that Earhart and Noonan could have flown their plane to Saipan, and Josephine Akiyama's story had stood its first test.

I decided to visit Saipan and CBS agreed to foot the bill. Saipan is one of several thousand small islands that make up the United Nations Trust Territory of the Pacific now under control of the United States. Most of the islands are administered by the U.S. Department of Interior, so it was with some surprise we found Saipan under U.S. Navy authority in 1960. Next we found Saipan required top security clearance. When I asked to visit the island, the Navy reacted first in shock and then in apparent disbelief that a search for Amelia Earhart could really be the reason. It took some pressure, but we got the clearance and on June 16, 1960, with Max Akiyama, Josephine's husband who would act as interpreter and guide, I shoved off.

Who was this extraordinary woman who lived on in the hearts of millions? Amelia Earhart was born in Kansas on July 24, 1898. She once was a nurse and considered medicine before, in 1921, she discovered flying. She loved it and worked hard at it and soon began setting records. The nation was mad for aviation, and there were a series of exploits culminated by Col. Charles Lindbergh's solo flight over the Atlantic in 1927. The next year Amelia became the first woman to make the Atlantic flight, though as a passenger. It brought her instant fame and four years later, when she duplicated Lindbergh's feat, she became a genuine heroine. Other records fell to her, including the solo hop from Honolulu to California. She joined Purdue University as a student counsellor; the university established an aviation department and ostensibly gave her $50,000 for the most advanced long-range nonmilitary aircraft in the world: Lockheed's twin-engined, 10-passenger, low-wing model 10-E Electra airliner. Amelia stripped the seats and put in tanks for 1204 gallons of gasoline, giving the plane a 4500-mile range. She took delivery on her birthday in 1936. One great challenge remained: around the world.

Her first try, in which she flew east to west, ended in an ignominious ground loop at Honolulu. In record time, the Electra was shipped to Lockheed at Burbank for repair and reinstrumentation. It was decided to reverse the direction of the flight. Amelia, with navigator Fred Noonan, would now fly around the world

from west to east. No public announcement of the change was made. Later the switch in plans would be attributed to "seasonal weather conditions."

Noonan was 44, Chicago-born, and had spent years at sea before turning to the air. He worked for Pan American Airways planning its flying clipper routes in the Pacific, but whisky trouble had put him at liberty when Amelia's flight with its obvious navigational needs came along. Noonan was originally supposed to travel just the Pacific hop, but decided that he would go all the way with her.

On May 17, 1937, less than two months after the Honolulu crash, the Electra was ready. On May 20, the round-the-world flight began from Oakland, California. Stops followed at Tucson, New Orleans, Miami, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Dutch Guiana, Brazil, French West Africa, Mali, French Equatorial Africa, Sudan, Ethiopia, Pakistan, India and Burma. On June 20, a month out, Amelia and Noonan reached Singapore, and spent the next week in Java where F. O. Furman, an American engine specialist, worked on the Electra's engines. Then came Indonesia, Australia and finally Lae, New Guinea, with about 7,000 miles remaining.

The next stop to Howland Island would be the most difficult: 2556 miles over open water. Howland is approximately two miles long in a north-south direction, about one half mile in an east-west direction, and rises to a maximum elevation of 20 feet. Three emergency runways had been constructed on the island by the U.S. government with no other apparent purpose than receiving the Earhart plane. At 10:30 a.m., July 2, 1937, the Electra left Lae. The U.S.S. *Swan* was stationed halfway between Honolulu and Howland, the U.S.S. *Ontario*, halfway between Howland and Lae, to serve as plane guards. The Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* lay alongside Howland to send and receive homing signals.

Amelia and Fred were actually flying into yesterday because of the international date line. Their takeoff time was 12:30 p.m., July 1, aboard the *Itasca*.

In the United States, it was a fairly light news day. Into that quiet burst what many journalists have referred to as "one of the 10 most reported news stories of the 20th century."

LADY LINDY LOST!

For the next 30 days, the nation talked about little else. The search for Amelia and Fred was the largest and most expensive in history. The Navy, at the request of President Roosevelt, sent the carrier *Lexington*, battleship *Colorado* and a dozen other vessels. Some 262,281 square miles of Pacific Ocean were searched by ships and planes, but no clue was found. In due course, the U.S. Navy officially abandoned Amelia and Fred as "lost at sea." At that moment a mystery was born in millions of minds.

At Guam, Rear Admiral Waldemar Wendt, Commandant of the Marianas Sea Frontier, said, "Mr. Goerner, I'd like you to be frank. Is your mission to Saipan really to investigate the disappearance of Amelia Earhart?"

"Yes, sir, it is. Would you be just as frank with me? What's going on at Saipan that has the Navy spooked?"

Admiral Wendt smiled but not with humor. "Nothing terribly exciting, Mr. Goerner. There are some restricted areas on the island that you will not be permitted to visit."

"Will I have a free hand in questioning the natives?"

"Of course you will. The restricted areas are on Saipan's north and east sides, but almost all the natives live on the south portion of the island. You'll be met this afternoon by a Commander Bridwell who heads our Naval Administration Unit there."

On the way to Saipan that afternoon aboard a groaning old Navy DC-4, I asked Maximo Akiyama why the Navy was so secretive about Saipan.

"I do not know for sure," he said, "but it has been going on for many years; since not long after the end of the war with Japan. Not many people except officials are allowed to go to Saipan."

Saipan lies 115 miles north of Guam, about 45 minutes flight time. It is good sized compared to most other Pacific Islands; more than 12 miles long and five miles wide, bordered on the east by the Pacific Ocean, the Philippine Sea on the west.

Japan controlled Saipan from 1914 to the U.S. invasion in 1944. The cost of taking Saipan was brutal: 15,525 casualties for the U.S., 29,000 of 30,000 Japanese killed.

Mount Tapotchau rises about 1500 feet at the center of the island and from the air the rest appears to be nothing but jungle. There is beauty in the thousand shades of green within the protective reef and through the jungle, but with it is something evil, hostile.

Commander Bridwell met us and though pleasant, seemed intent on discouraging us. He reiterated the boundary lines—neither north of the naval administration area or to the east side of the island. He told me the natives would tell me what I wanted to hear—and then offered to take me to some who should know, if anyone did, whether AE had been on Saipan. Max and I had decided to stay in Chalan Kanoa Village with his brother-in-law Jose Matsumoto, the same man to whom Josephine had been taking lunch in 1937 when she had seen the white fliers.

Matsumoto remembered the two American fliers.

Max explained, "He did not see them. The Japanese police had taken them away before he got there that day, but he remembers the people at the seaplane base talking about it and he remembers the Japanese talking about the woman and man fliers, the Americans, the spies."

Early the next morning came a break. The Monsignor and Fathers at the Catholic Mission in Chalan Kanoa had heard I was on the island and came by Matsumoto's for a chat. The natives of Saipan are almost all Catholic.

Monsignor Oscar Calvo is a native of Guam, part Chamorran, and is best known in the Marianas as the priest who defied the Japanese. Father Arnold Bendowske of Milwaukee was captured by the Japanese at Guam in 1941 and spent most of the war in a prison camp in Japan. Father Sylvan Conover of Brooklyn, has served on Saipan for the last 10 years.

The Monsignor and the Fathers had heard vague rumors on Saipan over the years about some white people who might have been on the island before or during the war.

I explained why I was on the island and asked Monsignor Calvo and the Fathers to help me in questioning the natives. We devised a method which we thought would produce truthful answers.

Before we could start, Commander Bridwell arrived to take me to the natives he said should know. He introduced me to six who uniformly seemed uncommunicative and even frightened. He seemed to feel that my quest should end there, but I decided to give the Fathers a chance. In the days that followed, we talked to more than 200 Saipanese and found that the testimony of 13 could be pieced together into a story that apparently supported the contention of Josephine Akiyama.

A white woman and man, Americans and fliers according to what the Japanese had said, either came ashore or had been brought ashore at Tanapag Harbor sometime in 1937. The woman resembled a man, at least she was dressed as a man and had short hair. The man was injured; his head was bandaged. Under guard, they had been held at the dock area until a Japanese military car arrived from Garapan and took them away. (Garapan was the Japanese city on Saipan just south of Tanopag Harbor. It was completely destroyed during the U.S. invasion in 1944, and the rubble has been swallowed by the jungle.)

The pair were next seen being taken into the Japanese military police headquarters in Garapan. The interrogation had lasted several hours, and then the woman was taken to Garapan prison, the man to the Muchot Point military police barracks. The woman was held at the prison for only a few hours, then transferred back to the city and placed in a hotel the military police had taken over in 1934 to house political prisoners. None of the witnesses knew what had finally happened to the mysterious white people, although several felt that either one or both of them had been executed.

Here are samples: "The Japanese were very surprised to see a lady flier because at that time it never would happen that a lady would fly." "I remember well the lady. Her face, arms, posture —all looked American."

"Her hair was cut short."

Why did the people never talk about this before? "During the Japanese time, it is very unsafe to disclose information."

Jesus Salas is a farmer and lives in a hut outside Done Village. Jesus was put in Garapan prison in 1937 after he fought with a Japanese soldier who had spit on a religious processional. He remained in prison until American Marines released him in 1944. Sometime during 1937 a white woman was placed in the next cell, but kept there only a few hours. He saw the woman only

once but gave a description of her that fitted those given by the other witnesses. The guards told him the woman was an American pilot the Japanese had captured.

Josepa Reyes Sablan of Chalan Kanoa saw the two white people taken into the military police headquarters in Garapan.

Manuel Aldan is a native dentist practicing in Chalan Kanoa. In 1937 his work was restricted to Japanese officers. He had not seen the two white people, but he had heard much about them from his patients. The American man and woman, according to the Japanese, were fliers who had been captured as spies. "The officers," said Aldan, "made jokes about the United States using women as spies. They said that American men did not have the courage to come and spy themselves."

None of these people had been anxious to provide information. I knew that without the help of Monsignor and the Fathers I would have got little.

"Why," I asked Monsignor Calvo, "haven't these people come forward before with this story?"

"You have to understand their history," replied Monsignor. "They belonged to the Spanish, Germans, then the Japanese. During the U.S. invasion, the island was torn apart. Many Saipanese were killed, caught between Japanese and Americans, and others killed themselves because the Japanese had convinced them the Americans would torture them. After such experiences, you can't wonder why most of the Saipanese are not willing to become involved in something that is not really their business."

From many of the Saipanese questioned, we had heard one name repeatedly. For what had happened during Japanese times, see a man I shall call Francisco Galvan. Most of the natives seemed to be afraid of him. Galvan had worked with the Japanese police before and during the war. His responsibility had been to keep the rest of the natives in line and his methods hadn't been gentle.

Twice we stopped to see him and he fled. The third time we caught him, but he sullenly shook his head as answer to every question and glowered at me. Francisco, in his mid-to-late-fifties, is a tough, bitter, hatred-filled man who looks his reputation. We got no information from Galvan that evening, but I met him again, more than once, in frightening circumstances.

Had Amelia and Fred flown their Lockheed to Saipan? There was no sure answer in the natives' testimony. All it established was that a man and woman, matching the descriptions of Noonan and Earhart, supposedly American fliers and spies, had been on Saipan sometime during the latter part of 1937. Some of the witnesses felt the pair had come by air and mentioned a plane; others had seen the man and woman at the harbor or in Garapan and did not know how they had reached the island. Those who remembered a plane could not clearly describe it or tell if it had been damaged.

If they had flown the Electra to Saipan, they probably had ditched it in the harbor, since the beaches were small and inclined. I decided to check the harbor bottom.

Father Sylvan arranged for the help of two native divers, Gregorio Magofna and Antonio Taitano who said they knew the locations of two two-motor aircraft: One very old. Other not so old.

Maximo went with the divers the first day and returned with a hundred pounds or more of wreckage covered with greenish slime and growths of coral. I pounded loose a piece of coral as big as a doubled-fist, revealing a surface of the equipment. It appeared to be a starter mechanism. Identification was impossible but it was aircraft gear. The next day I decided to go down.

It's another world, the bottom of Tanapag Harbor. Every conceivable type of wreckage lies strewn in chaotic patterns across the sand and coral; jeeps, tanks, unexploded ammunition, landing craft, rolls of wire, all in varying states of decomposition. The aircraft was not in bad shape. Whether it was Japanese or American, I could not tell, and it didn't matter. It was a military plane; the machine guns were still visible. We climbed into the boat and we headed for the area outside of what had been the Japanese seaplane ramps.

The second pile of wreckage bore no resemblance to an aircraft. It was a twisted, tangled mass of junk grown over and under by coral. One mound appeared to be a motor but the prop was missing. Another heap could have represented a fuselage and tail section. It was all down in 30 to 35 feet of water and pulling bits of it loose proved a miserable, demanding task. I could stay down only 30 to 45 seconds, but Magofna and Taitano would disappear for two minutes or more.

I pulled free a piece that could have been fuselage. It looked like, and was light enough to be, aluminum, but the moment I got to the surface it turned black and began to disintegrate. On my fifth or sixth dive, I saw something that seemed to make the water turn cold. A gray fish about my size swam by within 25 feet of the wreckage. Something told me I had just seen a shark. I scrambled into the boat and began shouting for the divers to get aboard.

"They want to know what is bothering you," said Max.

"Tell them I'm sure I just saw a shark."

Max translated, then said, "They want to know the color."

"Gray."

There was some laughter and then some chatter.

"They say not to worry about the gray shark; he won't bother, not inside the reef. But don't go outside the reef because the yellow one will get you."

When we got back to Chalan Kanoa, I scraped as much coral as I could from the wreckage, and on one chunk that appeared to be a generator, I found serial numbers: NK 17999. There was also a marking something like a clover-leaf. They had been deeply stamped into the metal. At least we had something to check.

At a party one night, a Navy wife inadvertently mentioned a new need on Saipan: the capacity to speak Chinese. Natives we had questioned had talked of having seen Chinese soldiers in the jungle on the north end and east side of the island, the areas I had been told I could not visit. Other natives had seen Chinese being transported by bus from a landing field on Saipan's east coast. The letters NTTU had been frequently voiced, and finally I heard from someone what they meant: Naval Technical Training Units. I had also seen a number of Americans, not a part of the Naval Administration group, shopping in the Navy Commissary. Those people had to be living in my no-man's-land on the island. Then, too, I had climbed to the top of Mt. Tapotchau one afternoon to get a full view of the island, and Commander Bridwell had been extremely displeased. I had been able to see nothing but jungle; spying on NTTU was not the purpose of the climb, but I was suspect nonetheless.

Before I left Saipan, Roy Hippe, Bridwell's executive officer, whom I liked, said, "There is one bit of help I can give you. Twenty-two tons of captured Japanese records were taken off this island by the Navy in 1944 and '45. As far as I know, most of them have never been microfilmed or even interpreted. If Earhart and Noonan were on this island—and I think there's a good chance they were—you should find some mention of them in those records. The Japanese were great at keeping records."

The next day we flew to Guam and were hustled right to the admiral's office.

"Understand you've come up with some wreckage," Admiral Wendt began. "Would you mind if a couple of our aviation machinists looked at the gear?"

I agreed, then discussed our investigation. It was my only purpose, I said; nothing else I had learned would be used.

"What did you learn?" he asked.

"Certainly not enough to break a story," I said honestly. He listened as I discussed the weighted word "Chinese," and then he appeared satisfied.

About an hour later, the two aviation machinists reported. There was one part of the wreckage that could have come from Amelia's plane. It was the generator, which appeared to be of U.S. or British manufacture, not Japanese, and it was too heavy to have been carried on a military plane. It was the type of generator that could have been used by a Lockheed Electra 10-E. It was either a Leese-Nevil or a Bendix.

I felt optimistic as Max and I left for San Francisco.

Word of what we had found had gone ahead of us and been greatly magnified. On July 1, 1960—by coincidence the twenty-third anniversary of Earhart and Noonan's last flight—an all-media news conference was held in the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in San Francisco. If there had ever been any doubt in my mind as to how well Amelia and Fred were remembered, that conference settled it. If they had disappeared the week before, the reaction

couldn't have been greater. The wire services, major magazines, newspaper, radio and television stations were all represented. Pieces of the wreckage, including the generator, had been placed on a long table, and translations of the testimony prepared.

Paul Mantz appeared, took a look at the generator, NK-17999, and told the press, "It looks exactly like the generator I put aboard AE's plane."

We were committed, and in the way I had feared. The entire focus had gone to the generator. The testimony of the Saipanese was all but forgotten in the excitement of identifying the wreckage. Mantz explained that he couldn't be sure the Saipan find was really Amelia's until he found her records. Amelia had, according to Mantz, two Bendix-Eclipse, 50-ampere, heavy-duty generators aboard the Electra; one was driven by one of the engines, the other had been wind-driven.

The headlines cried: SAIPAN GENERATOR BELIEVED EARHART'S . . . GENERATOR CLUE TO MISSING AVIATRIX . . .

Mantz's mechanics broke the generator down piece by piece. They finally got the bearings free, and there were more number and letter combinations: 6303 Z, 17, and NTN. One of the mechanics went to the stock room and brought out an old Bendix-Eclipse, 50-ampere generator and began to match the parts with the one from Saipan. Each part, to the last nut and bolt, matched perfectly.

But then the wires moved a bulletin from New York City: THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION SAYS A GENERATOR FOUND NEAR SAIPAN ISLAND DID NOT COME FROM THE PLANE IN WHICH AMELIA EARHART DISAPPEARED IN 1937. A BENDIX SPOKESMAN SAYS A BEARING IN THE GENERATOR THAT WAS FOUND NEAR THE PACIFIC ISLAND WAS TRACED TO THE TOYO BEARING FIRM IN OSAKA, JAPAN.

The Bendix claim was disputed by Paul but the damage had been done. All of the evidence had become symbolized by the generator, and the testimony of the 13 Saipanese was discarded along with the "wreckage."

KCBS shipped the generator, a starter motor, and several other pieces of the gear to Bendix for analysis. It was August 25, 1960, before we got the report. Bendix was satisfied beyond all doubt that the generator we had found was an almost exact copy of their generator, but there were enough discrepancies of detail to prove that it had not been manufactured by Bendix.

I learned that Japan's Nippon Kawanishi Company began construction early in 1936 of large flying boats to service their South Pacific islands. They had used Pratt & Whitney Engines as their models. Also, in 1936 and '37, Nakajima Kotobuki had started construction of naval planes. The Kotobuki engines were almost exact copies of the U.S. Pratt & Whitney Wasp 550-horsepower engines, the type of engines carried by the Lockheed Electra 10-E. It now seemed certain where NK-17999 had come from.

The plethora of reports in 1960 about Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan was not overlooked in Japan. The reaction in the Japanese press was strong. Some editorials even hinted that the whole issue had been raised to embarrass Japan because President Eisenhower's proposed trip to Tokyo had been aborted due to the student riots.

In Tokyo a former Imperial Navy captain, Zenshiro Hoshina, denied vehemently that any executions of Americans had taken place. Hoshina, according to his own billing, had been in an unenviable position in 1937. He was chief of the section of the Naval Affairs Bureau handling executions. "No such execution could have taken place without my knowledge and approval," he told the press.

There were many denials from the United States as well as Japan. The U.S. Department of State indicated that it had made a full inquiry into the matter and had even requested Japan to make a search of extant records. The results, according to the State Department, had all been negative. Both governments probably believed in 1960 that the last had been heard of Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan; at least some individuals must have hoped that obscurity would finally cloak the two fliers whose demise so plagued their consciences. Those hopes did not mature.

When a story breaks as widely as the one of July 1, 1960, it touches the lives of millions of people. Memories awaken; the attic of the past is sorted; bits of information, ideas, attitudes, long-endured feelings of guilt, all emerge and are sometimes drawn to a central point. I became such a point.

One example of the phenomenon involves the former soldier from Connecticut.

Thomas E. Devine, West Haven, Connecticut, believes that he was shown the grave site of Earhart and Noonan. In 1945, Devine was a technical sergeant on Saipan. One day he and a couple of friends visited a cemetery near what had been the Japanese city of Garapan. A native woman who lived nearby began to try to tell them something. A Japanese-American interpreter was summoned, and with the interpreter's help they learned the woman was trying to show them where two whites, a man and woman, were buried. "They came from the sky a long time ago," she said, and led them a short distance from the graveyard and pointed to a grass-covered spot that appeared to have received care at some time, but the location was not marked in any way. She said the Japanese had killed them and buried them.

Devine closed his letter to me by saying he had never given Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan a thought at the time.

After the 1960 story, there were plenty of disbelievers. One of the strongest dissenting voices belonged to Robert M. Stanley, who had been an aviation cadet aboard the U.S.S. *Lexington* in 1937, and had been assigned duty formulating the plans for the Earhart search. He decried any possibility that the flight had ended at Saipan, and stated publicly that there wasn't the slightest doubt in his mind that Amelia and Fred had gone down within 150 miles of Howland.

Robert Stanley sent me a complete copy of the U.S.S. *Lexington's* report on the Earhart search. But weeks of study only deepened the mystery.

The *Lexington* had assumed she was down within 120 miles of Howland Island because of a series of messages received by the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca*, which was at Howland as Amelia's radio contact. These are the incomplete messages the report listed:

0615 Howland Time (15 minutes before estimated time of arrival) Earhart plane reported "200 miles out and no landfall."

0646 Howland Time Earhart reported "Approximately 100 miles from *Itasca*. Position doubtful."

0742 Howland Time Earhart reported "30 minutes gas remaining no landfall, position doubtful."

0758 Howland Time Earhart reported "Circling trying to pick up island." (At this time signals were received with greatest strength from plane by *Itasca*.)

0843 Howland Time Earhart reported "Line of position 157 degrees-337 degrees."

0855 Howland Time Earhart reported "Heading north and south," and gave same position line as before. (This was the last message received from the plane.)

Therefore, the report assumed: That Amelia was on a line passing through Howland in roughly a north-south direction at 0843 and 0855 but was not certain which side of the island she was on; that she was closest to Howland at 0758 because of signal strength; that 57 minutes later the fuel gave out and the plane landed; that during those minutes it did not maintain course and speed since report was heading north and south and also circling, and that the plane went in the water, therefore, within 120 miles, position unknown, of Howland Island.

I could see numerous contradictions in the *Lexington's* assumptions and the facts contained in *Itasca's* logs. On the fifth, three days after the disappearance, the cutter had radioed this dispatch which expanded and corrected the group of messages from Amelia and altered the situation:

"With exception 0803 message no *Itasca* message or request acknowledged by Earhart. Earhart apparently never received *Itasca* requests transmit on 500 kilocycles in order *Itasca* cut her in with ship direction finder. 0245 Recognized Earhart Voice message not clear except QUOTE Cloudy Weather Cloudy UNQUOTE 0345 QUOTE *Itasca* from Earhart. *Itasca* broadcast on 3105 Kilocycles on hour and half hour—repeat—broadcast on 3105 Kilocycles on hour and half hour. Overcast, UNQUOTE 0453 Heard Earhart voice signals unreadable with five listenings. 0512 QUOTE Want bearings on 3105 kilocycles on hour. Will whistle in microphone. UNQUOTE 0515 QUOTE About 200 miles out. UNQUOTE Whistles briefly in microphone. 0545 QUOTE Please take bearing on us and report in half hour. I will make noise in microphone. About 100 miles out. UNQUOTE 0730 QUOTE We must be on you but cannot see you but (*sic*) gas is running low. Have been unable to reach you by radio. We are flying at 1,000 feet. UNQUOTE 0757 QUOTE We are circling but cannot see island. Cannot hear you. Go ahead on 7500 kilocycles with long count either now or on schedule time on half hour. UNQUOTE 0803 QUOTE Earhart calling *Itasca*. We received your signals but unable to get minimum. Please take bearings on us and answer on 3105 kilocycles. UNQUOTE Earhart made long dashes for brief period but emergency high frequency direction finder could not cut her in on 3105 kilocycles. 0844 Earhart called *Itasca*. QUOTE We are on the line

of position 157 dash 337. Will repeat this message on 6210 kilocycles. We are now running north and south. UNQUOTE Nothing further heard from Earhart on 6210 or other frequencies. High frequency direction finder on Howland was set up as an additional emergency caution without Earhart's request or knowledge. *Itasca* had it manned throughout night but never able secure bearings. *Itasca* ship direction finder manned at 0725 and Earhart repeatedly requested to transmit on 500 kilocycles to enable ship to cut her in."

This meant nine understandable messages had been received from Amelia instead of those previously reported. The 0646 "100 miles out" message had been changed to an hour earlier 0545. The 0742 communication reporting "one-half hour fuel and no landfall" had been altered to 0730 "but gas is running low."

The misinterpretation of the "gas" message was important. The *Lexington* had placed considerable emphasis on the assumption the plane had run out of fuel shortly after the last message, but the *Itasca's* commanding officer, Warner K. Thompson, had estimated the Electra could remain aloft as late as 12:00 noon. Amelia, not receiving the signals of the *Itasca*, had begun to worry about the gas situation. In such a circumstance, she would have been perfectly justified in radioing "But gas is running low." Any flier, unsure of a plane's exact position in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, would consider three, four, or even five hours of fuel to be "running low on gas."

If it had been cloudy and overcast throughout the night, Noonan could have obtained no star sights. Amelia had not given a position report with the exception of the last 157-337 and it had no reference point. It was almost painfully obvious that Noonan did not know the position of the plane, and probably had not been able to determine the effect of head and crosswinds on the craft.

The Navy also assumed the Electra had been making 111 knots, judging from the 0615 message reporting "200 miles out" and the incorrect 0758 "Circling trying to pick up island." It additionally assumed "the plane's 0615 position was reasonably correct."

The *Itasca* had changed 0615 to 0515 "About 200 miles out," and added the 0545 "About 100 miles out." Not only was 0615 incorrect as to time, the 0545 message indicated the plane had flown 100 miles in 30 minutes. Amelia and Fred were apparently making 200 miles-per-hour instead of the 111 knots estimated by the Navy. A strong tail wind was the only explanation I could think of at that time to account for the extra speed. The Lockheed Electra's power had been publicized as twin 550-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Junior Wasp engines, giving the plane a cruising speed between 150 and 165 mph. and a top speed between 200 and 210 mph. If she were trying to conserve gasoline, Amelia certainly would not have been flying at maximum speed. It was nearly three years before I found proof of the real reason for the additional speed.

The study and comparison did fairly well settle one question in my mind; whether or not Amelia and Fred had flown the Electra to Saipan. It no longer seemed "possible if not probable." Considering the content of the messages received from the plane and the times they had been broadcast, there wasn't even a million-to-one chance the plane could have been in the vicinity of Saipan. As this fact emerged, however, another theory began to appear not only possible but probable. The last message from Amelia had said, "We are 157-337, running north and south." The reciprocal of a compass heading, "157-337" could represent a northwest direction from Howland Island. The Japanese Mandated Marshall Islands lay approximately 650 miles northwest of the intended destination. Amelia could have arrived in the Marshalls while conducting a search pattern believing she had overshot Howland, or if the plane had gone into the ocean, the drift of the sea from Howland Island was from the southeast to the northwest, and could have carried a life raft or the plane itself directly into the Marshalls.

Added fuel for this theory came unexpectedly. President M. L. Brittain of Georgia Tech University, who had been a civilian guest on the battleship *Colorado* during the search for Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan, was quoted in a 1943 *San Francisco Chronicle* story headed, COLLEGE HEAD THINKS FLIER IS JAP CAPTIVE: "We discussed the Japanese mandated islands and the rumors that the U.S. government had sent person after person to take a look-see, trying to discover whether or not the Japs were illegally fortifying their possessions. We got a very definite feeling that Amelia Earhart had some sort of understanding with officials of the government that the last part of her flight around-the-world would be over some of those Japanese islands."

I called Atlanta, Georgia, to learn how Doctor Brittain felt about this in 1960. I couldn't; he had died.

One other bit of information indicated the trouble Amelia had experienced. On the night of July 2, 1937, just a few hours after the disappearance, a Navy pilot bound for Howland to help search reported: "About 420 miles north of Howland. Last two hours in extremely bad weather between altitude 2000 and 12000 feet. Snow sleet rain electrical storms. In daylight conditions look equally bad. Cloud tops appear to be 18000 feet or more. Am returning to Pearl Harbor."

Amelia and Fred had probably been facing similar weather conditions the night and day before. With clouds to 18,000 feet, Amelia would not have been able to lift the Electra above the cover to enable Noonan to get star sights.

"Francisco Galvan," the native Saipanese I had tried unsuccessfully to question, broke into the news November 14, 1960, in an AP report from Guam. He was listed as a police inspector in 1937 and said a woman executed on Saipan as a spy was part Caucasian, of Japanese descent, born in Los Angeles, but looked enough like a Caucasian to be mistaken for one.

The report fascinated me. Galvan had denied to us that he had any knowledge of white persons on the island before the war. I called Guam and talked with Tony Palamo, who had filed the story. About a week before, Galvan had simply appeared and volunteered his tale.

I thought for a long while about Galvan's possible motives. Was he trying to throw us off the track or had someone asked him to make the statement? I finally decided someone must have asked Galvan to give information to the press that would discount the possibility of Earhart and Noonan having been on Saipan.

By May 1961 I was itching for another Saipan expedition; there were so many questions unanswered, including Devine's grave site. If the area could be located, it might be possible to obtain a final answer through excavation.

6

I began searching for the 22 tons of captured Japanese documents Lt. Commander Hippe had mentioned. The trail led from San Francisco to Clearfield, Utah, to Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, to Washington, and there it faded. We learned that some 7,000 cubic feet of Japanese records had been returned to Japan in 1958; one source said our government examined them before the return and another said it did not. Other Japanese documents had gone to the Library of Congress and to the CIA; the Library said it would take 125 years for the existing staff of the Japanese section to catalog the material on hand, and the CIA said it couldn't find what we sought.

At the same time, an incredible struggle was going on to get me clearance for another trip to Saipan. At one point the Navy denied it, on security grounds, and it took the combined weight of CBS and California Senators Kuchel and Engle to reverse it. The problem, however, seemed less for AE than what else I might see on Saipan.

Thomas Devine had also requested permission to visit Saipan, but the Navy refused. I asked Tom for all the information he could furnish on the grave site he had been shown in 1945, and the next week nine photos and several detailed maps arrived. Four of the pictures were of the native cemetery. If Devine's memory was as good as the maps indicated, there was at least a fair chance of finding a general area for excavation.

Before the second trip to Saipan, I decided to find out as much as I could about Japan's attitudes prior to Amelia's disappearance in 1937 and what support there was for the accusation that Japan had fortified her mandated Pacific islands in preparation for World War II.

Japan took over the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands from Germany during World War I and kept them afterwards under the control of a League of Nations mandate which said, among other things, that no fortifications were to be allowed. But Japan maintained strict secrecy and by the early 1920's, American intelligence agencies feared the islands were being armed, probably for the attack on the U.S. which even then farsighted men were predicting. Suspicions grew and by the early 1930's, the League was asking Japan embarrassing questions; Japan solved that by withdrawing from the tottering League. By 1937 Japan obviously intended to control Asia and the Western Pacific and

President Roosevelt and his advisors had reason to be worried.

Japan for years had suffered from a spy-fear complex and in 1936 and early 1937 the phobia grew even worse. American and British citizens by the dozens were arrested, accused of spying and imprisoned. St. Luke's International Medical Center in Tokyo was charged with being an international spy headquarters. Dr. Rudolph Bolling Teusler, director of the Center, was charged with visiting fortified zones in his sailboat and sending shortwave messages through a radio installed in the gold cross atop the medical-center building.

By June of 1937, Japanese banners had been carried to large areas of mainland Asia (Korea, Kwantung Peninsula, Manchuria) and bayonets of the Imperial Japanese Army were being honed sharp for the next territorial extension.

For most Americans during this period, the thought of conflict was totally repugnant. Isolationism, therefore, was a policy most American officeholders had to cope with if they were to have any political future. Certainly it was proper to speak up in defense of United States' interests where business was concerned, but no one at that time, including President Roosevelt, was going to take any action which might provoke or involve America in war. Still there were those charged with security for this country, and Japan was readying itself for invasion.

Into this atmosphere flew Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan in their Lockheed Electra 10-E 10-passenger airliner, bound around the world. On July 2, 1937, they disappeared in mid-Pacific. Five days later, July 7, 1937, Japan struck—at China.

It was a crucial period in Japan's history. If Amelia and Fred were taken prisoners, the Japanese could never let them go.

7

On September 7, 1961, I headed for Saipan on my second expedition. Bridwell met me there, pleasantly, but without enthusiasm. When I mentioned that, among other things, I wanted to check the story of a man from Connecticut, he said:

"You mean that fellow—Devine?"

I was startled. "How did you happen to find out about him, Commander?"

"Well, there was an Office of Naval Intelligence man out here a little while back checking up on some information on a grave, and he mentioned Devine's name."

"What did the ONI guy decide?"

"Darned if I know. He took off and I never did find out."

After some more general conversation I asked Bridwell his opinion now of the testimony we had obtained last year. He surprised me. "I think there's a lot to their story. There were undoubtedly a couple of Americans, a man and woman, out here before the war, and they weren't on a friendly visit."

"Do you think they were Earhart and Noonan?"

"Could have been. The descriptions fit. But I don't think Earhart ever flew that plane of hers to Saipan."

"Why?"

"Well, I was around an admirals's office at the time they disappeared in '37, and I heard a few things that made me think they could have possibly gone down in the Marshall Islands.

"The Marshalls are pretty close to Howland Island. Second, the Japanese had a big thing about secrecy where the Marshalls were concerned, particularly Jaluit and Kwajalein, and third, there were a couple of reports from the natives during the invasion of those islands that a white woman pilot had gone down in the area before the war."

"Where in the Marshalls?"

"I think in the vicinity of a little atoll named Ailinglapalap."

The next morning, I borrowed a Navy truck and drove into Chalan Kanoa. Unfortunately Monsignor Calvo had been reassigned to the Philippines, but Father Sylvan and Father Arnold were glad to see me and happy to offer more assistance.

We visited Francisco Galvan to ask about the Japanese-American woman he had told the AP was executed on Saipan before the war. His fortunes had improved since we had seen him. He was in the scrap business, had a new station wagon and hired natives to collect scrap, the residue of war still existing, and stack it at the pier. He was no more cooperative than he had been in 1960: he just shook his head and denied even having made the report. Father Sylvan was more interested in Galvan's money source. "A year ago penniless and now look at him."

"To whom is he going to sell all that scrap?"

"I've heard he has a deal with a Japanese company to send a ship to pick it up, but I don't know how that's going to be done. The United States Department of State has a strict rule no Japanese vessels are permitted into the Trust Territory."

Gregorio Magofna and Antonio Taitano, my two diver friends, showed up at the mission the next morning and we headed for the harbor to raise more of the plane wreckage.

It was a calm, beautiful day on the harbor and within an hour we had raised a hundred pounds of wreckage. One piece gave me the answer. On a partially corroded radio direction finder loop, an identification tag was marked with Japanese characters. The wreckage was not that of Amelia's Lockheed.

During the next few days Father Sylvan, Father Arnold and I questioned more of the Saipanese and found seven who had additional information about the "American man and woman, fliers." Several had seen them at the harbor area in Garapan and they repeated what the Japanese had said about the incident; it fit perfectly with what we already knew. Two natives, Matilde Shoda San Nicholas and Jose Pangelinan, gave testimony which enlarged the original findings.

Mrs. San Nicholas had lived in Garapan where her father worked as a tailor. Next to her home had been the hotel the Japanese Kempeitai secret police used to house political prisoners, and for many months in 1937 and '38 she had seen the white woman whom the Japanese referred to as "flier and spy."

Father Sylvan asked, "Can you describe the woman?"

"Yes," Matilde replied. "She was tall and very thin and she had not much hair for a woman; it was short."

"How was she dressed?"

"When I first saw her she was wearing a man's clothes, but later they gave her woman's dress."

"How many times did you see her?"

"Many times. Each day she would come out into the yard and walk around it."

"Was she guarded?"

"Yes. They watched her all the time. She could not go anywhere."

"Did you ever try to talk to her?"

"She could not speak our language, but I gave her some fruit several times."

"Do you know what finally happened to the woman?"

"Yes. One day she came out in the yard and she looked very sick and sadder than usual. I gave her a piece of fruit and she smiled. Then she gave me a ring from her finger and put her hand on my head in friendship. The next day one of the police came and got some black cloth from my father and had him make some paper flowers. The man said that the lady had died and they were going to bury her."

"Did the Japanese say what the woman died of?"

"She died of dysentery."

The ring had been lost. Whether Amelia possessed such a ring, no one seems to know but that does not preclude its existence. She could have purchased it on her last trip.

Was the woman Amelia Earhart? I had brought pictures of 15 different women, including AE, clipped from various newspapers and magazines. After studying the photos only a few minutes, Matilde unhesitatingly chose the likeness of Amelia.

"This is the woman; I'm sure of it," said Mrs. San Nicholas, "but she looked older and more tired."

Jose Pangelinan's story was almost identical to that of Mrs. San Nicholas. He had seen the American man and woman but not together. The man had been held at the military police stockade area while the woman was kept at the hotel in Garapan. The woman had died of dysentery. The man had been executed by Samurai sword the day after the woman's death and the pair had been buried together in an unmarked grave outside the cemetery south of Garapan City. The Japanese had said the two were fliers and spies. Father Sylvan repeatedly asked Pangelinan if he could show us the grave site, but Jose maintained that was known only to the Japanese.

Tom Devine's pictures, maps, and recollections of Saipan 1945 was the next chore in line.

The graveyard of which Devine had taken pictures in 1945 was not difficult to find. Several of the natives recognized the area. The cemetery, known as "Liyang," lies two miles north of Chalan Kanoa and a mile south of what were once the outskirts of Garapan City. The area appeared exactly as it had to Devine in 1945 except the jungle had grown over everything. Father Sylvan and I quickly noticed, however, that Devine appeared to be wrong about the directions of the cemetery. His diagram showed the

entrance facing west with a peculiarly notched tree placed at the east end of the plot. The entrance to the graveyard actually faced north with the tree located to the south. Also, the directions regarding the location of a plaster angel appeared to be exactly opposite although the picture itself matched what we were seeing at that moment. We concluded 16 years had tricked Devine's memory, but the photographs could not be disputed.

One map indicated that the suspected grave site of Earhart and Noonan was outside the northern perimeter of the cemetery, just beyond a metal shed and several dozen temporary graves. The area was supposedly surrounded by trees and scrub, but took the form of a small clearing covered by grass.

Based on the evidence of the photographs that Devine was turned around, we arrived in a grove of trees, outside the cemetery. It was there I decided to begin excavation. I first chose a 15 by 15 plot directly under the trees and our diggers went to work. Slowly, almost painfully, we went down nearly five feet. We found absolutely nothing. I moved the effort a little to the west on the slight slope leading toward the beach. Again the excavation was fruitless.

Then I moved the excavation a few yards closer to the graveyard and the natives began a third series of holes. On September 21, 1961, we made a discovery about two-and-a-half feet down—pieces of skull, shoulder, and leg bones. Carefully, patiently we uncovered the remainder of the find. From the amount of remains, it appeared that two persons had been buried head-to-foot in the common grave. The total recovery amounted to seven pounds of bones and 37 teeth. There were small teeth and large teeth and large and small bones. The remains were extremely fragile and many of the bones broke apart as they were being lifted into boxes.

In 1961 we had no dental charts for Amelia or Fred, but a Navy dentist agreed we had apparently recovered the remains of a man and woman. Many of the teeth appeared to contain zinc oxide fillings and Japanese dentists had never been known to use that material before or during World War II.

A medical officer carefully wrapped each of the bone fragments and teeth in cotton and packed them in cigar boxes which were then taped together to form one large package. I asked Bridwell for permission to remove the remains for study by an expert. The commander informed me he would cable Washington. Meanwhile I gave the package to Father Sylvan and asked him to lock it in the church vault.

That night brought a rather shattering experience.

I awakened to a rainstorm outside. With a start I sat upright. I couldn't see anyone, but the sense of danger in my Quonset was overwhelming. My eyes strained to pierce the darkness; my ears struggled to separate sounds, sense the location of the menace I felt. Suddenly a flash of lightning illuminated a man standing in the corner of the room, back toward me, apparently searching for something. I scooped a flashlight from the floor and leaped to my feet, shining the beam on him with the same movement.

"What do you want?" I shouted.

The man whirled to face me, an ugly machete clenched in his right hand. He made one threatening half-swing with the big knife, then turned and nearly ripped the door from its hinges in his haste to get out. I followed at a respectable distance, not only because I feared the man's outsized blade, but also the fact I was wearing only a T-shirt did not contribute to excessive bravery. By the light on the porch, I saw the man sprint across the road and disappear into the jungle and I knew him! It was Francisco Galvan, whom the Fathers and I had tried so often to question, and who, we suspected, knew a great deal about Earhart and Noonan.

But what was Galvan doing in my quarters at 1:30 in the morning? What did he want? Certainly it wasn't my life. With that machete he could have cut me into a dozen pieces with as many strokes. He apparently wasn't after money or equipment.

Then it hit me. When I first saw Galvan, he had been searching for something in the corner of the room. The area held nothing but a small stack of cigar and packing boxes. Francisco must have been looking for the package containing the remains. But why would Galvan be concerned about the remains to the point of attempting to steal them?

Before my departure, though there were still more surprises to be experienced. I was about to meet with the Central Intelligence Agency and discover one of the best kept U.S. military secrets since the end of World War II.

An invitation was telephoned me to visit "the northern end of the island for cocktails and a chat." A car took me through the security restrictions and I was amazed to see a modern town with more than a hundred two- and three-bedroom homes, lighted and landscaped streets, a shopping center and an entertainment complex of library, soda fountain, auditorium. We stopped at the club which would have been a credit to Las Vegas. Inside, to my surprise, I was asked to address the several hundred people there on my investigation. Afterward I talked to the project chief. Obviously this was a massive project. The chief would not tell me what it was about, but he made it plain that if I talked about what I had seen or heard, it could seriously jeopardize U.S. security. When I returned to the States, he said, I would be contacted by someone who might explain it further.

Three days passed without Washington's permission to remove the remains and I had to leave. I arranged for Father Sylvan to deliver the box to Pan American for passage in a jet liner's gem-cargo hold when the permission arrived.

I had one last word from the Navy: without explanation, it was seizing my film.

That was that. I went home.

Release of the remains was not forthcoming. Among other stipulations, the Navy insisted on authorization from Amelia's and Noonan's families—even though there was no indication yet that the remains were of the fliers. A Mrs. Morrissey of West Medford, Massachusetts, was bringing pressure to stop our search. She had a special interest; she was Amelia's sister.

CBS President Dr. Frank Stanton flew to San Francisco for a briefing. I backgrounded him and then he asked:

"Are you convinced you've found Earhart?"

"No, but I think indications are strong enough to demand expert opinion. I'm only sure of one thing: an American man and woman supposed to be fliers and spies, were held by the Japanese on Saipan before the war. It's hard to believe they were other than Earhart and Noonan."

Stanton thought for a moment, then decided. We would fight for an answer. We were to choose an anthropologist from a local university. I was to visit the relatives and get written permission for the study, explaining the entire situation and guaranteeing there could be no publicity unless positive identification was established.

The anthropologist we chose was Dr. Theodore McGown, University of California, a specialist in identification.

I located Fred Noonan's widow, now Mrs. Harry Ireland, at her home in Santa Barbara, California. She was a gracious, gentle woman and she approved our search for the truth. Amelia's sister, Mrs. Albert Morrissey, was equally kind. When I had explained what we were doing and why, she approved also and said she would not block us, adding, "We had no way of knowing your effort was legitimate. After that generator business last year, I was afraid there would be more sensation-seeking. Each new surge of publicity over the years has been a torture; not only for me, but for mother, too."

It was a moment before her last words registered, and then they were hard to believe. Amy Otis Earhart, mother of Amelia and Muriel, was still living!

"What does she believe about the disappearance?" I asked.

"She feels there were things about the flight Amelia couldn't tell her. For many years she was sure my sister was a prisoner of the Japanese, but now she's resigned there will never be a final answer."

One day I received a call from one "Frederick Winter of the Central Intelligence Agency office here in San Francisco." I met him that afternoon for an hour that was, in understatement, incongruous. At Blum's, San Francisco's chic milk-shake parlor, Winter ordered a dish of strawberry ice cream for himself, coffee for me, and we discussed one of the best kept U.S. military secrets since the end of World War II: NTTU. This is the story:

In mid-1951, with the Korean War, Red China was particularly aggressive and there was a serious need for Chinese nationalist spies who could infiltrate the Red Chinese ranks. Spies must be trained, but to admit a spy-training school would have opened the U.S. to fearful propaganda barrages. Saipan, then, was a logical answer: it was isolated, had adequate landing facilities, simulated the sort of terrain the spy candidates might encounter and could be used with little displacement of the natives. So the CIA set up the training site and the Navy was required to

front for it. The only thing naval about NTTU was the name: Naval Technical Training Units. The large compound I had seen was the residential area for faculty members; around it were 11 isolated training sites. Chinese candidates were flown in at night, blindfolded and taken to the secret area. They were trained without knowing where they were and they left the same way. Since they did not know where they had been, they could not betray the school, even if captured. By mid-1961, some 7,000 guerrilla-spies had been trained and sent on their dangerous way. Winter asked me to cooperate by not revealing the story, and of course, I agreed. But I asked him, "Has the CIA had me under surveillance? Why are we having to fight for every bit of information regarding Earhart?"

Winter thought for a moment and said, "That is somewhat puzzling. I don't believe the intelligence community is intentionally withholding the material you want."

"Then why are we having such a hassle getting permission to study those remains? Why does the Navy act as if I'm the ghoul of the year for mentioning the matter when everything we've learned points to Earhart and Noonan having been on Saipan?"

"There's no doubt there," Winter replied. "The Navy is protecting NTTU the best way it can. It wouldn't be advantageous at this time to have more newsmen attempting to get permission to visit Saipan."

"Let's be direct. Does the CIA have information or evidence concerning Earhart which has not been made public?"

"I don't know."

"Okay," I said rising from the table, "that's indefinite enough. Thanks for the coffee."

MYSTERY BONES RENEW AMELIA EARHART CASE

These headlines blossomed on the afternoon of Friday, November 24, 1961. Amelia was the lead story for the newspapers and wire services and almost every radio and television station in the country. It was an amazing tribute to the vitality of the Earhart image. The interest was greater than it had been in 1960.

On November 10, we had received a visit in San Francisco from Admiral Daniel F. Smith, Jr., Chief of Naval Information. I gave Smith the Earhart investigation without reservation. He listened patiently, even to our conclusions.

"That's a hell of a story," he mused. "I don't think anyone in Washington knows how much work you've done on this thing."

"Is the Navy holding back any information?"

"Naval Intelligence says 'no,'" the admiral shrugged. "But Intelligence frequently says that regardless of how much they may have on the subject. You can't blame them. That's what intelligence work is about."

"What was the situation in 1937 when Earhart disappeared?" I asked. "Were we close to war with Japan at that time?"

"We were very close, and this is something most people don't know. I believe any incident of real significance might have precipitated it. The war would have come a lot sooner, too, if Japan hadn't decided to chew off a piece of China first."

"Did the Japanese fortify the mandated islands before Pearl Harbor?"

"There's no question on that," the admiral answered. "Japan began preparations for war with the United States long before Pearl Harbor and long before Earhart decided to fly around the world."

"If the U.S. Navy had gone ahead and searched the Marshalls for Earhart in 1937, it might have started a war with Japan?"

"Right," said Smith. "Japan made it clear we were to stay out of there. I've always wondered what would have happened if we'd have moved into the Marshalls then. It sure would have changed what happened four years later. With Japan committed to the China invasion in '37, she would have played hell trying to handle us."

"Were we ready though?"

"That's the other side of it. We weren't ready to fight anybody in '37. Military appropriations were miserably low, and we didn't get the draft until a couple of years later. No one wanted war either. 'No foreign entanglements,' people were saying. 'Let the rest of the world fight it out.' President Roosevelt would have had a hell of a time convincing the country that war with Japan was inevitable. If he'd started anything with the Japs in '37, a lot of people would've wanted to impeach him."

Before the admiral left, he suggested we might profit from discussions with Japanese military or Okinawan civilians who had lived or served on Saipan during the years 1937 to '44. There apparently were two intelligence files, labeled Four and Fourteen, which contained names and photographs of the Japanese and Okinawans who survived the invasion of Saipan and were repatriated at war's end. Information obtained from the enemy via interrogation was also ostensibly a part of the files.

It now appeared that permission to take the remains from Saipan was near. We worked it out with Pan American to handle the shipment quietly and all seemed well. Then, at 5 a.m. on November 24, the day after Thanksgiving, the Associated Press moved these words from Guam which inspired the headlines: THE REMAINS OF TWO HUMAN BODIES—POSSIBLY THOSE OF AMELIA EARHART, FAMED AMERICAN FLIER, AND HER NAVIGATOR—ARE BEING FLOWN TODAY TO UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, FOR ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY. A PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS OFFICIAL AT GUAM SAID THE REMAINS INCLUDE DENTAL PLATES AND OTHER BONES.

There was great excitement. I apologized to the families of Amelia and Fred Noonan for the unexpected break, then faced a raucous press conference. Noonan's dentist turned up and offered to study the remains and Paul Mantz made the same offer. Doctor McGown indicated he wanted and needed no help. The package was to arrive in San Francisco at 1 a.m. and I went out to receipt for it. There was unusually heavy traffic around the terminal. Hundreds of people were gathered around the arrival gate for Pan Am's inbound Honolulu flight, and the numbers increased every minute.

These people had come with the hope of witnessing a moment of history. The huge jet arrived and the crowd, now over a thousand, pushed forward, each person trying to get a glimpse of the plane.

Suddenly I felt a strong depression. Part of it was emotional and physical exhaustion; the rest came from the realization we were now appealing to the public's morbid interests, and there was no way to avoid what was to come.

The publicity brought more calls and information.

"Amelia Earhart crash-landed somewhere between Majuro, Jaluit, and Ailinglapalap in the Marshalls. We knew it back in 1944."

John Mahan, a Berkeley, California, real-estate man, who had been a yeoman on Majuro Atoll, remembered:

"There were two brothers," said Mahan. "Joe and Rudolph Muller. They told us the Japs picked up two American fliers, a man and woman, and brought them for a while into either Jaluit or Majuro, then took them to another island. They said it was 1937, and the Japs thought they were spies. According to Joe and Rudy, the Japs captured some of their equipment, too."

Mahan led me to a Lt. Eugene Bogan, now a Washington attorney, who had written a report on the information. Bogan confirmed the story and said his senior officer had not permitted him to file the report, since it was based on hearsay. His information had come from a native named Elieu, who was highly trusted.

"Did he actually see the woman?"

"No. The story had been told to him before the way by a Japanese friend named Ajima who was a trader with Nanyo Boeki Kaisha, a trading company the Japanese used as a front to cover certain military activities."

"What happened to the woman?"

"A Japanese fishing boat picked her up and brought her into either Jaluit or Majuro. Then she was taken presumably to Kwajalein or Saipan. Kwajalein was area naval headquarters for the Japanese, and Saipan was overall headquarters."

"Did this Elieu mention a man accompanying the woman?"

"No. He confined himself to what he had been told by Ajima. It's logical the Japanese would have been greatly impressed by a woman pilot. Females are so inferior in Japan that it would be unheard of for a woman to learn to fly. The man wouldn't have mattered at all."

Bogan said an Associated Press correspondent, Eugene Burns, had interviewed him at the time, in March, 1944, and had written a story which appeared in many U.S. papers.

I was too late trying to reach Burns. He had been killed some years before while covering a riot in Tehran. However, his widow said her husband spoke many times of Amelia Earhart; in fact, he talked of returning to the Marshall Islands to follow Amelia's trail. He had been convinced the Japanese captured her.

Ralph R. Kanna, Johnson City, New York, who had been an Army platoon sergeant on the Saipan invasion assigned to in-

terrogate prisoners, wrote that he found on a prisoner a picture of Amelia standing by a Japanese aircraft. The picture was sent up through intelligence channels. Kanna added the following:

"Upon questioning this prisoner through one of our Japanese-American interpreters, he stated that the woman in the picture was taken prisoner along with a male companion and subsequently he felt that both of them had been executed."

He believed Richard Moritsugu was the interpreter.

Late Sunday afternoon, Doctor McGown took the package to his laboratory and began to study the remains. He held a short news conference and said nothing of import, but stories appeared in nearly every newspaper. The saga of the remains was becoming a serial to millions of people.

Japanese reaction was immediate, coming in the form of a denial from a history expert which ridiculed the possibility that Amelia had been in Japanese hands. Oddly, however, it was shot through with errors and claims easily disproved, which made it seem suspect.

As days passed, we became tense waiting for anthropologist McGown's report. When it came, it was negative. Part of it said:

"All the teeth are moderately-to-heavily worn. X-ray examination confirms visual macroscopic examination that no metallic fillings are present. Low-power examination with binocular microscope reveals no traces of wear on the crowns which would argue for the former presence of bridges or partial plates.

"The teeth suggest a minimum of four individuals. The extreme wear which is present on well over half of the teeth, suggests conditions that would be rarely met within the diets of most Americans but would be not at all uncommon in many middle-aged individuals of Pacific Islands or Asiatic populations. . . ."

When distilled, it meant we had found the remains of four or more Chamorrans instead of "two white fliers, a man and woman."

"Why did the dentists on Saipan say there were fillings in the teeth?" I asked.

"Their mistake is understandable," said McGown. "They thought the calcified dentine in the teeth was zinc oxide. In appearance, it is almost identical."

There was a long silence as we stared at the pathetic display on the laboratory tables. Deep disappointment mixed with frustration filled my mind. I thought of the work, patience, planning and fighting that had been necessary to produce this moment. And what did we have? A pitiful pile of unidentifiable bones, Mrs. Morrissey and Mrs. Ireland would have to be notified, and another conference would have to be called to inform the news media. With few exceptions, the newsmen were understanding and sympathetic. Most of them decided we were honest, and some had begun to hope the story would be proved. There were no editorial judgments save Roger Grimsby's at KGO-ABC Television. "It may be quite a while," he said, "before Mr. Goerner makes another unfounded claim about something he's dug from a sandy beach on a Pacific isle."

I smiled as I watched Roger's newscast. It almost didn't hurt.

10

We boxed the now famous remains and ruefully shipped them back to Saipan where Father Sylvan interred the unknowns in consecrated ground within the boundaries of the cemetery. Thus the bodies we had disturbed were returned to the people.

At that point, I quit. The Navy Department gave me no reason to hope a solution would ever be possible.

Intelligence files Four and Fourteen could not be found. And —unbelievably—most intelligence records for the period 1937-1941 had been destroyed. But, the letters and telephone calls continued. For instance I heard of a man who had worked on Amelia's plane in Burbank, California, at the time the Electra had been brought back from Honolulu for repair. According to this individual, the engines installed were not those described in publicity releases, but were nearly twice as powerful. The plane's fuel capacity was also increased and the consequent range and cruising speed was much longer and higher than the figures released to the public. He was quoted as adding, "Aerial cameras were then placed in the Electra and equipped for automatic operation from the cockpit. We signed an oath we would not reveal any details of the preparations."

The former mechanic was cautious on the phone. He acknowledged saying the things attributed to him, but would not amplify them.

"I can't talk about this business," he said.

"I'm told you have indicated aerial cameras were installed aboard the plane."

"That's right."

"Who installed them?"

"I can't say."

"Please answer this," I said, "and I'll let you go for now. After the special work was done on the Electra, was it capable of flying over the Caroline and Marshall Islands en route to Howland?"

"Yes."

The idea of a possible reconnaissance mission widened further through Mrs. Vivian Maatta of Oakland, California.

In early 1937, she had been hired by a government official named William Miller to work as a secretary for Amelia Earhart. Most of her work, however, was for Miller, and she gradually became aware that he was deeply involved in the planning of the flight. It took me two more years to get the story on Miller. An officer of the Department of Commerce who died in 1945, he was involved in a U.S. race against Japan for airways. Except for Midway, Wake and Guam, Japan controlled the Pacific north of the equator. The U.S. desperately—but secretly—wanted island bases and the only logical places were Baker, Jarvis and Howland. Our only airline active on the Pacific, Pan American, was using flying boats, however. Land bases would obviously have had military purpose, which would have been offensive both to Japan and to isolationist America. Early in 1935, as a starter, Miller started small "colonies" on each of the previously unoccupied islands. In the 1936 election year, however, a political hassle developed over the plans and President Roosevelt ordered the "colonies" withdrawn. Yet the need was still as great when Amelia Earhart asked for aid on her round-the-world flight. She had planned in-flight refueling over the Pacific, but consented to reroute to include Howland Island, which gave the emotion-laden excuse for building a landing strip there.

Miller and the Army Air Corps were confident she could make it—and if she could, it would provide reason to push other land craft to overwater flights and build more island bases to accommodate them.

When the Electra failed to arrive at Howland that July morning in 1937, hope that the three islands could be used for retaliatory or reconnaissance purposes vanished, too, and the criss-crossing Howland runways again became a refuge for birds. The abandonment of the islands as possible air bases was only one of the prices military aviation paid prior to the war for the loss of Amelia and Fred. When the Army attempted to demonstrate that land planes could fly over great stretches of ocean to bomb a target or accomplish photo reconnaissance missions, skeptics pointed to the Howland failure.

I also found AE's regular secretary. She was sure that there was more to the flight than mere adventure. She said:

"I'll ask you a couple of questions, and you can draw your own conclusions. First, do you really think Purdue University bought that plane for Amelia, and do you think that it was intended for some kind of vague experimentation? Second, if the whole thing was a publicity stunt as a lot of people seem to think, why did the government assign some of its top experts to the flight, and why did President Roosevelt have an airfield built for her? Last, do you believe the President ordered the Navy to spend four million dollars on a search for a couple of stunt fliers?"

"Won't you tell me what *you* think," I asked.

"Only this. President Roosevelt knew about everything. He knew the price Amelia paid."

"Don't you feel it's about time Amelia received some justice?" I continued.

"When one does the things Amelia was doing, one can't expect to receive justice. She knew that. She had talked to me about it."

"Do you think there's any possibility Amelia is still alive?"

"She's dead. She died a long time ago. If she had survived the war, she would have come home even if she had to swim."

"Do you think the Japanese captured her?"

"Of course they did."

"Where?"

"All I can tell you is that it was within moderate range of Howland Island."

"Did she intend to land at Howland?"

"In the beginning, she did."

"Beginning of what?"

"I mean that was her intention after the first change of plans but before what really happened."

"I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"That's all I'm going to say. I've already said too much."

Another break came when the Coast Guard, without explanation, released the previously classified report of Commander Warner K. Thompson, skipper of the cutter *Itasca*. The first thing it indicated was that there was great confusion between *Itasca* and AE on how communications were to be handled. On the night of July 1, on station at Howland, they learned that Amelia was on her way. The cutter's searchlights were ready to go on after midnight in case the plane picked up a tail wind and arrived early. The vessel's boilers were scheduled to produce great billows of smoke, beginning at dawn, to guide Amelia to the tiny island from a distance.

The tension in the radio room was explosive. Only fragments of messages had been received from the plane, and none contained a position report. Finally Amelia had broken in clearly, and asked *Itasca* to take a bearing on her on 3105 kilocycles radio channel. She whistled briefly to aid the direction finder, and then indicated the plane was approximately 200 miles out. *Itasca* radioed the station on Howland, but AE had not been on the air long enough for the direction finder to get a minimum. A half hour later, she again requested a bearing from *Itasca*, and placed the Electra 100 miles from touchdown. The signal strength was good, but the Navy direction finder on Howland still could not get a cut.

There had been no response to any *Itasca* message during the night; yet AE reported no radio trouble. It seemed she was ignoring *Itasca's* signals, but she did not mention any malfunction of her set.

Not until shortly after 0800 did Amelia acknowledge hearing *Itasca* for the first time.

"We received your signals but unable to get a minimum," she said. "Please take a bearing on us and answer on 3105 with voice."

KHAQQ (the plane's call letters) transmitted long dashes for approximately five seconds on the frequency.

Thompson slammed his fist against the bulkhead. She had done it again. Switched back to 3105 from 7500 as a source for homing signals. AE still had not been on the air long enough for the DF to get a minimum.

Commander Thompson paced the radio shack for a few minutes, but the receivers remained silent. With disgust and despair, he climbed to the *Itasca's* bridge, and scanned the sky above and the distant horizons. In all directions but one, visibility was unlimited. Some 40 miles to the northwest, a massive front of storm clouds rose well over 10,000 feet. If Amelia and Fred were anywhere in that area, Thompson reasoned, they could be in trouble. The smoke from *Itasca's* stack would not be visible, much less the island. If a search had to be launched, northwest was the logical direction.

Thompson returned to the charged atmosphere surrounding the ship's radio in time to hear Amelia's final enigmatic utterance.

Sometime between 0844 and 0846, these words burst through the static on 3105: "We are on the line of position 157-337. Will repeat this message. We will repeat this message on 6210 kilocycles. Wait listening on 6210. We are running north and south."

AE was switching to her daytime frequency. There seemed to be a strong note of anxiety in her voice, and all ears strained for her next words. If she was as close to Howland as signal strength indicated, her 6210 signals should be heard clearly.

Instead, there was nothing. The minutes dragged by as Chief Radioman Bellarts minutely searched the radio band for the sound of the Electra's carrier wave. Still nothing.

At 0900, Thompson climbed back to the bridge and stared at the mass of clouds to the northwest.

"That must be where she is," he thought. "South of us she would see Baker Island. Passing overhead, it would be impossible to miss the smoke. '157-337' must be a sun line or a compass heading. If she meant the line to bisect Howland, northwest is the only possibility."

The decision almost made itself. At 1000 *Itasca* sped 40 miles to the northwest and began to cover a quadrant of ocean.

Ham radio operators began to receive messages attributed to Amelia. Real or bogus, they all found their way to Thompson aboard *Itasca*. Some placed Amelia and Fred in the Phoenix Islands to the southeast. Others had the plane down close to Howland or far to the northeast or northwest. Dozens of U.S. operators claimed to have heard KHAQQ, but there was no official substantiation from any Coast Guard or Navy radio station. Thompson believed most were fabrications, and he classified the others as "products of hysteria."

On July 7, 1937, *Itasca* ended her service to Amelia Earhart and returned to Pearl Harbor.

Why was Thompson's report classified for 25 years?

His criticism is certainly part of the answer. If it had been released in 1937, reporters would have questioned the involvement of so many departments of government in what had been billed as "a strictly civilian flight." Conjuring answers might have been embarrassing to President Roosevelt. More important, however, were the other enigmas, sufficient to challenge the detective in any newsman's heart. Why was Amelia secretive about her radio plans? Why were her messages to *Itasca* so infrequent and fragmentary? Why did she never send a position report to *Itasca?* Why did she only once acknowledge receiving *Itasca's* signals when the cutter's messages were heard clearly all night by other receivers throughout the Pacific? Why didn't AE broadcast on 500 kilocycles so *Itasca* could use its homing gear?

In one of the milder comments of his transcript, Thompson states, "Viewed from the fact that Miss Earhart's flight was largely dependent on radio communications, her attitude toward arrangements was most casual to say the least."

The 1938 San Francisco Coast Guard Division report, released from secrecy at the same time as Thompson's, maintains AE did *not* know the Navy 3105 DF had been brought to Howland. Yet Amelia asked that a bearing be taken on 3105, the frequency of the Navy DF, although Thompson and Coast Guard San Francisco Division officially maintained she did not know such a finder was available. It would seem obvious she *did* know of its existence, and chose to use the Navy equipment instead of *Itasca's* low-frequency finder. The Navy DF seemed to be a key, but two years were to pass before I learned more about it.

In mid-1962 Thomas Devine began to bombard me with letters which propounded one theme: I had excavated outside the wrong end of Liyang cemetery. He was now positive the area shown to him in 1945 was beyond the northern, not the southern perimeter of the graveyard, and if I could arrange clearance with the Navy for him to visit Saipan, he was certain he could lead me to the exact spot. He had tried without success to obtain permission on his own.

I sympathized with Devine, but I had no intention of returning to Saipan. Then Ross Game, editor of the Napa (California) *Register* and secretary of the Associated Press, asked me: "How much do you believe in what you've found?"

"Either I'm completely out of my mind, Ross, or this thing is the damnedest cover-up in the history of journalism. A lot of people are running scared for reasons I can only begin to understand. Every time I begin to follow a lead, those in official places get defensive, doors close and tangibles disappear. From what we've learned, I have to believe Earhart and Noonan were captured by the Japanese and more than a few people in Washington knew or suspected it long before Pearl Harbor."

Ross thought I should go back to Saipan for still another look. The station certainly would not back me again, but he arranged with his and other papers to pay for the trip in return for a series of articles—and he decided he would go with me. I applied to the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations for clearance and found that Saipan was no longer under Navy control!

We learned it had been turned over to the Department of Interior, but there was no mention of NTTU.

Game and I left San Francisco September 1. The adventure of pursuing Amelia Earhart had only begun.

II

At Guam, a Trust Territory official suggested, "Why don't you take a Chamorran from Guam with you? Someone like Jose Quintanilla. Big Joe commands respect and is used to questioning people and sifting fact from fiction." Quintanilla is Guam's police chief.

The big-barrel-chested Chamorran wanted to go and even included his assistant, Detective Lieutenant Eddie Camacho, who had relatives on Saipan and knew the history of most of the families. The next morning, we boarded one of the Trust Territory's ancient SA-16 Albatross seaplanes and quivered the 115 miles north to Saipan.

Fathers Sylvan and Arnold met the plane and told us of changes. The shift of control had altered the island's atmosphere. The natives now traveled in relative freedom and seemed gayer and more communicative. All of NTTU was gone and the spy-school town was now occupied by Department of Interior personnel.

"What's with our old friend, Francisco Galvan?" I asked.

"He's got plenty of money, but where it comes from is a mystery. That pile of scrap is twice as big, but he still hasn't been able to arrange for a ship to pick it up."

Joe and Eddie reacted visibly to Galvan's name.

"Is Galvan's family name 'Kobei?' " asked Joe.

"That's right," said Father Arnold.

"I know him," said Eddie with a bitter note in his voice. "He collaborated with the Japanese when they invaded Guam in '41. He came with them as an interpreter."

"Everyone on the island says Galvan knows about 'the two white fliers,' " added Father Arnold.

"That figures," said Eddie. "He was a honcho with the Jap military police. You leave Mr. 'Kobei' to me."

Quintanilla stared at his detective-lieutenant for a moment, then added, "Mr. Camacho will keep his hands off Mr. 'Kobei.' The Guam Police Department is not a revenge bureau."

Eddie stared back and then broke into a grin. "Okay, Joe. Relax. I just get a little hot when I hear his name."

The next morning at the Mission House we had a visitor: Francisco "Kobei" Galvan.

"He wants to ask a favor of you," Father Sylvan translated, "and he says he's willing to do one for you in return. He wants you to get permission for a Japanese ship to come in and pick up that pile of scrap he's got down at the harbor."

Anxiety and tension began to cloud Galvan's face. His words broke through the facade of bravado and became a stammer of pleading sounds.

Father Sylvan said, "It appears that 'Kobei' has received large amounts of money from a Japanese company for his scrap with the understanding that only a Japanese ship can pick it up. Our government will not permit Japanese vessels to visit the islands. He has to give back the money, a good portion of which he has already spent, or get this wedge for the Japanese. He's afraid of what will happen to him if he can't do either."

"What's he bargaining with?" I asked.

Father Sylvan managed a wry smile. 'Kobei' says he'll tell you where the woman flier is and what happened to her."

I tried not to show any particular reaction. "Ask him what he knows about the woman flier," I said.

Francisco looked sharply at me, and muttered.

"He says he'll talk about it only after the arrangements for the ship have been made," said Father Sylvan.

"Tell him that's impossible. I won't make any effort in his behalf until I know the extent of his information."

"Kobei" slapped the old cap back on his head and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him. He shouted some words through the screen before disappearing around the building.

"Pardon me, Frederick," said Father Sylvan, "but he says you are an unprintable word, and if you have anything else to say to him he'll be at the Saipan Style Center this afternoon."

Ross, Joe and Eddie were excited when they returned to the Mission at noon. They had talked with a half-dozen witnesses and were convinced they told the truth.

I disclosed Galvan's visit, and excitement increased.

"Why don't you let me handle 'Kobei,' " pleaded Eddie. "I'll get what you want."

"Roughing him up won't work," said Joe.

"Let's talk to him again this afternoon," I said.

The Saipan Style Center is a ramshackle four-room combination restaurant-bar-dancehall-trinket shop. Native Chamorrans comprise the bulk of its trade. Two voluptuous Saipanese girls serve come-ons with the drinks. The place takes its name from two oddly clothed manikins which dominate a dirty, insect-specked window fronting the trinket shop.

As we walked through the room, the barmaids brightened.

"Where's 'Kobei?' " Joe asked one of the girls.

She made a distasteful face. "He's back in the restaurant."

Galvan was sitting alone at a table toward the rear of the low-ceilinged room, sucking up large forkfuls of a stringy, glutinous, seaweedy substance. As we approached, Francisco saw me first and there was a flash of cunning, but when he recognized Joe and Eddie, hostility reclaimed the face and his eyes projected fear.

Eddie translated for Ross and me.

"Hello, 'Kobei,' " said Joe with a cynical half smile. "You remember me, don't you? Captain Quintanilla from Guam?"

Again a grunt.

"You're being talked to, you snake," snarled Eddie.

The words came with such force Galvan choked on a mouthful of food and the explosion sprayed half-masticated particles over the table and on the sleeve of Eddie's shirt. With revulsion, Eddie brushed the mess from his arm and prepared to resume attack, but Joe pushed him into a chair.

"What do you know about the man and woman, the fliers the Japanese captured before the war?" Joe asked.

"I know of them," Francisco muttered.

"Do you know what happened to them?"

"I not ready to say."

"Did the Japs kill them?"

Francisco shrugged his shoulders.

"You were an important man with the Kempeitai?"

Francisco squirmed in his chair.

"I was small man," he replied.

"You're lying," said Eddie. "You were honcho with your Jap friends. You forget I was on Guam in '41 when you did their work."

"I had to help them," said Francisco. "They made me."

"You didn't have to beat and torture your own people," Eddie shouted.

Joe asked about the trade he had offered.

"I will tell only if Japan ship come for scrap."

"What will you trade?" asked Joe.

"What he wants," said Francisco, pointing to me. "I will tell of man and woman and plane. Not here. Far away. Japanese catch and bring them to Saipan. I know more than anybody."

Joe asked more questions, but Galvan returned to his nauseating blue-plate special and focused attention on the wall.

"Tell him," I said to Joe, "if he continues to withhold information, I'll try to make certain that no Japanese ship is given permission to transport his scrap."

Joe relayed the threat, and Galvan erupted.

"You not stop 'Kobei,' " he screamed. "I fix you good."

His eyes were maniacal; his face contorted to hatred. Almost without looking, he grabbed an empty beer bottle but at the same moment, Eddie scooped a knife from the floor and jumped in front of us. Francisco began to back toward the door.

"Go ahead, 'Kobei,' " said Eddie. "Use that bottle, and I'll cut your throat out."

Francisco Galvan fled down the road. The next day he left for Guam and did not return until we departed.

During the next week, we worked the northern perimeter of Liyang cemetery, following Devine's instructions. The conclusion was the same: The southern end, where we had excavated before, more closely fit the maps and photographs. Devine's orientation seemed exactly reversed, but I decided to go ahead as Devine wished. We found nothing.

Further search for the grave seemed useless, but we did make progress with testimony. Departure of NTTU and the Navy had loosened tongues. Even "Kobei's" brother helped us.

Bridwell had taken me to see Vicente "Galvan" in 1960 and he had seemed nervous as he denied knowledge.

He was a changed man in 1962.

"Many who know of the flier have not helped you," he said.

"Why not?"

"The Navy and NTTU wished you to be discouraged. Some were afraid to speak. The Japanese were very hard with people who talked, and there still are Japanese sympathizers here. The woman you look for, along with a man, were picked up by the Japanese in the Marshall Islands. I heard this from Japanese officers. Many of us knew this. It is possible the woman and perhaps the man were brought to Saipan from the Marshalls, but they did not fly their plane here."

"Have we been looking in the right place for their remains?" asked Father Sylvan.

"I do not think so. There may be confusion about the area."

"What do you mean?"

"Liyang cemetery," said Vicente, "was not dedicated until 1940. The old cemetery was located in Garapan City, but the Japanese wanted that property and ordered the Chamorran people to dig up the graves and move the caskets and bones to Liyang. This was started sometime during 1938 or '39. If the woman died before then, she would have been buried outside Garapan cemetery; after 1940, outside Liyang."

Vicente's leads were productive.

Jose Villa-Gomez said, "Japanese officers spoke of one American woman flier and one man captured near Marshall Islands before the war. They were found somewhere near Jaluit Atoll."

Antonio Diaz said, "The woman flier was brought to Saipan. Do not believe anyone who tells you she flew the plane to Saipan. The Japanese one day unload it from ship at Tanopag, and they take it on big truck to Aslito field. The officers talked about it as her plane."

"What condition was the plane in?" I asked.

"It was not wrecked or I would remember."

"What happened to the woman?" asked Eddie.

"I think she did not leave the island."

"What happened to the plane?" I asked.

"I did not see it again," said Diaz.

Mrs. Joaquina Cabrera, who had laundered for the Japanese and the prisoners at Kobayashi Royokan in Garapan, a hotel taken over to house important and political prisoners, told us:

"One day when I came to work," she began, "they were there. . . . a white lady and man. The police never left them. The lady wore a man's clothes when she first came. I was given her clothes to clean. I remember pants and a jacket. It was leather or heavy cloth, so I did not wash it. I rubbed it clean. The man I saw only once. His head was hurt. The police took him to another place, and he did not come back. The lady was thin and very tired. Every day more Japanese came to talk with her. She never smiled to them but did to me. She did not speak our language, but I know she thanked me. She was a sweet, gentle lady. I think the police sometimes hurt her. She had bruises and one time her arm was hurt. She held it close to her side. Then, one day . . . police said she was dead of disease."

"She was tall for a woman, and her hair was short like a man's. But she had a thin, pretty face. It had look of kindness and suffering."

"How long was the woman here before she died?" asked Joe.

"It was many months. Perhaps a year. I am not sure."

"Where was the woman buried?" said Ross.

"It is possible near Garapan," Mrs. Cabrera said carefully. "I am not sure."

"Do you mean Garapan or Liyang cemetery?"

"Garapan."

"Does any part of Garapan cemetery still exist?" I asked.

"No," Father Arnold said. "There's nothing but jungle there now. I don't think anyone is even sure of the location."

Before we left Saipan in September 1962, Joe, Eddie, Ross and I sat down with Fathers Arnold and Sylvan at the Mission House and thoroughly discussed the investigation.

Our conclusions were that Amelia and Fred were captured in the Marshalls and brought to Saipan, possibly by the Japanese seaplane tender *Kamoi*, which may also have brought their plane. Description of the white woman held at Kobayashi Royokan almost perfectly fitted Earhart. The general area of burial, however, remained obscure. It could be either Liyang cemetery or the old Garapan graveyard site.

On a roundabout way home from Saipan, we visited many of the islands that had made history during World War II. But Kwajalein mysteriously was barred to us. The Navy refused to give reasons. Several leads suggested people on Kwajalein could help us, but there was nothing we could do. On Majuro we found the native called Elieu, now a schoolteacher. He remembered his conversation with Eugene Bogan.

"I did not see the woman. I only heard about her from a Japanese friend named Ajima. He worked for the trading company and used to travel to all the islands. He said one American woman came down in plane Jaluit and that she was picked up by Japanese ship.

"He said she was a spy and that she was taken away, I assumed to Jaluit, but she could have been taken to Kwajalein or some place else."

Ajima, who long since had disappeared, had not described the woman or her plane, nor had he said what had happened to her.

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The tape recordings made during the 1962 trip were used by KCBS for an hour-long documentary. The show sketched the U.S. 1944 Pacific invasions and recounted the look of the island battlefields 17 years after the war. As I prepared for the broadcast, Commander John Pillsbury, Public Information Officer for the 12th Naval District, arranged a meeting with Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. It was the first of many meetings and the beginning of a friendship I shall treasure all my life.

As the interview concluded, I chanced the question.

"Is there anything you can tell me, sir, about Amelia Earhart?"

Admiral Nimitz carefully answered, "Not a great deal. I remember hearing that some things that belonged to her had been found on one of the islands. Most likely it was channeled through Joint Intelligence at Pearl Harbor."

"Some people think I'm crazy for pursuing this thing so long," I said. "Do you feel I'm wasting my time?"

"You seem quite rational to me," smiled the admiral.

Commander Pillsbury later said, "Don't forget that the admiral, even though he's 77, is still on active duty. There's a limit to what he can tell you. I'd take what he said as definite encouragement."

After Commander Pillsbury retired, he said, "You're on the right track with your Amelia Earhart investigation. Admiral Nimitz wants you to continue, and he says you're onto something that will stagger your imagination. I'll tell you this, too. You have the respect of a lot of people for the way you've stuck at this thing. Keep plugging. You'll get the answers."

His words were welcome, but the question was where to plug. After three years of investigation and three trips to the Pacific, the avenues to final answers seemed as blocked as ever.

Mr. E. H. Dimity of Oakland, California, who had planned a search for AE before World War II showed me two documents which seemed of great importance. They were duplicates of messages copied by three operators at the Navy radio station at Diamond Head, Oahu, Hawaii, in the first days after the disappearance. On the Fourth of July, 1937, the station had received carrier waves on 3105 kilocycles at approximately 15 to 20 minutes past the hour during the night. At one point a man's voice had been heard, but it was undistinguishable. On the night of July 7, 1937, a woman's voice had been heard saying, "Earhart calling. NRU1 —NRU1—calling from KHAQQ [Amelia's call letters]. On coral southwest of unknown island. Do not know how long we will. . . ."

At that point the carrier wave had faded, but a few seconds later the woman's voice broke in and said, KHAQQ calling. KHAQQ. We are cut a little. . . ." The wave faded a second time, and the voice was not heard again.

The Saipan spy-school story finally broke through a Honolulu newspaper. The CIA apologized for letting me be beaten on a news story I had uncovered and CBS ran a short item.

With Saipan security relaxed it was possible to get clearance for a visit there by Thomas Devine, who was still sure he could find the grave. On December 1, 1963 Devine and I departed for the fourth expedition to Saipan. Fathers Conover, Bendowske and Andrew San Augustin met us and we took Devine to Liyang cemetery. I showed him how several of his photos matched some of the markers in the graveyard, and how we had come to the conclusion that his directions to us had been reversed.

"It's so changed," he said, after several hours. "I have the feeling we're too far south. Some of the pictures match all right, but it's possible they were taken by one of my buddies. The graveyard I remember was a temporary one, and it was much closer to Garapan City and the Japanese jail."

Through old maps we found the Garapan city graveyard and Devine's enthusiasm immediately returned. The area was much more familiar to him and when we hacked our way into the crumbling Japanese prison, the distances he recalled seemed identical.

"I'm sure we're near it now," he said. "I remember walking past the jail many times, and the graveyard was right where the surveyor has placed it."

We found a woman who, before the war, had been shown the unmarked grave of an American man and woman outside the Garapan cemetery by a Japanese soldier. The soldier had mentioned that the man and woman had been fliers and were killed as spies. We used a bulldozer and on December 22, and 23, 1963, we found the remains of eight people. None was what we sought.

I wanted to continue excavation, but an approaching 100 mph. typhoon drove us away.

Before leaving Saipan, Tom Devine told us of two strange scenes in 1945 at the captured Japanese air base, Aslito Field. One day he had overheard a conversation among several high-ranking officers outside a closely-guarded hangar to the effect that the plane inside had been identified as Amelia Earhart's. One of the officers said, "This is top secret. Wally Greene has identified the plane, and that's an end to it."

The next night Devine had gone back to the field to see if he could get a look at the plane. As he watched, a civilian two-motored transport was rolled out of the hangar, drenched with gasoline, and burned into rubble. Devine believed the "Wally Greene" who had been mentioned was Wallace M. Greene, Jr., G-3 staff officer for the 2nd Marine Division on Saipan in 1944-45, the same Wallace M. Greene, Jr., who became Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps in 1963.

The morning of December 24 we headed for San Francisco. It was a dismal Christmas Eve. The end of the fourth 12,000 mile trek to the Pacific, and still no final answer for Amelia and Fred was in sight.

13

On Thursday, January 2, 1964, we heard from a man named Henson who said he *recovered* the remains of Earhart and Noonan from an unmarked grave outside a native cemetery on Saipan the latter part of July 1944! Everett Henson, Jr., worked for the Federal Housing Administration at Sacramento as an appraiser. He was an intelligent, reserved man in his mid-forties, who had served with the 2nd Marine Division on Saipan in 1944. Sometime in late July or early August 1944, a Marine captain had asked for volunteers from Henson's platoon for a patrol the next morning. Henson and a friend, Private First Class Billy Burks, had volunteered. The captain, whose name was Griswold, had then taken the two privates to a small native cemetery south of Garapan near the Japanese hospital and fairly close to the western shoreline. They looked for graves outside the boundary of the cemetery. Henson found a small area and the captain ordered them to dig. About three to four feet down, two skeletons had been found and the remains were placed in containers the captain had brought with him.

While they were excavating, Henson had asked the captain what was behind the whole thing. Griswold replied, "Have you ever heard of Amelia Earhart?"

When Henson answered he had heard of her, the captain added, "I think, then, that's enough said."

On the way back to the encampment that evening, Captain Griswold had admonished both Henson and Burks to say nothing of the afternoon's activities.

I spent a good part of the night thinking through Henson's story. If he was telling the truth, then I'd been blind. The Marines were the first ashore in most of the invasions of the Pacific islands and it made sense they would have found the bulk of intelligence information.

If the remains recovered in 1944 were those of Earhart and Noonan, why hadn't it been announced at the time? Such a revelation would have produced strong propaganda against Japan. And where were the remains today?

I recalled then the letters from Robert Kinley, who had found a photograph of Amelia together with the Japanese officer; Kinley had been a Marine. There was Devine's information about a "Wally Greene" having identified AE's plane at Aslito Field in 1944. If "Wally" really was General Wallace M. Greene, Jr., another Marine was closely connected to the story.

Nothing Henson had said matched the cemetery area we had worked in 1961 and 1962, but it did fit descriptions of the graveyard closer to Garapan where we had found the eight unmarked graves on our last trip. I began to understand what might have happened to Devine. He had pictures of "Cave" cemetery, but actually he had been shown Garapan cemetery in 1945. Tom had arrived, in the last days we were on the island, at the right site but, according to Everett Henson, 20 years too late.

Henson knew little about Captain Griswold except that he obviously was an intelligence officer. "I do remember he said The Griswold Stove Manufacturing Company was in his family."

Henson did not see Griswold again; nor did he see Burks after Saipan. He remembered Burks was a Texan, but had been living in Southern California. He added: "There's something wrong with this whole business about Earhart and Noonan. I think we dug up their bodies in 1944, but 20 years later it's still claimed nobody knows what happened to them."

The following week the U.S. Marines were again brought to the center of the investigation by a letter from Warren Hasse, general manager of KPDN Radio in Pampa, Texas. Hasse wrote of a friend of his on whose honesty he would swear, a W. B. Jackson.

In February 1944, on the Island of Namur, Kwajalein Atoll, Marshall Islands, three Marines brought a suitcase from a barracks. They disclosed that the room they found it in was fitted up for a woman. In the suitcase they found a woman's clothing, a number of clippings of articles on Amelia Earhart, and a leather-backed, locked diary engraved *10-Year Diary of Amelia Earhart*. Jackson sent them to the Regimental Command Post with it.

Less than a week later I received a telephone call from a former Marine captain, Victor Maghokian, living in Las Vegas. His story closely paralleled Jackson's. I checked both ways. Maghokian had never heard of Jackson, and Jackson only vaguely remembered Maghokian. There was just too much testimony from too many reputable people to draw any but one conclusion: Earhart and Noonan had gone down in the Marshalls and were captured by the Japanese.

But where in the Marshalls. Was it Ailinglapalap as Bridwell believed or between Mili and Jaluit as the Japanese trader Ajima had reported to Elieu? If Tom Devine was right, and General Greene, the Commandant of the Marine Corps in Washington, D.C., had been involved in the mystery to the point of identifying AE's plane on Saipan in 1944, then a Japanese ship, perhaps the carrier *Kamoi*, had plucked the Electra from the water on the shore and transported it to Saipan. The Japanese had been great record-keepers; there must be records extant which would detail the entire sequence of events. But where were those records? We had tried everything to locate them. Where were the pictures found at Saipan? The diary and personal effects located at Kwajalein? We already knew beyond doubt that the State Department and Navy Department had classified files which had never been made available. Serious discrepancies in letters to me from both departments indicated the existence of the files.

There was something tremendous behind the disappearance of Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan in 1937. Now was the time to place the evidence in the hands of someone who had real power within the government. We chose U.S. Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel of California. In April 1964, Game and I went to Washington, D.C., for two weeks with three purposes: (A) Get the classified report from the State Department. (B) Get the classified report from the Navy Department. (C) Get a statement from General Greene and determine how deeply the Marine Corps had been involved.

"A" and "B" were difficult. "C" was impossible.

In Washington we began by trying to see General Greene and got what can only be described as a stall. When Senator Kuchel's office pressed the matter, we were granted an appointment for the following week with Col. Randolph Berkeley, G-2 Intelligence.

The Navy file was not much, but the State Department's classified file was interesting. It contained a letter from Amelia Earhart's mother in 1949 which pleaded with State to find out from the Japanese what had happened to her daughter. "There were things Amelia could not tell me," Mrs. Earhart wrote. "I know she was under verbal orders from the Military."

Two letters concerned equipment. The engines carried by the Lockheed were not those publicly listed. Two new Pratt & Whitney Senior Wasp military-version engines had been installed instead of the 550 hp. Wasp Juniors. The new engines gave half again as much power and cruising speed of 200 or more miles-per-hour.

The diplomatic exchanges between Japan and the United States at the time of AE's disappearance were also included in the file. One reply from Japan was a clear and definite refusal for U.S. planes to fly over the Marshall Islands to search for Amelia and Fred. The Japanese had been unusually blunt.

There was plenty of reading between the lines to be done. Most significant was the proof that the engines had been changed. The added power altered every computation that had publicly been made for the flight. With better than a 200 mile-per-hour cruising speed, Amelia could have flown in a number of directions and still kept her estimated time of arrival at Howland Island which had been based on the speed produced by the lesser-powered engines. What I had noticed about the half-hour apart messages received by the *Itasca* had been correct; the Electra was averaging 200 miles an hour!

Now we met Colonel Berkeley, Marine G-2. He listened carefully, then asked us to come back in a week. When we returned he was on leave and unavailable; and so was General Greene. Before we left Washington, we had several lengthy discussions about what might lie behind the enigma of Earhart and Noonan.

Why had the information about them been suppressed for so many years? Why the continuing evasion and secrecy? This is the conclusion we reached.

Amelia and Fred were captured and held by the Japanese in 1937 and the U.S. military either knew it or strongly suspected it. President Roosevelt was also aware of the situation. But what could be done about it? The United States was in a mood of isolationism and our military forces were anything but prepared for conflict. To have ordered the carrier *Lexington* and its accompanying forces to search the Marshall Islands in the face of Japan's refusal to permit such a search could well have precipitated World War II, at least in the Pacific area, in 1937. Roosevelt certainly would have been committing political suicide by issuing the order.

Earhart and Noonan were serving their country. They were on a reconnaissance mission, almost parallel to the U-2 flights of the 1960's, but with that mission went the hazard that always must be faced by spies. If you're caught, your country can do nothing to help you. The first tangible evidence that AE and Fred had been held by the Japanese came with the February 1944 invasion of the Marshalls. Then, Saipan, and the full knowledge of what had happened to them. The timing could not have been worse for acknowledging the fate of AE and Noonan. It was just four months before the national election, and President Roosevelt, seeking his fourth term, was having a tough duel with Thomas E. Dewey. The issue of the abandonment of Earhart could have swung the election. The polling was close, Dewey losing 13 states by less than three percent of the popular vote; those 13 states alone would have given Thomas Dewey the electoral count he needed for victory.

President Roosevelt died in 1945 and doubtless President Truman had no wish to qualify FDR's memory. Then, in the early 1950's, the whole future of Saipan changed when the CIA built its super spy school. In 1960, when we had begun our investigation, Saipan's CIA operation was in full swing. The timing again could not have been worse for Earhart and Noonan.

By 1964, though, the threat of disclosure of the CIA on Saipan had been removed. The question now was, after all the years and all the delays, how would the information be released? Someone was going to have to take responsibility and there appeared to be no volunteers.

What about Japan? Why had she not admitted culpability long before? The answer was that there was nothing to be gained and a lot to be lost. Japan had never admitted the illegal use of the Mandated Islands. Now it hoped for the return of Okinawa through the United Nations. An uproar about Amelia Earhart might endanger those chances.

U.S. relations with Japan were touchy in 1964, too, over Polaris submarines based there and trade with Red China. These and other considerations could militate against the release of a final answer to an old mystery.

That was how we saw it when we returned to San Francisco at the end of April 1964 and tried to find Billy Burks.

14

While I searched for Burks, help came from Washington, D.C., from an unexpected source. One of the highest ranking and most respected members of the U.S. Department of Commerce wrote to me July 31, 1964, and offered to assist on a quasi-governmental basis. (I omit his name by request.) He uncovered the information I have recounted earlier about William Miller.

He drew interesting comments from the Pentagon. From General Lucius D. Clay: "There's more to the Earhart business than anyone suspected. I'm not a part of it myself, but I would like to see it told." From a staff assistant in the Secretary of Defense office who refused to be named: "There is a complete file on what happened to Earhart right here in the Defense Department."

It took months of patient digging to locate Billy Burks in Dallas. I phoned him and after a few minutes asked:

"Do you recall having been asked to excavate for human remains while you were on Saipan?"

"Yes . . . how the hell do you know that? I'll never forget it."

"Do you remember who was with you at the time?"

"Yeah . . . I guess I do. It was Ev Henson, I think, and some officer. Some guy in Intelligence."

"Could you describe for me exactly what happened?"

"Well . . . seems to me we went out near some old graveyard there on Saipan and this officer had Ev and me dig up some bodies. That's about all there was to it."

"How deep did you dig?"

"Oh . . . Three or four feet maybe."

"What did you find?"

"Oh . . . it was a couple of people. There was nothing but bones."

"What did the officer do with them?"

"He put them in something, a box or a can or something."

"Then what?"

"He took 'em away."

"I'm going to speak three names, Mr. Burks, and I want you to tell me which one sounds the most like the officer's name. Carlson . . . Griswold . . . Butler."

"Griswold! That's it. Griswold. That was the guy's name. I'm sure of it."

"Mr. Burks, this is important. Did Griswold say who the people were?"

"Yes, sir, he did. Griswold said we dug up that flier, Amelia Earhart."

We renewed the attack in Washington in January, 1965. We made a detailed statement of our findings that ran 12 feet in length. The Defense Department took it and reported back: "There is a great deal more to this Earhart matter than anyone suspected. There are some possible international repercussions and even some political overtones for this country. The Defense Department will have to have clearance from Department of State before any classified information can be released or we can officially comment."

The material was passed on to State, which denied having had anything substantive to do with the matter. That left us free to go back to Defense, and at last General Greene agreed to see us if I would return to Washington.

The following day Admiral Nimitz said, "Now that you're going to Washington, Fred, I want to tell you Earhart and her navigator did go down in the Marshalls and were picked up by the Japanese."

It was a rewarding moment. After five years of effort, the former commander of U.S. Naval Forces in the Pacific was telling me it had not been wasted.

"Where can I get the evidence we need to sew this thing up?"

"Well, there is one person in particular I want you to call. That's General Harry Schmidt who lives now in San Diego. He commanded a part of the Marine Forces during the invasion of Kwajalein. I think he can tell you what you want to know."

I had another look at the Navy's classified Earhart file and found that another piece of evidence had been added. A terse, U.S. Navy message with no heading stated. "At 10:30, the morning of the disappearance, Nauru Island radio station picked up Earhart at 6210 kcs saying, "Land in sight ahead."

I blinked. Nearly two hours after Amelia had supposedly run out of gas, a radio station in the British-controlled Gilbert Islands had received her voice. Why was that message not included as part of the 1937 search? What had she sighted? Was that the extent of the message?

At 10:00 a.m., April 6, I met with the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Wallace M. Greene, Jr. Greene, a slim, dapper man of medium height, was perfunctory. I asked what he knew about Amelia Earhart.

"Nothing very much," he said quickly. "I want to make it quite clear at the beginning of this meeting that I had nothing to do with identifying either her or her plane on Saipan as has been alleged. I have nothing to offer that could help you."

"Why, sir," I asked, "was it so difficult then for us to get you to state that last year when we were in Washington?"

"You don't seem to believe me. I didn't have a thing to do with Amelia Earhart. I'm not used to protesting my innocence."

The level of the general's voice rose considerably during his last two sentences. It was evident he did not intend to be pushed further.

"We of course accept your word, General," I said. "You can understand, I think, why we wanted to hear from you personally."

Greene nodded and tension decreased.

Then I detailed in about 20 minutes the scope of the investigation and what we had learned.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Greene.

"Help us find Captain Griswold," I said, "and give us an official Marine Corps position on all this."

The general stood up and walked around his desk.

"I'll try," he said. "I don't quarrel with your theory that Earhart and her navigator went down in the Marshalls, but I'm in no position at this point to give you any confirmation of it."

That ended our long-awaited conference with Greene. Apparently we were no closer to an admission of involvement on the part of the Marine Corps than when we entered his office.

I called General Schmidt, and though he was reluctant, he agreed to discuss the case with me if I would fly to San Diego.

The day before we left for San Diego, General Greene's office found a Captain Griswold, who had been in Intelligence with the 18th Marines, 2nd Division, on Saipan in 1944. His full name was Tracy Griswold. He owned a construction company in Erie, Pennsylvania, having retired from the Marine Corps Reserve as a major in 1963.

He recognized my name and knew what I wanted. Yes, he had been on Saipan in Intelligence and no, he didn't recall digging up any remains. Nor did he recall the men who had identified him. "Are you sure they were talking about me?"

"Mr. Griswold, did your family have anything to do with the Griswold Stove Manufacturing Company?" I asked.

There was a long pause, then he said in an awed tone. "Yes . . . as a matter of fact they did. How did you know that?"

"I didn't," I replied. "Henson and Burks said they remembered you saying it."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Griswold. "Say . . . Mr. Goerner . . . could you possibly come over to Erie so I could talk to you in person?"

But I was leaving for San Diego. Later Griswold told me again that he couldn't remember opening any graves.

The next day I flew to San Diego and an odd confrontation with General Schmidt.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," said the general, "but there's no way I can help you."

"But we flew here from Washington, on the promise you would talk to us about Earhart," I said. "Why have us fly out here?"

"Well, you television and radio people have a lot of money. It won't hurt you any."

I could not believe what I was hearing.

I called Admiral Nimitz, briefly explained the situation to him, then asked General Schmidt to talk to his old comrade. As they talked, the general's respect and love for Nimitz was clear to all of us.

But: "I can't, Chester," he said. "I can't help them."

Several days later Admiral Nimitz said to me, "I can't understand it. The Marine Corps is covering up for something or someone. Perhaps the State Department blocked it. The door is being closed on you for a reason. Keep trying. Don't give up."

Senator Kuchel's office was not ready to concede anything, either.

"Write a letter to General Greene, Fred," said the Senator's administrative assistant, "and clearly ask the questions you want answered. Send us carbon copies and we'll see that something is done. We have one big recourse left. If satisfaction isn't forthcoming, we'll refer the whole business to Congressman John Moss and his Committee which investigates the illegal withholding of information by the government."

In an April 16, 1965 letter, I asked General Greene if the Marine Corps had or had had classified files on Amelia Earhart and then I posed a series of questions developing the information we had that the Marines had disinterred the remains of Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan and asked for the Marine Corps position. His answer was negative on the files and said the Corps took no position on the other questions.

No position? How could the Marine Corps *not* have a position?

In the months that followed, I debated whether to ask Senator Kuchel to go ahead and arrange the investigation, or to continue to wait—and to believe that the answers would come, eventually.

My decision was made in January 1966. Several weeks before he suffered the stroke which led to his death, Admiral Nimitz said to me, "I hope you will go ahead with your book, Fred. It could bring the justice that is deserved."

Now, in closing, let me make a full summary of what probably happened to Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan.

When Amelia and Fred took off from Lae, New Guinea, they did not fly directly toward Howland Island. They headed north to Truk in the central Carolines. Their mission was to observe the number of airfields and extent of Japan's fleet-servicing facilities in the Truk complex, and prove the advantages of fields for land planes on U.S. held islands on the equator.

Flight strategy had been carefully developed during the around-the-world trip. A point-to-point speed of not more than 150 miles-per-hour had been maintained. In fact, the Electra was powered by Wasp Senior engines capable of a 200 miles-per-hour cruising speed at 11,000 feet.

By late afternoon she was high over Truk, noting airfields and docks. Since a foreign aircraft had never been seen over Truk, the Japanese were caught completely by surprise. Then Fred gave Amelia the heading for Howland. But now they flew into violent weather. Amelia was flying dead reckoning by magnetic compass. The plane was still too far away to receive homing signals from the *Itasca*, or for the newly developed U.S. Navy direction finder on Howland Island to get a bearing from her signals. Beside that, if she asked for bearings too soon, the mission might be given away. It would be difficult to explain why she was flying into Howland from the northwest instead of southwest, and there was also the danger the Japanese might get a fix on her signals.

The tropical storms increased as the night wore on, and Fred could not gauge the amount of headwind or drift.

At 5:15 a.m. Fred figured they were within 200 miles of Howland, and it would be safe to ask for a bearing. Amelia asked *Itasca* for a position on 3105 kcs from the special Navy DF set up on the island. Thirty minutes later, she repeated the request and indicated that they were within a hundred miles of Howland.

Actually, Noonan had not been able to calculate headwinds, and the plane was still more than 400 miles out.

By 7:00 a.m. Amelia was sure they had overshot Howland in the darkness, and she began to circle hoping to pick up *Itasca's* signals on her own direction finder loop. At 8:00 a.m. she received *Itasca* briefly but could not get a minimum. Then about 8:40 Fred succeeded in shooting a sun line—157-337—and in desperation, Amelia radioed that to *Itasca*. They had no reference point with which to place themselves along the sun line, but at least it was something.

At that point she switched her radio from the nighttime 3105 frequence to daylight 6210, and decided to use an already calculated emergency plan. Gas was low, two hours remaining at most, and there was no time to waste. She had said before the flight, "If we don't pick up Howland, I'll try to fly back into the Gilberts and find a nice stretch of beach."

Amelia turned north and west, still thinking she had overflown Howland. Actually, she was heading away from their destination. At approximately 10:30 a.m., she sighted a small island, and the around-the-world flight had ended, not in the Gilbert Islands, but in a shallow-water landing at Mili Atoll in the southeastern Marshalls, territory mandated to Japan.

Amelia was uninjured, but Fred had struck his head. AE began to estimate their situation. If the emergency radio gear and battery in the cockpit worked, they should have nothing to worry about. She began to send S.O.S. messages. She still did not know where she was.

Around the world the story of the disappearance was on every newspaper's front page. The consternation at high levels of government in Washington was considerable, when word circulated quietly that Amelia had tried to reach Howland by way of Truk. The Japanese now had little doubt who had violated their top-secret air space.

For the next 12 days, the race was on to see which nation could find Amelia and Fred first. The United States had no chance really, because it could not enter the Marshalls. When Noonan was able to shoot a star sight, he and Amelia must have known what faced them.

On or about July 13, 1937, a Japanese fishing boat moved into the island, and took AE and Fred aboard, transferring them later to either the Japanese seaplane tender *Kamoi* or survey ship *Koshu*. They were taken first to Jaluit, then Kwajalein and finally to Japan's military headquarters in the Pacific, Saipan. The kind of questioning and hardships they endured can be imagined. The most depressing aspect of the ordeal for both of them must have been the fact that their country could do nothing to rescue or ransom them. For the rest of us there has to be bewilderment. Twenty-nine years later, the major pieces of the mystery finally seem resolved, but nothing has been done officially to fill in the details and clear the record completely.

—Fred Goerner

THIS FUNNY LIFE

The commanding general of our Air Force flight-training wing liked to meet all his cadets personally, so one evening at a reception in his honor a large group of us were standing in line to meet him. One obnoxiously smug cadet from New York City knew the general's only daughter who attended college there and he couldn't wait to make his points with the old bird by telling him his daughter had said, "Hello."

As it turned out, though, the general all but screamed in anger when the cadet even mentioned his daughter. The startled cadet was crestfallen. To this day, he doesn't know that about nine of us in line ahead of him that night, with winks and sly grins, all had told the general the same thing.

B. H. Thomas
New York, N. Y.

On an unusually rough flight recently, one old fellow seemed convinced that all the turbulence was the pilot's fault and he continually complained to the stewardess. "Worst pilot I've ever had," he'd grumble, every time the plane bounced. "Who taught him how to fly?"

Finally the plane leveled off and all was smooth going again. Dinner was served a short while later, and as it turned out, the food was terrible. Even I have to admit it was probably the worst meal ever served on a plane.

The old fellow who was complaining so about the pilot, took a couple of bites of his main course, then threw his fork down in disgust. "Good grief," he said, beaten. "Now he's in the kitchen."

Tony Furman
New York, N. Y.

During a quiz show I attended in Boston, the M.C. asked a married contestant what he would give to be single again.

"My wife," came the terse reply.

Tony Pettito
Saugus, Mass.

My first tour of naval duty was aboard a new, "spit and polish" cruiser, a proud Navy showpiece. Naturally the deck force took great pride in the results of the efforts of continuous chipping and painting.

On one occasion, the entire fantail had just been given a fresh coat of gray paint. The boatswain in charge and his group were standing to one side admiring their efforts when a lieutenant came topside, reading a dispatch, and began to cross the freshly painted deck.

"Lieutenant, stop!" cried the boatswain at this sacrilegious act. "That's wet paint!"

"That's all right, Boats," answered the officer, somewhat detached but appreciative of the sailor's concern. "I have my old shoes on."

James R. Novelli
Richmond, Va.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who was always willing to try anything once, had accepted an invitation to a nudist party. Describing the experience to some friends the next day, he said, "They certainly didn't do things by halves. Even the butler who opened the door for me was completely nude."

"If he wasn't uniformed, how did you know he was the butler?" asked Mr. Adams' literal-minded publisher.

"Well," said Mr. Adams, "it certainly wasn't the maid."

Edith S. Scharff
Evanston, Ill.

During World War II, antivenereal posters were much in evidence at Army posts. One of these, captioned "She may look clean but . . ." portrayed a seductive young lady. Obviously much too taken with her charms to concern himself with the danger of infection, someone had penciled in, "If she has it I want it!"

Louis J. Loscocco
Miami, Fla.

The following correction appeared in a small-town paper: "Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Jones is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Jones is really a detective in the police farce."

Jerry Robinson
New York, N. Y.

A friend and I were riding a train to London, England, and met a very pleasant English gentleman. When we arrived in London, he invited us to lunch at his club.

Upon arrival at the club, I offered the Englishman a cigarette.

He said, "No, no, I don't smoke. I tried it once and didn't like it."

We were seated and my friend asked if the gentleman would care for a drink.

He replied, "No, no, I don't drink. I tried it once and didn't like it. However, my son will arrive in a few minutes and he will join you."

My friend commented, "Your only child, I presume?"

L. B. Bush
Spenard, Alaska

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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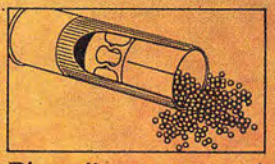

from deforming against one another. Pellets start round, stay round. So more of them fly true.

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